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THE

THREE BROTHERS,

A

ROMANCE.

THE

THREE BROTHERS:

A

ROMANCE.

BY

JOSHUA PICKERSGILL, JUN. ESQ.

A Tale of Horror! which but to hear it told,
Shall freeze the youngest blood to aged cold;
Appal the soul, like to the Author's when
He paus'd, and fear'd the daring of his pen.
In dim'st attire Mystary leads the song,
Inventive Arts protract the issue long;
Hatred, blasphemy, and the viler love,
Gleamless of virtue, are depict above.
Youths of Passion! forth! denounce my page!
For clear revealing all your passions' rage!
But ye of gentler souls! some plaudings vent,
For justly dooming Passion's punishment.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE
THREE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER VII.

Some sing that love's an holy sun,
Whose beams all baneful glimpses shun—
Love in eclipse I paint:
'Tis glory darkening into night,
That it may 'scape the monstrous sight
Of deeds which cause e'en day's bold light
To bashful twilight faint.
Like Delphic prophetess of old,
Perforce I speak, or else untold
This tale I would resign.
The song fierce tears my feeble throat;
Hither, who on these vices doat!
Drink deep your passions' antidote,
Poison for medicine!

ALTHOUGH idleneſs be not the root of evil, it certainly favours its growth. In an inactive body the blood, like ſtagnant waters, will become impure; and ranſcendent muſt be that mind which

can reſiſt the contagion: thus it ſhould ſeem that a healthy aſpect is no inconſiderable teſtimony of virtue. Probably not: pellucid veins, gloſſy ſkin, and ruddy complexion, are the mirrors of equanimity, unclouded by liſtleſſneſs, but poliſhed by activity.

Solitude is the native haunt of idleneſs. Solitude may be a beneficial reſource to blood-cold age, but it is the bane of fiery youth; it affords the frolicſome ſpirits no ſeaſonable channel, but, by reſtricting boyiſh follies, haſtens the birth of manly vice. For every evil the world has an opponent good; nor can ſocial friction be too much ſought, as it purifies metals from that canker which ſecluſion can increaſe. There is a time of life in which the fermenting paſſions muſt have vent, elſe they will envenom the vein; and moſt unhappy is that youth who is ſo conditioned, for thenceforth he carries about him the indelible, becauſe mental, ſource of impaſſioned irritation.

To this, except in caſes of conſummate depravity, an early indulgence is an inferior miſchief; for in the proportion that eagerneſs has been whetted to obtain a proſpective object, diſguſt will follow a conviction of its inſipidity: an experience that meliorates the poiſon of gratification to the wholeſomeneſs of medicine, but which is not to be obtained by a recluſe. In favour of the world is likewiſe the variety and rivalry of its allurements, which prevent any excluſive aſcendancy, as ſo often is the caſe to a deplorable degree with the brooding child of ſolitude. Although worldly excitements to an early diſplay of paſſion appear dangerous, they really may be beneficial, by anticipating and expoſing thoſe paſſions that are of threatening promiſe: ſimilar to this is the phyſical policy of extracting humours; which, as they are known to inhabit, may be feared to diſeaſe, the body.

Numerous qualities are peculiar to the

world, and are incontrovertible witneſſes in its behalf: not the leaſt of theſe is ſhame, an artificial feeling born of ſociety. In many men it is the ſubſtitution for virtue; and that it muſt attend the detection of a vicious action is the foreknowledge that often prevents their perpetration of one. It is the laſt good quality that lingers in a depraved breaſt: its abolition evidences the abſence of every virtue, as does its preſence the preſence of vice, to which it is an obvious companion, thereby making it obnoxious to detection. But to ſolitude it is a ſtranger, and thither men do flee it. Thus without the pale of public ſociety evil propenſities ſtand uncorrected till they become uncontrollable. Such independence of the world cannot but be productive of ill; as his reputation, which is ſo valuable an hoſtage in the public hands to inſure the well-doing of an individual, thereby is withdrawn.

* How much of this is inſtanced by the catholic ſyſtem of monachal ſequeſtration! Though the paſſions of prieſts be diminiſhed in number, they are ſtrengthened in violence. How many of them, ſuch as pride, hatred, envy, malice, craft, and avarice, concentrate in that monſtrous ambition, which urges beyond every moral bound the aggrandiſement of their order! Nor is their nature ſubdued, though mortified: ever wakeful for opportunity, its ebullitions then defy the habits of celibacy, and are riotous proportionably to the hazard. Such is ſolitude—the nurſery of paſſion—the cabinet of contrivance—a pandar to the novice—a confident to the veteran in guilt.

With this perſuaſion, who but muſt be piteous for the misfortunes of the chevalier Henri? a young man in the

* Be it conſidered that theſe latter remarks appertain to the time as well as the ſtory.

ſanguineneſs of juvenility immured within the rocky circumference of a dungeon. Deſtiny ſeemed to have intended him a victim to every ſpecies of ſeduction; for his morals, his chaſtity, his faith, were ſucceſſively the preys to art, and the forfeits from his native weakneſs.

A few hours too certainly inſtructed him that bewailings could not either releaſe him from confinement, or adminiſter the patience requiſite to endure it: his indignation reſumed its ſway, and ſtifled the unmanlineſs of ſobs. But as he was wanting in religious principles, this diſaſtrous fortune kindled a chaos in his breaſt, wherein the various paſſions ſtrove for maſtery. Thoſe the moſt inflammatory obtained the aſcendant. From the weakneſs of a woman he burſt into the outrageouſneſs of a maniac; daſhed about the moveable furniture, growled with canine phrenſy, beat his limbs with miſdirected ſpite againſt the obdurate

walls; till being ſubdued by his own paſſions, breathleſs and painful, he reeled to a low bed, and enjoyed a ſuſpenſion of thought. This reſpite was ſucceeded by one leſs horrible. Sleep crept over his ſenſes, and delivered his haraſſed mind from real afflictions to their viſionary images.

That tendency to audacious exploits, which we have remarked him to contract from the partners of his journey, was too deeply grafted into his diſpoſition to be rooted forth; and it now influenced his dreams ſo much, that they preſented a ſeries of improbable eſcapes from his lamentable reſtraint, performed in deſpite of every oppoſition. Theſe left a ſtrong impreſſion, not unaccompanied by a poignancy of diſappointment, when he awoke to the melancholy reverſe; but while he lay upon the couch, he caſually caſt his eyes upwards to the roof, where one of its forementioned apertures attracted his attention. Theſe admitted a ſufficiency

of light and air, which the cruel architect had denied the place; and Henri joyfully imagined that one of them was wide enough for the paſſage of his body. Already did his aſpiring ſpirit fly out and foreact the circumſtances of external victory, when it ſuddenly was curbed by the conſideration that, however ſucceſsful force without might be, agility was the principal requiſite within, as the arched altitude of the dungeon ſeemed to defy the aſcenſion of any thing unqualified with the tenacity of a fly. But, as might be expected from his impetuoſity, Henri refuſed to exerciſe that reaſon which could teach him the vanity of his project; and this he principally learned from a violent contuſion, which attended his downfal from the rickety pile of furniture he laborioufly accumulated. As is common with folly, the irritation of his body inſtantly affected his mind, and fired him to a paſſionate repetition of his attempt. Though this only multiplied

his diſgraces and injuries, he would not deſiſt, until a noiſy approach to the door of his cell ſhamed him into quiet.

A ſtrange uncouth man, in menial attire, entered. He brought to the chevalier a ſlender allowance of food of the coarſe quality and faſhion of oaten cakes; and to moiſten them a jug of cold water. Had his ſuſtenance been leſs homely, Henri would moſt likely have been vain enough to perſuade himſelf that his dignity, ſo far from being debaſed by confinement, was exalted by ſuch a proof of his enemy's fears. But ſuch an idea could not poſſibly exiſt in a body ſubſiſted on the victuals of a convict; ſo that, whether moſt diſappointed in palate or mortified in ſelf-ſufficiency, Henri averted his face from the intruder.

The jailor was very civil in his way, and replaced the furniture with an aptneſs which ſhewed him to be not unaccuſtomed to his office; but Henri was only to be mollified by his own ſuffer-

ings; and his preſent humour being that of taciturnity, he threw into his mien an ungracious air, which he miſtook for the reſerve of haughtineſs.

He was ſoon forſaken to his repaſt and ruminations, which were not of pleaſant or hopeful promiſe; for the clank of the ponderous faſtenings drawn acroſs the outſide of the door, audibly warned him of the impoſſibility of a forcible egreſs through that quarter. But this acceſſion to his griefs was nothing comparable to the meanneſs of the proviſions. He reſiſted every inſtigation of hunger to contaminate the ſtomach of a nobleman. "Is it for me," he cried in furious accents; "is it for me to pollute my lips with the ration of a criminal? to ſurfeit my ſtomach with whatſoever rankneſs they may pleaſe to order? nor avow a refuſal of what will impoveriſh my body, and corrupt my ſpirit? No! native dignity need but be aſſerted to be reſpected. Periſh then the beverage of a peaſant!"

And he ſtruck upon the pavement the ſtone jar which contained the water. The jar ſhivered into many pieces, and the liquid effuſed around. This raſh action inflated him with ſatisfaction, and he trod to and fro with a ſtep proud as though he were elevated above control.

But ſoon he felt internal admonitions that nature was almighty, for the gnawings at his ſtomach tortured him ſeverely for his folly. Pride and obſtinacy ſoon fell before ſuch an opponent as hunger, and he ravenouſly ate of thoſe cakes which he had regarded ſo diſdainfully. A parching thirſt was his further chaſtiſement, and the cauſe of deeper humiliation; for his ſtubborn mood relaxed with his knees, till, prone along the ſtones, he actually tried to lap the moiſture from their interſtices. But wiſdom was only to be obtained from pain; and this ſevere leſſon to his paſſion cauſed him bitter lamentations, as

he had ſacrificed to its tranſports what alone could aſſuage his feveriſh drought.

Thus proceeded his moments, alternate folly and repentance: nor was the latter of uncuſtomary continuance, for it ſoon heated to deſpair.

The afternoon was much advanced, when he was arouſed from a deſpondent attitude by the ſilent opening of a door, framed with undiſcoverable art on the wall. Through it entered a comely youth, bearing a covered tray. Henri diſtinguiſhed in his dreſs the badges of a ſelect page, and received him with much ſurpriſe; becauſe he judged from his circumſpection that the viſit was as important as it was clandeſtine. The page having relieved himſelf from his burden, reſpectfully preſented a billet to the chevalier. Henri's attention was attracted by the peculiarity of the ſeal, which might reaſonably be imagined to be the favourite device of ſome fair cyprian votreſs.

But the intereſt excited by the exterior was greatly heightened by the contents, which, fairly written, ran in this ſtyle:—"A tribute from ſympathy and admiration to injured deſervedneſs. The chief gratitude to a giver is the appropriation of his gift."

It was deſtitute of ſignature: but however Henri, in the ſtrength of his pride, might have revolted from the favours of an anonymous benefactor, yet now he ſaw the table beſpread with many of the ſeaſon's delicacies, every repulſive determination relented, and he mentally argued that the latter words of the epiſtle made acquieſcence his duty. Indeed, the laſt ſubſtantial meal he had eaten being in the morn of the preceding day, an intervening night had not a little contributed to whet his appetite, which was very ſhort of being ſatiated, or even appeaſed, by the indigeſtible food that he recently had ſwallowed: beſides his olfactory nerves claimed ancient intimacy with

ſome of the diſhes ſmoking before him ; ſo ſitting down to the banquet, his ſtomach renewed its epicurean gratification.

To this indulgence the wine of Cyprus plenteouſly adminiſtered; for the diſpatchful page repleniſhed the goblet with a forethought and grace which gratified and amuſed the chevalier. Yet he vainly queſtioned his cupbearer, whom he underſtood to be denominated Laurian, to whom he was indebted for ſo much ; the boy preſerved an unbroken ſilence on that topic, and evaded an anſwer by affecting to be engroſſed by his office : ſo that Henri, being unfavourably prepoſſeſſed againſt the conteſſa, imagined that dread of her actuated the author of this bounty in ſuch ſtrictneſs of concealment. He therefore attended ſolely to his repaſt, and having ate to his ſatisfaction, permitted Laurian to remove the diſhes. Some diſcourſe paſſed between them, in which the page ſpoke with a winning modeſty : when he

was about to withdraw by the ſame way whereby he entered, he enquired, On whom had he had the honour of waiting? "Tell your employer, the heir de Souvricour," ſaid the chevalier; who the next minute found himſelf alone. Henri was not in ſo temperate a ſtate as to be able to reaſon on this ſtrange occurrence, which did not ceaſe its entertainment with the cloyment of his ſtomach, for glancing towards the table, he perceived intellectual pleaſure in ſeveral books and papers that were left. He opened them with glad ſurpriſe; for though he was no ſtudent, ennui and curioſity ſtimulated him; and by the beamy diffuſions of a triple lamp, which depended from the centre of the arch, and was the nocturnal luminary of the place, he curſorily peruſed ſome of the pages.

Many of them were the productions of the Italian fabuliſts, abundant in bombaſtic expreſſions and bigotted ſentiments: there were likewiſe numerous legends,

written by fanatic pens contemporary with the cruſades, and thronged with warlike and ſpectral imagery. They were admirably calculated to inflame the romantic mood of the chevalier, who, being already exhilarated by the wine, caught the ſpirit of thoſe ages during a peruſal of their records, and was ideally tranſported into that grand theatre of religious contention, Paleſtine. He there tranſmigrated into the moſt renowned warriors; diſcomfited immenſe hoſts of Saracen magicians and combatants; ſtretched the hand of ſlaughter as did Godfrey of Bouillon when he deluged the immortal ſepulchre with moſlem blood; then ſcaled the bulwarks of far-famed Arre in the perſon of leonine Richard. From imagining himſelf in the condition of ancient heroes, his feveriſh brain in the end wrought a perſuaſion that ancient heroes were revived in him; bounding from his ſeat, he outcried the ſignal for onſet and the peals of

conflict; meanwhile tilting with a disjointed pole, till the demolition of his object, and the splintering of his weapon, produced a victorious shout and a necessary cessation.

He then had recourse to reading; but soon having exhausted the monotony of the books, he opened some of the loose papers: they were manuscripts, and contained a poetical and prose miscellany; among which were some effusions of an exuberant imagination, composed in the Sapphian style.

Assuredly no species of composition can be more pernicious, because none more fascinating, than that wherein an author contrives to convey a depravity of sentiment in a chasteness of expression.

Not a few make words the criterion of ideal excellence, and overlook all injury to their morals in the satisfaction of their critical taste: others there are, whose delicacy extends only to language, and who not unwillingly see it made a

pandar to vicious thoughts: while in the youthful many, the memory, being heated by wanton readings, effects an inceſſant irritation to actual impurity.

How greatly then is it the duty of a writer to avoid any hurtful publication, as the miſchief that may enſue it is beyond the power of his computation! His ſingle wickedneſs may be tranſplanted into the minds of a million, and arouſe many congenialities in the diſpoſitions of young men which elſe might ever have lain dormant. From ſuch men's baſeneſſes ſurviving their deaths it is, that the black catalogue of vices, which is the growth of many ages, has become the practice of one: for the human heart now imbibes ſtrong provocatives to vice by the exerciſe of the underſtanding.

Henri's confined education beneath his ſhallow father's eye had not in the leaſt tended to open his comprehenſion; and there was a degree of equivoque in the compoſition before him, which ſerved

as an ambuſh to entrap his mind; for to ſolve the meaning he indulged in a conjectural immodeſty, by which he was reconciled to the real groſsneſs of the thought by the time he penetrated it.

But this ſtudy wearied as much as it injured him; and quitting it for the ſeaſonable bed, he fell into a profound ſleep, during which the fumes of wine evaporated.

Next morning, the noiſe that preceded the entrance of the jailor warned the chevalier to hide the books, and other tokens of his ſecret correſpondence; and this was juſt done before the man ſtepped inwards with the diurnal allowance of bread and water. The improvidence of Henri had left the food of yeſterday expoſed to the notice of the jailor, who could ill reconcile the ruddy look of his priſoner with ſuch ſigns of his abſtinence: however, as the chevalier ſtood proudly aloof, he forbore queſtion or ſtricture;

and having trimmed the lamp, which burnt conſtantly, he retired.

Once more alone, Henri began to perform freaks ſtill more fooliſh than his frenzies, ſince they were unexcuſed by paſſion. He threw the cakes on the ground, then danced over them till they were nearly pounded. Yet theſe childiſh pranks, though far from being honorary to his wiſdom, were in fact healthy to his body; for they kept it in exerciſe, which is the ſureſt antidote to deſpondency.

The chevalier's ſtomach underwent a long penance while awaiting its new caterer; and expectation vexed rather than comforted it. From the length of time that went by, he conjectured his dinner to be the relics of ſome banquet in the caſtle: probably he was not miſtaken, for it was late when their fragrant ſteam uſhered in the diſhes. Laurian again appeared: he attended Henri as

before, ſave that his ſervices now ſeemed to be neceſſitated by duty, whereas the day before they denoted their impulſe to be inclination.

The chevalier was too hungry to regard ſuch an alteration, which was leſs likely to inſpire anger than intereſt; for the page poſſeſſed a form and countenance, that, by their delicacy and ſweetneſs, compenſated for the abſence of dignity, an endowment denied to his low birth. His age did not exceed ſixteen years: to the capriciouſneſs of youth might his conduct therefore have been attributed, had not the gloom which unnaturally overſpread his aſpect ſhewed it to ſpring from ſerious motives.

When Henri was mellowed by the grape, he perſecuted the page with enquiries to whom he was indebted: the latter betrayed a perturbation inſtead of an anſwer; which exceedingly amazed the chevalier. His curioſity was now doubly inflamed; for perceiving Lau-

rian's emotion was connected with his benefactor, he perſiſted to queſtion, with the hope of being informed in both points. The reſerve of the youth was unconquerable, and plainly the merit of obedience; yet his features diſtinctly revealed other cares than thoſe of concealment; the bluſh, then paleneſs, had alternate and tranſient dominion over his cheeks. But when the chevalier heated himſelf to terms of high extolment of, and profeſſions of an affectionate regard for, his ſecret friend, the boy's agitation grew ungovernable, and, catching the end of his ſaſh to his eyes, he hung his head and wept.

Chagrin at his diſappointment by the mourner's obſtinacy repreſſed in Henri that kind condolence which he otherwiſe would have ſhewn; and he ſat patiently ſtill until the ſobs of his attendant ceaſed. Although the downcaſt looks of the page beſpoke how painful it was to him to be regarded by the chevalier,

yet, notwithſtanding his liberty to go, he ſtudied delays ſo long, that Henri preſumed that he was unwilling to ſhew his face while it was blurred and diſfigured by crying. But what moſt of all perplexed him was Laurian's conduct at his departure: he repeatedly was about to addreſs him, when his courage as often failed; and his quivering lips refuſed to emit the labour of his heart. At length he went out; but Henri ſaw that he was conſumed by ſome hidden griefe, in which himſelf was implicated.

This was matter of reflection for a while; but as the motives were involved in darkneſs, he ſought employment leſs abſtruſe; and his inclination being already perverted by them, reſumed the amorous readings of yeſterday.

They now ſeemed diveſted of their ambiguity; at leaſt, being ſharpened in underſtanding, he now found no more than what was neceſſary to impart a zeſt to the thoughts, with many of which he

began to ſympathiſe; for nature was awakened, and taught him that joy could ſpring from other ſources beſide combat and generalſhip. He ſtarted from an unchaſte reverie, to relieve the fierceneſs of his fancy by pacing around. But vaſt and ſudden was his ſurpriſe to diſcover that the ſecret entry was partly uncloſed. He was abſolutely confident that the page had not left it ſo: undoubtedly it was opened while he was poring over the papers, and for what other purpoſe than his egreſs?

By the brightneſs of the lamp he knew the day to be on the wane; wherefore he heſitated to brave the perils of ſubterranean darkneſs: but conſidering the peculiarities of the friendly unknown, he ſuppoſed the preſent opportunity to be of his contrivance, and relinquiſhed every ſcruple againſt profiting by it.

A narrow paſſage, channeled through the rock, preſented itſelf to the adventurous Henri: he groped onwards, until

his foot ſtruck againſt the lowermoſt ſtep of a ſteep flight, which he cautiouſly aſcended; and found that the paſſage, with a gentle acclivity, reverted over that below. He ſoon gueſſed that he was arrived at the upper ſtories, for at the remote end a feeble glimpſe of day-light was diſcernible. This was his beacon, and he haſtened towards it: it fell through a gaping door, which he puſhed open, and with amazement beheld an elegant apartment.

It was not extenſive, or uniformly ſtately, but of dimenſions that beſt admit of ornamental variety. The coup d'œil was abſolutely enchanting, for a fanciful taſte had exhauſted every art and invention, to beautify it to the perfection of a voluptuous privacy.

After ſtanding for a few moments on the threſhold, as though he apprehended a profaneneſs in intruding, the Chevalier entered. A cloud of frankincenſe, which kindled from fantaſtic cenſers,

was his ſalute; and the inſtant after he inhaled it, a pleaſant kind of delirium uſurped over his ſenſes. This was worthy a ſorcereſs; and if beauty be her principal requiſite, nature was faulty for centering ſo many charms in the female who now fettered Henri's ſight. She reclined in a poſture of repoſe on a canopied couch. Her ſlumbers were the ſnare whereby Henri was enthraled; for his eyes took licentious liberty, until they ſettled on the face of Larina. Aſtoniſhment numbed his faculties, and he was unable to move, but remained ſtedfaſtly gazing on a woman, whom heaven had adapted to harmoniſe mankind, but hell had tainted for their ruin. The dignities of her ſtature were perverted to the refinement of her wanton attitude, which beamed indiſcribable faſcination; for the drapery of her attire did not reject thoſe indecent glances, which ſeek in vain to pierce the dreſs that is a modeſt woman's ſanctuary. Yet was the inexperienced

youth awed into diffidence by the native ſtatelineſs of her limbs; unlike the imbecile Semele, ſhe would have retaliated his glories on the deſcending thunderer.

Beſide her pillow reſted a dulcimer of exquiſite mechaniſm; muſic books were laying near; and in the expanded leaves of one of them, the chevalier ſurveyed the prelude to her ſlumbers. It was a canzonette, with which he was not unacquainted; and it was excellently adapted to inſpire dreams correſpondent with her demeanor; nor did theſe impart leſs expreſſion to her countenance, for it glowed with an ardour that rebuffed every emulation of art. Her ſwelling lips were curled by ſmiling fantaſies, and left many dimples for love to chooſe his ambuſh in, while her eyes ſerenely ſlept beneath their tranſparent lids; and her dark hair ſtole ſerpent-like over her brow, being diſcompoſed from its flowery wreath by one of her arms, which, careleſsly thrown above her head, expanded

the ſeductions of her boſom. Such a woman ſuggeſted to Mahomet his feminine paradiſe: with ſuch a woman the oriental zealot promiſes himſelf celeſtial ſenſuality, when he braves the phalanx of Chriſtian chivalry: ſuch was Julian's wife, Henri's temptreſs.

The mind before the ſenſes ought to be the object of love's generalſhip, as the woman, who chiefly addreſſes the latter, ſhall find herſelf eaſily repulſed; and, even in the contrary caſe, can claim no more praiſe for a victory obtained through ſuch wretched auxiliaries as indecent arts, than can one man derive a reputation for conquering another whom he previouſly inebriated. Larina's affection not being a phantom which chaſtely flies the touch, ſhe thought to make Henri's love receive a birth from the like ſenſuality, which ever is eventually its death. Mark the abortion! It is true, that in the firſt moments Henri was forgetful that Larina

was an equivocal parricide, and an indubitable adultereſs. He ſaw only her lovelineſs, conſidered only its poſſeſſion; when a noiſe, which a little time before he had indiſtinctly heard, returned, and undeceived his reliance on opportunity.

Its effects on the amorous pair were ſimilar: the Conteſſa ſtarted, uncloſed her eyes, and revealed the diſcompoſure of her mind. No longer unſeen, the flush of ſhame rekindled on the Chevalier's cheeks; and he diſdainfully ſtarted away from her, whoſe ſleep he now knew was fictitious. The repetition of the noiſe iſſued from a curtained alcove: the Conteſſa ſeemed really diſmayed; but Henri, diſguſted by her firſt contrivance, and apprehenſive of a ſecond, ruſhed from the apartment, and repaired to the dungeon.

When ſomewhat calmed, he reviewed the occurrences of his ſituation. They no longer were unaccountable: ſurpriſe and conjecture were now ſupplanted by

perplexity and indecision. The affection of Larina was the sole source of the comforts he had found in prison; she likewise sought to straiten the connection; yet was she not wife to the tyrant who humbled him to her charity? might she not be a confidant of his oppression? nay, an abettor of it, with the secret intent to derive gratification from its circumstances? Nothing were more probable. Then how to conduct himself through this difficulty, and transform it to his own advantage, was the laborious study of the Chevalier.

However abundant Henri mentally could be in projects, he seems particularly unreasonable in those he selected, for they always required the support of abilities above mediocrity. His present plan certainly was specious; but, whoever knows the arts of a designing woman, will despair for the youth who hopes to baffle them. The chevalier resolved neither to incur the resentment

of Larina by a blunt rejection of her advances, or to become a victim to them: with a headstrong reliance on his continence, he purposed to elude her utmost allurements till an auspicious moment should render her eager love subservient to his release.

Reflections on the scene he so newly had quitted, revived some but half-stifled emotions which were licentiously inclined; but the reconsideration, that by becoming the gallant of Larina he should, in reality, become her slave, as she then would be inexorably interested in his seclusion for her wicked hours, confirmed him in his first ideas. His ignorance how deeply he was involved in the snares of the Contessa sustained his presumption; but his intellectual and constitutional temperaments were already contaminated by the hot spicery of her dishes, and the yet more inflammatory poetry. Henri was not insensible to the

danger of future intimacies with the latter, and reſolved to deſtroy it.

Could he have been the ſpectator of his own reluctance when undertaking that taſk, he would have been the more thoroughly convinced of the propriety of the performance: but his eyes were unable to revolt from the love-fraught pages. Whereſoever he opened, the poetic faſcination preſented itſelf; and being at length violently agitated, he read aloud,

Sweet woman is the ſpirit's mortal guiſe,
Sent down to give foretaſte of Paradiſe.

This rhapſody deſerved a laugh, nor did Henri withhold one, though probably his mirth was not diſſimilar to that bubbling of a brook, which proclaims the abſorption of whatever be caſt into it. Moſt likely the author cared but to ſtir the ſpirits, well knowing how eaſily their friſkineſs may be perverted: that the art of contraſt was not ſtrange to him,

what followed was an indiſputable teſtimony.—

Were ev'ry pleaſure which this world affords
To ſpring from reaſon and the ſcholar's hoards,
Would feeling ſubſtance to our ſoul be join'd,
A needleſs appendage to clog the mind?

Henri's paſſions negatived the queſtion before his reaſon could aſſert itſelf. Could he have digeſted his thoughts into expreſſible order, he would have declared an opinion, that alternate ſatisfaction ought to be accorded to the mind and the heart: in him they ſo little ſympathiſed, that to fulfil only the longings of one, muſt occaſion nearly an entire neglect of the other. His hearty earned with amorous wiſhes, which prudence as firmly oppoſed; its ſucceſs was but partial, for the ſacrifice of the poetry was poſtponed, and the lateneſs of the night only cauſed him to diſcontinue the peruſal of it.

Next morning the jailor entered before he was ariſen. Silence was mutual;

but the man was nothing leſs than ſpeechleſs when he beheld the writings, which the chevalier's nocturnal wearineſs had neglected to remove: however, he ſilently retired, nor was Henri aware of the diſcovery.

A voluptuous indolence enervated his limbs, and he lay abandoned to fancy till the noontide ſun illumined the place. The ſluggard then aroſe. The heat of impure love raged in his breaſt, and each moment added fuel to it. He did not feel the refinement of individual affection, but ſighing for the ſex, imagined it to be an aggregate of Larinas. As neither hope nor deſpair predominated over his wiſhes, he was not inattentive to other cravings; and being ſuſpicious that his table would not be delicately ſet out that day, he condeſcended to appeaſe his appetite with its ſimple allowance: yet he ate very ſparingly, and was not unprepared for his dinner, when, as uſual, it appeared.

Laurian wore an unſocial countenance,

and ſhrunk from the obſervation of the chevalier with ſymptoms of diſtreſs; the more diſtinguiſhable on account of the gay light ſhed by tapers, which were diſpoſed on the table in an unprecedented number.

Being thirſty in the courſe of his meal, Henri aſked for wine: the page preſented to him a brimful goblet on a ſalver; but his hand ſo trembled, that it was with difficulty the Chevalier prevented it from being overturned. The unexpected appearance of the feaſt had ſoftened Henri to complacency; ſo he compaſſionately addreſſed the young attendant, and deſired him to ſit down till he was recovered. He then proceeded to imbibe the wine, but his lips were yet unbathed, when the boy ſtarted, withheld the hand which bore the fatal beverage, and, disfigured by a hue of livid paleneſs, preſented the imagery of immature guilt. Henri's eyes wandered over him with amazement: then glancing

round the glaſs, his narrow inſpection detected ſeveral grains, indubitably noxious, adhering to its rim.

The little mind does nothing without parade; ſo the Chevalier moſt furiouſly daſhed the poiſon away: his next aim was to be retributory; but the miſerable boy ſunk upon the earth, into which his face ſeemed to be ſeeking a grave for its grief and ſhame. Henri's motion arouſed him; he clung around his knees; and the former heard, "Oh, mercy! pardon!" ejaculated in ſobbing murmurs. Theſe attitudes, ſo grateful to the Chevalier's haughtineſs, were at length changed by his curioſity, which demanded the motives or provocations to ſo diabolical an attempt.

Thrice he raiſed the weeping boy, who as often returned to a kneeling poſture. A fourth attempt was too violent to be unſucceſsful. "What paſſion can be pleaded for your apology?" ſaid Henri: "would hatred make you an aſſaſſin?" A

thouſand expreſſions fled over the face of Laurian; but they were ſucceeded by a deep bluſh, which crimſoned even his poliſhed neck. Henri's late experience had quickened his penetration; he knew ſuch to be the beauteous tokens of one paſſion only; and by his manner he diſcovered his underſtanding. Laurian's eyes invited the ſhade of his dark lids, till his heart heaved forth its enamoured myſtery in a mighty ſigh, and his agitated frame fell upon the breaſt of Henri, at once the confident and rival of his love. The Chevalier's pity was taken by ſurpriſe, for he felt the feveriſh cheeks of the loveſick mourner glow through his veſt, and his boſom tumultuouſly pant; nor could love have aſſumed expreſſions more delicate, unleſs it had ſtruggled with the pudency of a virgin: indeed, there was only wanting to his feminine appearance the projecting boſom.

As little as Henri imagined who was the authoreſs of theſe tranſports, as vaſt

was his aſtoniſhment to hear ſhe was Larina. In ſpite of his previous reſolutions, he really was much ſhocked; while the page miſtaking his emotions, with claſped hands and ſtreaming eyes repeatedly cried, "Oh do not take her from me! Indeed! indeed! I love her ſo dearly, that life would be a preferable loſs."

Henri was much deranged, and ſaid, "Does ſhe know of your attachment?"

"I could not conceal it from her," the page anſwered: "I grew ſo thin and ſo pale, and could neither eat nor ſleep, yet every thing around me ſeemed like a dream; my head was ſo hot, that my eyes were as in a furnace; then I had a kind of choking ſenſation in my throat, which would take me at unawares, ſo that I could not keep my tears; and my heart beat ſo violently, I ſometimes fancied that I could hear it. I did not know what to do with myſelf. Every place was doleful whence my ſweet

miſtreſs was abſent; yet when with her, I was afraid of her piercing eyes, till ſhe remarked my conſtancy in avoiding them."

"She could learn your paſſion but to blame it," ſaid Henri.

"Oh, ſhe has goodneſs which will not hurt even by words," replied the page. "How kindly did ſhe adviſe me to repoſe in her the ſecret of my diſtreſs! and to relieve my embarraſſment, with what a tender archneſs did ſhe condeſcend to profeſs that it was not unknown to her! Were I to live a thouſand years, remembrance of that hour would warm my blood, and inſpire old age."

"What! you then were completely happy?" aſked the faltering Henri.

"Happy? raptured! maddened!" exclaimed the page: "Could I be otherwiſe? I have not a heart of ſtone. Could I be otherwiſe? No, no, no! I dared, and in a whirlpool of ecſtacy was loſt."

The effects of this diſcourſe were

hurtful to the Chevalier, and the laſt ſpeech agitated him ſo unreaſonably, that he ſtarted to and fro in a frantic pace.

The page continued: "Until you came, I was eſtranged from pain. But you, you, I fear, will make me irrecoverably miſerable. Yet hear me, and conſider—I implore you to conſider—Larina is my more than wife. All my prayers to God are in her behalf; yet ſhe has no fault ſave that of loving me, while my greateſt virtue is adoration for her. She is the ſource of every pleaſant thought I have, and her name is the laſt ſound that departs from my ſleeping lips. Oh, could I but inform you how wonderfully I love her, you would not ſeek to diſunite us: O God! you'll break my heartſtrings if you do. Yet don't deceive yourſelf; it is her pity has overcome her. She has miſtaken the tenor of her feelings, and what ſhall be the conſequences if ſhe perceive her error

too late? remorſe in herſelf, upbraidings of you. Her heart cannot be weaned from me: you catch but its overflowings, but I for long have drunk at the very ſpring of her affections. She knows that ſhe is the idol of my devotion, and has ſeen me loſe my ſenſes a hundred times, when in her arms. Think then whether ſhe can quite forget me, and ceaſe the vain endeavour."

That propriety may ſometimes ſpring from a ſpecies of vice was inſtanced by the Chevalier: his vanity, being pampered by this beſeeching, accorded ſuch an anſwer, as in another would have proceeded from a heart affected to ſee a youth of ſo great promiſe blighted by an untimely paſſion. Under the pretence of tranquilliſing Laurian's fears of rivalry, he uttered ſuch contemptuous ſtrictures on the frail unworthineſs of Larina, whom he affected to deſpiſe rather than admire, that the boy was exaſperated to owe to the Chevalier's opinion of his

miſtreſs's undeſervedneſs, what he hoped would flow from his generoſity, and ſtood boldly forth, and gave vent to the feelings of his breaſt in her vindication and eulogy.

Henri was a heedleſs liſtener, till he bethought him to enquire how the page became ſo converſant in Larina's deſigns, as it was improbable that ſhe could have the effrontery to delegate him on their behalf. Laurian betrayed great agony at this queſtion, by which he was diſcouraged from a renewal of his amorous extolment. What Henri diſmiſſed for an improbable ſurmiſe was really the fact. Larina, in the ſeduction of the young page, had not been incited by any affectionate ardour; but derived much wanton entertainment from the ſpectacle of a juvenile paſſion ſtruggling with reſpect. On Laurian ſhe practiſed every art with the moſt relentleſs and inventive cruelty, till the boy's forbearance was vanquiſhed. In an incautious moment

ſhe was humbled to his arms, and he derived from her natural pronenefs gratification as unexpected by him, as it was unintended by herſelf. A conſtant cohabitation had enſued, merely ſenſual on the female part, but not unſupported by ſentiment on the part of the page. Though he lived in the actual diſobedience of a divine prohibition, Laurian was only injured in innocence, the conſequence of his bodily contamination. The principles of his mind remained undebauched, for within him love was not a vicious gueſt, though its indulgence was adulterous. This was the caſe when the arrival of Henri de Souvricour inſpired Larina with ambition to achieve a ſecond conqueſt. That delicacy was extinguiſhed with her virtue was proved by her ſubſequent conduct. As her own heart was indifferent to Laurian, ſhe was careleſs of his; yet, ſenſible to the double aſcendency ſhe poſſeſſed over him as miſtreſs of his heart and fortunes,

ſhe determined to make him an agent in her licentious plans. In his firſt viſit to Henri he was unconſciouſly her pandar: but his conſternation was indeſcribable, when he afterwards perceived the motive and deſign of her conduct, which ſhe wilfully contrived he ſhould do. Notwithſtanding her depravity, he thought but of her loſs. To live without her ſeemed impoſſible; yet between abſolute poſſeſſion and abſolute deprivation he knew no medium, though the Conteſſa meditated one; for ſhe ſaw nothing to deter him from relinquiſhing a moiety of her favours, and being content with alternate enjoyment. Such an arrangement inſured variety to herſelf, and thoſe ſcruples, which were ſtrange to her mind, ſhe was inconſiderate of in others.

The page felt it impoſſible to reveal this; he dreaded its effects on his rival; and beſides he would rather have undergone a ſeverity of bodily torture, than uttered the derogations of Larina, which

yet he was unable to credit. Wherefore, in anſwer to the curious Chevalier, he returned an account of his having ſurpriſed him in the apartment of the Conteſſa. "Yes," added he, "I was concealed within the alcove. Unſeen myſelf, I ſaw your boldneſs, and prevented it. Yes, I prevented your momentary indulgence, to ſave myſelf from an eternity of grief. Before that fatal hour I wiſhed to act as I now have done, and place my reliance on your magnanimity; but that ſight thwarted my intention, and corrupted me with hatred. I could not, alas! I cannot forgive the libertiniſm of your eyes: O God! how hot was I to avenge the audacity of your fingers. I thought myſelf capable of your deſtruction—I vowed it—yes, I, who really tremble to annihilate a worm. I knew no other means than poiſon; for I am very feeble, and ſhuddered to meditate a blow: beſides, the idea of ſeeing your convulſions ſtupified me with hor-

ror. I determined, after conveying death into your nourishment, to leave you to the dungeon till it became your sepulchre. How nearly this was perpetrated I tremble to think. Had my design been fulfilled, great God! what could you have been at this moment? O sir, he rejoices in your existence, who sought to shorten it: most religiously he does."

Henri did not withdraw his hand, which the page had fervently grasped, though a horror chilled him, because he saw that the love-mad Laurian was not to be trusted, as future jealousies might make him relentless. One mode there was to satisfy both, and Henri proposed it. The page reddened with delight, for, indeed, the advantage was reciprocal; one hoping a liberation from confinement, the other from rivalship. They then solicitously discussed the most probable plans, many of which the timid boy declined; for though he never could be more willing to acquit himself va-

liantly, yet he was naturally diffident of the teſt. From what paſſed, Henri began to think that more aſſiſtance was indiſpenſable. "Are you without relations or friends in the caſtle?" ſaid he: "no father, no uncles, nor brothers?"

"No, not one," the page replied with a mournful ſigh. "I am fatherleſs, and all my relations are diſperſed I know not where."

"How long has this caſtle been your abode?" aſked Henri.

"About three years: I was choſen to fill the place of a former page, whoſe diſappearance, though it promoted me, I often have lamented with tears."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Chevalier: "how was he named?"

"We called him Claudio," replied the page; in whom Henri inſtantly gueſſed the identical boy, of whom his friend had made affectionate mention.

Laurian continued: "I had a friend

who was very good to me, and might have afforded you material ſervice; but, unluckily, he went forth in a late expedition; and, by what I can learn, is miſſing with ſeveral others. He certainly did not return with the train that accompanied their maſter yeſterday."

Henri enquired if the Conte was arrived. An affirmative anſwer ſunk him into deſpondency; for ſuch was his apprehenſion of Julian, that the mere circumſtance of his neighbourhood confounded his meaſures, and routed his hopes.

On recollection, he aſked, "If Larina, when he ſaw her the day before, was aware of her huſband's arrival?"

Laurian anſwered, "No: for I excuſed myſelf by ſaying that I came to announce it. She appeared diſpleaſed at the news, though ſhe expected it; yet went into the balcony to bow him a reception, which I really think him to be unworthy of."

"Indeed!" ſaid the chevalier: "and pray what do you know of him?"

"Little," anſwered the page. "I am very ſeldom from the apartments of my dear miſtreſs; beſides, I always am afraid to ſpeak about him. But I know that he treats the Conteſſa with ſlights or rudeneſs. Is not that a crime deſerving abhorrence?"

The Chevalier could hardly refrain from ſmiling at the earneſtneſs of the complainer, whoſe reaſon ſeemed to be abſorbed by his paſſion for Larina. Nor was his fear of Julian heightened by the conſideration how puerile a minion had ſupplanted him in the matrimonial eeſtaſies. That the ſublimeſt may be injured with impunity this was a proof; ſo recovering from his confuſion, Henri renewed the diſcourſe on his freedom.

At length they were ſatisfied that a ſecret way might be unravelled through the vaults contiguous to the chevalier's dungeon; but they were unable to de-

viſe any expedient for paſſing the outward walls. Laurian, after ſome ſuſpence, propoſed to ſeek and engage the friend whom he mentioned; and who, perhaps, might be arrived without his knowledge, as he had not yet been among the newly returned retinue. They both relied on his ſucceſs in meeting with this important man; and were about to conclude the converſation with pleaſure, when an indiſtinct rumbling in the private door-way diſtracted their equanimity. A momentary ſuſpence followed. Henri then darted into the paſſage; but the noiſe was now transferred to the upper end: ſtill the cauſe was inviſible, and if human, the party alertly fled the detector of his eaves-dropping. The chevalier was undetermined whether or not to purſue; but having failed to aſcertain the object of his purſuit, he ſuffered himſelf to be deterred by the terrors of Laurian, whom he endeavoured to perſuade that the alarm was

entirely innocent, being merely the effect of confined air.

The page was hardly to be diveſted of his fears of diſcovery; however, Henri at length preſumed that he had ſucceeded, and they agreed to part. When going, Laurian pointed to the lights, and ſpake thus: "I leave them by my miſtreſs's order: what can be her intention I dare not ſurmiſe. But hearken! be our compact reciprocal fidelity. Mine ſhall be the part of activity, yours of refrainment: therefore, beware! for it is my love will accelerate your freedom; and heinous muſt be the ingratitude that abuſes me in my love. If you ſhould—not—that—you—or—I—can hope it; yet if you ſhould ſee Larina, think that rudeneſs to her will be friendſhip to me." After uttering theſe words with much ſolemnity, he affectionately added, "God in heaven proſper you!" and turned from the dungeon, his auburn ringlets ſtreaming down his back.

Henri nouriſhed a vain elation that he could be preferred to ſo much loveli-neſs; and this counterbalanced his anger at the parting remonſtrance. He conti-nued to walk about for a conſiderable length of time, as the motion of his limbs concorded with, yet appeaſed, the tumult in his breaſt. Though the pre-ceding conference obviated every kind of connection with the Conteſſa, it rather had aggravated than calmed his paſſions. What can be thoſe ſecret tranſports which could ſtir a boy to murder? was a queſtion uttered by the chevalier a thouſand times, and as often his ſpring-ing heart taught him that he was only practically ignorant.

The night had gained that lateneſs which is congenial with guilt, and from time immemorial has been devoted to its unhallowed deſigns, when Larina en-tered Henri's dungeon. The youth's ſurpriſe was the leaſt of his emotions; for as ſhe raiſed her veil, he acknow-

ledged her to be no leſs lovely than when ſtretched in pretended ſlumber. Her eyes were lively, and her geſtures frank; ſhe threw levity into her ſpeech and tone, for at firſt ſhe conſidered that pathos and ſentiment would be uſeleſs to her cauſe.

"Well," ſaid ſhe, "ſhall I, as reſponſible hoſteſs, welcome you to my houſe, or, as a gueſt to this as yet unviſited part of it, receive a welcome from you?"

"So lodged," Henri anſwered, "you will inſult me by an offer of the firſt."

"And you, my friend," adjoined Larina, "will offend me by a neglect of the ſecond."

"I heartily wiſh," reſponded the Chevalier, "that an opportunity for either had never occurred."

"I truſt that all our wiſhes do not run ſo oppoſitely," ſaid Larina, inviting an indelicate retort.

"Oppoſite as our ſex," Henri returned.

"Which are created but to mingle," adjoined the Conteſſa. "You who to ſo eminent a degree are gifted by nature, aſſuredly cannot be indiſpoſed to her ordinances." Henri felt pleaſed, though confuſed; and obſerving that Larina ſeemed deſirous to receive from him the compliment of a ſeat, he turned a chair for her accommodation.

"Is it not a pity," ſaid the artful Conteſſa, "that politeneſs ſhould ſo encroach on affection, as to make many actions equivocal which once belonged excluſively to the latter?"

Henri found this ſomewhat enigmatical: indeed it was one of thoſe excentric propoſitions which the witty deviſer only can ſolve.

"But it really is the caſe," continued his temptreſs, who careleſsly flung her arm upon the back of the chair, whereby

they both were ſtanding, and detained the Chevalier's hand beneath her roſy palm. "Yes, my pretty friend, it really is the caſe; whence it comes that diffidence is now a vice in love. The behaviour of a baſhful lover is ever liable to be miſconſtrued into mere complaiſance; and what coſt his ſenſibility a painful effort to make, is trifled with, becauſe the tenderneſs of the motive does not ſhine through. Since then ſo many tokens of amorous inclination are wreſted by urbanity, be the expreſſions of love proportionably improved. Uncloud the mien of reſerve, and do not permit coyneſs to curb thoſe ſigns, which urge their own revealment. No words are like the vibrating pulſe, or glance devouring him for whom your heart has intereſt. To make ſenſe correſpond with ſenſe, belongs to the ſympathy of youthfulneſs like ours. Wherefore do you bluſh, my amiable confident? If my thoughts be blameable, it is I ſhould

bluſh; yet knowing how impracticable is their reſtraint, I dread the anger of your eyes, and cloke my face in your boſom. You cannot repulſe an appeal to the heart."

A lovely woman neſtling in his boſom, ſo far from being a contemptible temptation, was of all the moſt difficult to parry; but Henri was fortified by the reflection that in every diſtinction the page had preceded him. Wherefore he remained like a ſtatue, till Larina relinquiſhed her inanimate poſition, turned her eyes upwards, and approached his with a faſcinating gaze, while ſhe ſoftly continued a ſimilar language intermingled and accented with ſighs.

"I never have loved," ſaid Henri briſkly, as though he had found an indiſputable reaſon that he never would.

"Oh, how happy are you to have eſcaped the misfortune of a Narciſſus!" the Conteſſa exclaimed. That one alluſion to the amorous legends of Ovid

ſuggeſted to her memory many of the pathetic arguments uſed by his ſlighted lovers: arguments which ſhe often had read with acquieſcence and admiration. Succeſſively ſhe rehearſed the pleadings of Myrrha, Byblie, Salmacis, and many more; whoſe diſſimilarity of condition to hers ſhe made of ſo much uſe, as to found thereon a bewailing that Henri could decline an innocent attachment, when he heard ſo much ſaid in favour of thoſe that were criminal. Nay, ſo that love were the theme, ſhe nothing cared how inapplicable were the reſt of the ſubject; wherefore, ſhe aſſailed him with the words of Jupiter, Apollo, Pan, &c. in the hope of realiſing the ſeductions which they had been fabled to make: but Henri preſerved ſo much of the Chriſtian, as to remain unconquered by thoſe pagan divinities. He ſtood a ſtatue of her own making, while this female Pygmalion, to melt him into love, forgot the ſex for

which ſhe was labouring, as did Vertumnus when he viſited Pomona.

Appropriate action muſt have rendered Larina ſo bewitching and ſeductive, that it fairly may be imagined, that indifference could only ſpring from a Joſephean temperament. Indifference was not the caſe with Henri: yet the ſtruggle he maintained with his own feelings diſſatisfied the Conteſſa, who deſired that he would ruſh to her arms in an impaſſioned paroxyſm. Impatient of his refrainment, ſhe diſengaged herſelf from his involuntary embrace, and had recourſe to arts leſs violent but more certain.

The Chevalier was elated with triumph; and being ſecure of its continuance, he did not decline to renew the converſation with Larina. This was ſupported with the utmoſt ſprightlineſs by the latter; till, noticing the literary furniture of the place, ſhe expreſſed her curioſity

to know which were the productions Henri admired. The Chevalier was not very prompt in his anſwers; but Larina's penetration was not to be baffled; for as ſhe turned from poem to poem, and continued her queſtioning at each, he unwittingly returned an approbation of that which was not faultleſs in the point of indelicate freedom.

The Conteſſa gaily declared that ſhe would criticiſe his taſte; and diſpoſing herſelf in a negligent attitude, ſhe read aloud—

LOVE'S EMPIRE.

HA! now I ken his hitherward wing,
Scents ſhedding, muſic murmuring;
Love's emperor, whom time doth flee,
Chief lord through air, on earth, in ſea,
O'er dyes and ſhapes of human face,
And ſpecies of the beſtial race.
Though glory ſuch around him ſails
That fight beneath his ſplendor fails,
I know him by his godly ſkill
To ſmite the heart, yet not to kill;
Blend bale with bliſs, in ecſtaſies
Of tear-bright ſmiles, ſoul-ſweet ſighs.

And move deſpair without unreſt,
In hopeleſſneſs to be more bleſt.
O thou, of life and joy the birth,
Or life were not or nothing worth!
Inſpire me beauty true to ſhow
Whence the ſexes' fondneſs flow:
Beauty wherein thou liv'ſt enſhrined,
Angelic ſhape, but human mind.
A form that, ſcorning to be dumb,
Foreſpeaks the ſtudy of the tongue;
A ſhrinking waiſt, a bolder breaſt,
That heaves a challenge to be preſt;
Dazzling limbs that ſhed a light,
And make a muſic to the ſight;
To clothe the neck in nature's ſtate
Sun-gold treſſes undulate,
But, whence their majeſty 'gins flow,
Wreathy curls love's bloſſoms blow;
Such gift muſt have each azure eye
That hearts they burn they purify,
With creſcent brows embow'd above,
The feateſt archery of love;
Cheeks that blitheſt contraſt ſhow,
Summer red with wintry ſnow;
Lips that cheat thoſe cheeks of bliſs,
Pout and intercept the kiſs:
Charms ſo various to inform
A mind ſublim'd 'bove ſhrewiſh ſtorm;
Gen'rous wit, ſelf-fuel'd fire,
That diſtant glads but ſcorches nigher.

A counterpart on bolder ſcale
Of mighty nerve muſt be the male.
Now thy huge power to diſplay
Within the central climes of day,
Where torrid ſkies ſun-burn the face,
And ſtigmatiſe the orient race,
The Moſlem monarch, godly proud
(Yet thrall to thee), diſcards the crowd,
To taſte in night's dim privity
The eaſe of ſtateleſs ſov'reignty,
In grand Kioſque with tapers bright,
And females luſtrous by their own light,
Skill'd to faſcinate his eye,
To yield, yet grant more than comply.
The purple ſultan to amuſe,
Or ſong, or dance, or prank, they chuſe;
An the firſt, ſo ſweet the tone,
As compares harſh the night-bird's moan,
And placates to an eunuch's note
The thunder of the deſpot's throat;
While muſic trills her lyric wires,
From flutes in ſwan-like ſighs expires,
Yet floats upon the wavy air,
As though its ſpirit haunted there:
From this they ſee his caprice change,
Through labyrinthian dance they range,
With godly ſwim or fairy pace
Maintain the errant note in chace,
Till, that outſped, their ſprightly feet
Sport i' th' air, and kiſſing meet.

But claps he for a gameſome war,
Their locks they free from ſtrict tiar,
From trailing robes their forms unqueen
Of aureat or gemmy ſheen,
From rainbow ſaſh, Tyrian veſt,
How much they're lovelier when diveſt!
For clothes ſo gorgeouſly bedight
Diſtract the fervent lover's ſight,
Which prizes moſt a kind of night
Wherein his miſtreſs's chiefly bright,
And on that dreſs beſt feaſts his eyes
Where beauty ſeems to ſanctuariſe.
In Afric voids of flinty dearth
Where mountains match the ſky to earth,
Aſian plains whence odours riſe
In memory of bleſt paradiſe,
Indian groves where virgins laced
In flowery zones ſecure the waiſt,
Beyond the new regime of Spain
Where fancied iſles beſpot the main,
Love 's exempt from legal rule,
Which, ere it ſanctions, lets it cool,
And honeſt nature ne'er can ſwerve
Whilſt free her language of the nerve:—
Whence Sol and Thou coequal burn,
To polar vaſts of froſt we'll turn,
Where night uſurps whole months from day,
And pulkhas glide by boreal ray:
Though chaos there be half reſtor'd,
Nature owns thee ſtill her lord,

For love-thaw'd tears from men do flow
While heav'n can weep nought elſe but ſnow;
No ſun there bright as female charms,
No ſummer hot as lovers' arms,
In wreaths of fondneſs knotted faſt,
Lethe of future, as the paſt.—
To Chriſtendom we'll retrograde,
Where panders make intrigue a trade,
As Cynics, drain'd in nature's cauſe,
Have wrathful bound her with their laws,
Which wit, by bondage never tam'd,
A thouſand ſleights to cheat hath fram'd.
It grieves me near to paſs unſung
How oft at law the gantlet's flung;
When crowds expect the mimic ſtage,
What ſhouts applaud its am'rous rage!
When heroes brave their horned foe,
To the fierce circus what frequence go,
To tourneys of chivalric war,
To carnival or regatta!
At minſtrelſies what languiſhments,
When burſt the choral inſtruments!
In the deep hour of ſilent night
Sole ſhines the moon, love's privy light,
How ſlides from couch the tender maid
To reſpond her lover's ſerenade!
And, bolden'd by the cloiſtral gloom,
How veſtals counteract their doom,
And father monks pervert their ken
Daughter nuns to inceſtuous win;

So of their ſworn celibacy
Is born a free polygamy.
But moſt love tries ability
At feaſts of antic revelry,
Where viſor'd night the face diſguiſe
And lovers' beacons are their eyes,
Which, liquefied to tender dews,
Heart's infection round effuſe.—
Thus Thou, chief favorite of the ſkies!
Succeed'ſt mankind to humaniſe;
Our ſexual diſcord fully proving
Is meant for harmony in loving,
Elſe in kind had differ'd we
And ſhar'd angelic unity.
Religion, love, then are one flame,
Heav'nly eſſence, earthly name.

The ſweetneſs with which the Conteſſa delivered this poem confirmed the fable of the Sirens; for Henri was ſo wrapt in the pleaſure, which his ſenſes received at the expence of his reaſon, that he remained in an attentive attitude for ſome moments after its concluſion. No wonder his delight was great! Larina's voice included every note that the paſſions could require, and with ſo much ſkill ſhe

modulated its powers, that her tones were intelligent to Henri of meanings, which he before had neglected, but which he now could not ceaſe to admire. Her countenance alſo gave illuſtrations to the ſenſe, and ſpake in dumbneſs; while her heart danced ſympathetically with ſentiments to which herſelf was authoreſs. Nicely obſervant of the Chevalier, with joy ſhe ſaw his wild ſenſations, and greeted the approach of triumph. She reacted every allurement feminine ingenuity could deviſe. Henri, notwithſtanding their indelicacy, reſiſted not her blaniſhments, nor long forbore to return them. A thouſand provocatives to vice were exchanged by the adulterous pair, when a deep-drawn ſigh, partaking of the mournfulneſs of a groan, burſt on their ears.

It was a gaſp of expiring friendſhip: friendſhip careful of Henri to the laſt, which now interpoſed to reſcue him from

ruin. Awful as unexpected, it thrilled the lovers, and disunited their embrace. Though fearless of guilt, Larina was not indifferent to discovery: hastily extinguishing the lights, she relinquished her endeavours of seduction, and forsook the youth, corrupted for her pleasures.

Welcome was the morning that ended this tiresome night, for throughout it the Chevalier was tormented with restlessness. In the earliest hours of daybreak, the opening of the secret passage warned him of a visitor. His conscience was unpleasantly moved when the page entered. Laurian alleged a sufficient reason for his unseasonable intrusion; and Henri, with joy, received the promise of being delivered the coming night. He would have enquired much concerning the mode; but Laurian was no more talkative than what was necessary to prepare the Chevalier, and busied himself in gathering up the fallen tapers; a service he executed with an awkward-

neſs that was not unoccaſioned by mental diſorder. His perturbation could have raiſed miſtruſt in any perſon more conſiderate than Henri; but the latter ſaw him depart without harbouring any concern, ſave what it was impoſſible but he muſt feel, when told, that midnight would be propitious to his eſcape.

Would it were come! was his favourite ejaculation, till a viſitor from the contrary ſide interrupted him. It was the jailor. He would have retired without mentionable occurrence, had he not trod upon ſome fragments of the glaſs, which Henri had ſmaſhed. How it could come there was a conſideration that cauſed a very viſible ſurpriſe on his features; however, he diſappeared without making a remark.

His retreat was productive of much glee in the Chevalier, whoſe mirth found additional food from the whimſical idea of the amazement which would attend the diſcovery of his flight. Though he

had no reaſon to cheriſh a perſonal animoſity to the poor jailor, yet as the latter was acceſſary to his immurement, he ſpitefully hoped that the blame of his eſcape might fall heavily upon his head. With theſe thoughts, varied into numerous ſhapes, he ſtrove to divert himſelf, and wear out the paſſing hours.

As no dinner was brought him, he fed on his priſon allowance. At length the lamp, fixed in the dungeon, ceaſed to fade before the ſtrength of daylight; and, as it began to ſhine with unrivalled beams, he gueſſed that the ſhades of evening were hung abroad. Each moment now ſeemed pregnant with his fate, and he underſtood that he was on the very criſis, when his young guide appeared. Laurian did not enter, but remained on the verge of the dungeon, ſtanding within the hidden avenue: in his hand he bore a torch, which, being agitated by the guſhing wind, rolled a duſky cloud of ſmoke, that dimmed his

aſpect, and enveloped him with the ſhade of myſtery. Henri ſtarted with precipitation and pleaſure to join him; but the welcome that hung on his tongue was prevented by Laurian, whoſe attitude injoined ſilence.

Uſhered by the page, he went up the paſſage towards the ſteps, which he before had aſcended; on the central one was a narrow door, and going through it, they found themſelves in an extenſive vault. Its various receſſes contained other doors, which led to the ſubterranean labyrinth. The page haſtily tripped towards one, oppoſite to that by which he had entered; it turned readily on its hinges without ſigns of diſuſe, and diſcloſed a weariſome length of arched paſſage. Henri, who was behind, neglected to reecloſe the latter door; equally did Laurian forget to deſire him; conſequently, they were not advanced half a dozen paces, before, being impelled by its own weight, it ſwung gratingly to,

with a violence that electrified them both, and awoke the uproar of ſurrounding echoes.

This accident put an end to their taciturnity, for Laurian, though unwilling before to look Henri in the face, turned reproachfully to him. "You will ruin yourſelf and me," ſaid he in a faltering tone. Henri affected to jeſt on the unlikelihood of any ſound travelling to the inhabited parts of the caſtle. "Are not the apartments of the Conteſſa near at hand?" ſaid Laurian: "for God's ſake be circumſpect." Jealouſy prompted him to add, "But you know your own influence, and dread not the harm which would fall on me."

Henri profeſſed to dread no other harm beſide oppoſition to his deliverance; and reſolute not to forego the attempt puſillanimouſly, he aſked the page whether he had not provided arms. Laurian told him that they were unneceſſary; and diſcontinuing their con-

verſe, they proceeded. Their path was directly before them, deſtitute of obviations, and they preſerved one melancholy pace for a conſiderable time, till, being come to the mouth of a paſſage, which, as many had done before, branched to the right and left, they ſaw, or conceived that they ſaw, at the top of it, a remote glimpſe of light. The appearance was inſtantaneous: like a blaſt of lightning it momentally blazed on the diſtant wall. Laurian's diſmay, while it occaſioned, weakened his outcry; but Henri, though not inferior in concern, retained his prudence; and apprehenſive that his own light might reciprocate the diſcovery, he puſhed the lingering boy onwards. Being paſſed, they compared their ideas: each peremptorily aſſerted that it was not his viſual error, yet Henri expoſtulated on the improbability of their being dogged, and endeavoured to perſuade himſelf, that it was the inoffenſiveneſs of ſome lunar beam, juſt then intercepted by a

deſtitute of gratitude. For a while he rudely reprehended the ſenſibility which he miſtermed effeminate: he then made ſome awkward tenders of his arm and ſupport, which Laurian refuſed with ſymptoms of diſguſt too ſtrongly marked to eſcape the Chevalier, whoſe feelings, had they been tenderly ſtrung, would have inſtructed him, that the preſent was not the only time in which Laurian was, or had reaſon to be, offended by his conduct.

With increaſing chagrin he perambulated up and down, prolonging his courſe and time, till he deſcried the end of the long avenue wherein they were. That diſcovery he livelily communicated to the page, backed with ſtimulations to proceed; but ſighs were the only anſwers he received. His refrainment was now waſted away: graſping the hand of Laurian, he inſiſted that their mutual ſafety ſhould not be hazarded by ſicklineſs or timidity. Contrary to his expectations,

though accordant with his wiſhes, the page ſhook off his dejection at the experience of this uſage; and, with a firmneſs founded on indignation, moved to the top of the paſſage, which narrowed and terminated in an iron grate. The glare of the torch brightly fell through the iron bars, and fretted the pavement of the place beyond with their long ſhadows; but the obſcurity of the diſtance being unenlightened, was drearily diſcouraging.

Laurian was manifeſtly reluctant to proceed, and relapſed into his recent indeciſion; but Henri proteſted againſt trifling with time, and furiouſly ſhook the grate, intentionally to open it. "I have a key," ſaid the timorous page, and produced it. "Why delay to tell me ſo?" cried the Chevalier: then ſnatching it, he turned the lock. "You know your way?" he aſked as he pulled open the grate. "We are quite right," was anſwered by the page, with an emotion that

gave the lie to his tongue. Henri ſurveyed him with a ſurpriſe that changed into ſcorn, as Laurian fearfully averted his eyes. The Chevalier would have put him forward, but he hung back, endeavoured to look cheerful, and ſaid, that he would take charge of the grate to prevent any more accidents. Compliant with this arrangement, Henri ſtept before, and deſcended into the vault by a gradual declivity, which ſerved in the place of ſteps. He then turned to quicken Laurian, whom he was amazed to behold in the very ſame place, holding the grate in his hand; his entire frame tremulous with deſign. His blood-deſerted countenance alarmed the Chevalier to ſo high a degree of miſdoubt, that he would have returned. Appriſed of his intention, Laurian found himſelf on the very verge of deſtruction; and ſtraining his nerves to the ſudden effort, incloſed the aſtounded Henri. Still the lock was inſecure: the latter knew it, and

ruſhed upwards juſt as Laurian turned the key, and anticipated his attempt. But hope was not withdrawn from the Chevalier, ſo long as the key remained; and the boy's terrors fruſtrating his endeavours, he forbore them, ſo ſoon as Henri puſhed his arm between the bars. Winged by his fears, Laurian turned to flee; but what muſt have been his deſpair, when jerked backwards, he found himſelf detained by his robe being ſhut in with the grate. At that moment the Chevalier had introduced his hand into the ring of the key, and the enſuing one was big with the fate of Laurian, had he not deſperately flaſhed the torch on Henri's fingers, and rendered their labour abortive. Though merely ſcorched, the Chevalier emitted a melancholy cry, while Laurian drew forth the key, and rending the ſkirts of his garment, tore himſelf away; but enfeebled by the conteſt, and diſſolved into tears of feeling,

he ſunk upon the ground at a ſhort diſtance.

Henri did not ceaſe to employ this opportunity in entreaties and expoſtulations: he burdened his tongue, and ſtunned the boy with promiſes of fortune, forgiveneſs, favour, and gratitude; with theſe he mixed an inkling of reproach, by reminding him of his promiſe to ſet him free.

The latter words aroused Laurian, who diſclaimed any intention but to fulfil his promiſe, and the Chevalier's deſires. "You cannot deſire your freedom more than I do," added he; "but to-night it is not in my power to give it you. I have been unable to gain tidings of my friend, or procure other aſſiſtants; for all the ſervants are engroſſed by the ſtrange death of one of the controllers, who was found drowned this morning. But wherefore ſhould I offer excuſe?—Your own treachery is a ſufficient one—

that has made me unfit for any company while thus my eyes are bloodſhot."

"What do you mean?" cried Henri.

"That you ſhould accuſe yourſelf," continued Laurian, "you who know that you have deceived me; yes, deceived and ſupplanted me:" (then burſting into violent ſobs). "Larina was with you laſt night."

"In God's name"—ſaid Henri.

"Do not profane further," interrupted the page: "God won't hear you, neither will I believe you. She paſſed before me in her return; I ſaw her diſorder; I know that it could ſpring but from one cauſe. No, I will not forgive you; here you ſhall remain."

When the chevalier found that it was in vain to aver his innocence, he blended threatening with ſupplication, till convinced of the inefficacy of either, he paſſionately wept.

Laurian was ſhocked, and ſo much choked with anguiſh, as for long to be

unable to ſpeak. At laſt he articulated, "Ah, it is impoſſible that you ſhould feel a thouſandth part of my grief; you only weep water, whereas my heart wrings blood; and then it feels ſo largely, I almoſt fear it will burſt my breaſt. Ah, would I were dead! I am without father, mother, or kindred: ſo that, now you have robbed me of my miſtreſs's affections, no one cares for me. Yet it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould ceaſe to love me. I adore her! I would bleed to death for her good! It is impoſſible ſhe ſhould ceaſe to love me. Yes, ſhe will think you gone, and here you ſhall abide until I can find means to releaſe you entirely."

The Chevalier's interruption was fruitleſs.

"Here," reſumed Laurian, "I will furniſh you with ſuſtenance, nor ſhall you want for any thing. Alas! I cannot be ſo cruel as I ſhould. You never will be ſought for here, nor can your loudeſt

voice bring aſſiſtance. But reſt confident in a future deliverance. I now muſt leave you; and with the light. Nor muſt you complain of perſonal inconveniences, when ſo wretched a being as myſelf is of your own creation." Thus concluding, he turned, and fled from the imploring Henri.

We have long known this young man to be wanting in fortitude; and he muſt have been conſiderably endowed with it, to bear this miſadventure with equanimity. Surrendering himſelf to paſſion, he daſhed his body againſt the grate, uttering, in tones hardly human, curſes of Laurian, and vows of revenge. Now he did with for diſcoverers more than he feared them before; and to attract them he loudly vociferated: but his cries were unanſwered; and knowing how long a tract he had paſſed, he reſigned himſelf to deſpair.

While ſtupified by his misfortune, a light foot fell without the vault on the

ſide adverſe to that where he ſtood: he was ſtartled; but earneſtly looking whither the noiſe aroſe, he perceived ſeveral gleams of light, which ſhone through the crevices of the door, and of the antique wood-work that formed its frame. Intereſt kept him quiet, and he heard ſeveral faſtenings thrown down; then the door was ſhaken on its hinges by ſome one whoſe ſtrength ſeemed unequal to the taſk of opening it. A ſoft voice deſired him to aid his own releaſe; he forthwith flew to the ſpot, and applied his ſhoulders; the maſſy barrier to his freedom gave way, and he ſtaggered into the arms of Larina.

Henri's joy was ſo exuberant, that he laviſhed very numerous tokens of it on the Conteſſa; and thoſe in a ſtyle that could not but be grateful. A mutual extravagance of careſſes ſucceeded; in which the Chevalier diſtinguiſhed himſelf with ſo much ardour, that Larina was

quite charmed, and took his hand to lead him from the dreariness whereby they were encompassed.

The Contessa, assisted by her native shrewdness, had soon found reason to distrust the unhappy Laurian: thence proceeded her contrivance to overhear his conversation with Henri. However affected she might be to hear his protestations of unquenchable love, her indignation was predominant, when he proposed to enfranchise the other. Having narrowly eluded detection, she resolved, so far from sacrificing Henri to Laurian's delicacies, to assault his virtues that very night: with how little success has been described. Her defeat she attributed to Laurian, and detained him so constantly near her person, that he could not find a moment's leisure to go down among the servants for that aid, without which he could do nothing. His subsequent attempt to sequester Henri from

her knowledge ſhe, being alarmed by his untimely motion, had watched. Hers was the light which affrighted them, and Henri's cries had guided her to his reſcue.

In company with the partner of her heart, Larina unravelled the ſubterranean meanders; oftentimes pauſing to play a momentary embrace. The Chevalier's ſpirits were fermented ſo highly by the favourable turn to the midnight occurrences, that for a time they irreſiſtibly pointed towards the Conteſſa; but, during an interval of dalliance, reflection revived, and perſuaded him, that no opportunity could be like the preſent to fulfil his deſign of rendering her eager love ſubſervient to his releaſe.

The combat he maintained with his own inclinations and her entreaties terminated in his favour. She accorded a tacit conſent; and turning from the door

wherethrough she would have taken him, they went out by another in the same place. This brought them to a less spacious chamber, that was but partially furnished and provided with the appurtenances, of a prison. There the conflict was renewed; for sliding into a seat, she pulled the Chevalier into her lap, stifled him with kisses, and fettered him with her limbs. The youth dreaded to become her prey, broke from her, and insisted on liberation.

She promised to satisfy him; but pleading the inability of fatigue, recommended a mutual rest, and pointed to a seat. Henri bridled his importunity; and seeing that it was the only seat beside that which she occupied, he took it, notwithstanding its repulsive peculiarity.

It was a large high-backed chair with arms, constructed of iron, and scaled with plates of the same metal: it was of very ancient appearance, and was pro-

vided with reſts for the limbs, into which they naturally inclined. Hardly was Henri ſeated before he ſaw Larina's eyes gliſten with inconceivable delight; and, jumping up, ſhe ſprang with the ſwifteſt celerity to the centre, juſt oppoſite to the Chevalier, who was motionleſs with aſtoniſhment. There ſhe ſtamped, and iterated it on a preciſe part; a harſh rattling proclaimed ſome myſtic machinery, and Henri inſtantaneouſly experienced the confinement of his legs and arms within the ſcales of the reſts, which were worked by a complication of ſprings, originally actuated by Larina. This phenomenon confounded him: he tried to twiſt himſelf away, but 'twas impoſſible, and the whole was too firmly rooted to be overturned.

Thus entrapped, he underwent tortures of a very different nature to thoſe deſigned to be inflicted on wretches ſo ſituated. His eyes were not made to fry

Being enervated by his nocturnal tranſports, he continued upon his pillow immerſed in a kind of doſe not devoid of ſtupor.

The morning paſſed without any ſigns of the jailor; and the firſt face Henri welcomed was the lovely one of Larina. They ſprung to each other's arms with mutual eagerneſs; but when the Conteſſa could diſengage herſelf, ſhe conducted him into her apartments. In the one Henri had firſt viſited, a table was ſet out with the richeſt viands; another, near at hand, bore a deſert: every thing was orderly arranged, ſo that they could diſpenſe with attendance.

There the Conteſſa reiterated aſſurances of their ſecurity and privacy, and deſired him to reſign himſelf to pleaſure. The Chevalier could not be damped by fear, after ſuch encouragement; ſo gaily avowing his willingneſs to link his fate with hers, he took a ſeat by her ſide. Never

was a meal more truly genial. Each ſelected the choiceſt pieces for the other, and acted a thouſand little levities in refuſing and perſiſting. A tenderneſs lurked in all they ſaid or did; and the enlivening ſmile hung upon their lips ripe to approve what the other might ſay: the beams from numerous luſtres brightened the animation of their eyes, and their glowing cheeks found frequent pretences to meet. They drunk out of the ſame cup, which they filled with the ſprightlieſt wines; and as the humour ſerved, they alternately ſung light glees in a ſtyle which increaſed their feſtivity.

Being ſatisfied with the indulgences of the table, they ſought other amuſement; and mindful of her accompliſhments, Henry requeſted Larina to favour him with ſome muſic: ſhe politely complied with this Arietta—

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in a playful manner, and communicated her apprehenſions of his diſcovery by the centinels, who might look down from the ſuperior battlements. Henri was ſenſible of her prudence, and relinquiſhed his deſign: the Conteſſa reclined her head upon his ſhoulder, and tenderly whiſpered in his ear.

It was a ſcene excellently adapted for the contemplation of lovers. The night was ſolemn, but ſerene; the undiminiſhed moon ſhone with froſty brightneſs through a cloudleſs firmament, and ſhed a long train of twinkling beams upon the waters, which were unreſtrained by ice, but with a conſtant daſhing againſt their rocky boundaries lulled the pair into a voluptuous reverie; from which they were recalled by the blaſts of a trumpet, which were mellowed by the remoteneſs. After a few minutes of ſtedfaſt gaze, they deſcried three ſucceſſive barges approach the caſtle. The lunar rays, which played on them with

dazzling brightneſs, indicated that they were manned with men at arms: rude ſhouts mingled with the harſh bray of warlike inſtruments ſoon burſt the peace of night. They now came within the power of viſual diſcrimination, and numerous oars were ſeen to ruffle the ſhining ſurface, over which the boats glided with a rapidity that permitted the rowers an interval from labour. Elated by the merry uproar of the ſoldiers, who ſung in concert with the claſh of arms, and muſic of which the only merit was loudneſs, Henri proudly claſped the Conteſſa, and wiſhed the preſent were an opportunity to exhibit his valour before her. Larina did not miſunderſtand his feelings, nor did ſhe diſapprove them, if her anſwers to his enquiries might be truſted.

During the diſcourſe, ſhe informed the Chevalier that they were ſoldiers returning from ſome expedition which they had performed to the farther ſide of the

lake. Henri aſked of what nature was the expedition, but ſhe declined a continuance of the ſubject, and made the ſharpneſs of the air a pretence for her retiring from the window. As the barges were advanced ſo cloſe to the wall that any view of them was intercepted by the balluſtrade of the interdicted balcony, Henri complied; but tardily, for he lingered with anxiety to hear the parley which paſſed between the forementioned ſentinels and the boatmen below. Though he was a ready ſcholar in the Italian language, he was ignorant of the preſent dialect in which their converſation was carried on; but from the joyous cries that concluded it, he preſumed the arrival of ſome pleaſant intelligence; and this ſuppoſition was confirmed by the tumult that attended the debarkation.

He now returned with Larina into the anti-room, wherein they had feaſted. It was ſtript of every ſign of the banquet,

in the place of which was ſubſtituted a delicate aſſortment of confectionaries, preſerves, and wines; but theſe remained untouched, for in the arms of each other they found all they could deſire.

Long did they preſs the guilty couch, till dewy laſſitude enfeebled their tranſports, and inclined them to repoſe. Henri being hardly perſuaded that his happineſs could be real, oftentimes ſtarted, and leaning over his lovely miſtreſs, recovered from his fantaſies by peruſing the beauties of her form as it lay entranced by his ſide. During one of his fits of admiration, a noiſe, ſo gentle that though it reached it could not be ſaid to alarm his ears, ſuſpended him in an attentive poſition. So mute a ſilence followed that he was aſhamed of his miſapprehenſion, when the door of the ſecret paſſage whereto he faced, opened with an imperceptible motion, and a human viſage appeared through the vacuum. An apparition ſo unexpected

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and unaccountable, though it did not continue a double ſecond, froze the Chevalier with terror. Larina was alarmed by the cold contraction of his limbs, and affectionately enquired what ailed him: for ſome time ſhe was unanſwered, but at length he revealed to her the reaſon of his affright.

Mutual apprehenſion kept them ſilent for a few moments, during which pauſe Larina recovered, or pretended to recover, her courage, and endeavoured to rally the Chevalier out of his belief. This was impoſſible, after the evidence of his eyes; but as he deduced from her manner an impeachment of his equanimity, he thought that it neceſſarily ſhould be aſſerted. He ſprung up, ſnatched a banquetting blade, which was the only weapon he could find, and ran to the ſecret door; it was cloſed, and as it had been left unfaſtened, being inviſibly framed in the wall, no ſign of any one's intruſion was diſcernible.

He was now exceedingly perplexed, and his imagination reverted into a channel that his ſuperſtition was not unuſed to do: the Conteſſa alſo was ſurpriſed at his obſtinacy in maintaining what every appearance diſproved.

"You have ſeen ſomething ſpectral," ſaid ſhe jeſtingly.

"It was of a whiteneſs which might cauſe me to think ſo," returned Henri. "It remained ſcarcely half a minute, but at the ſound of your voice inſtantly vaniſhed. If human, it doubtleſs lurks cloſe at hand: let us then ſearch."

He opened the door, beyond which all was peaceable; and taking a wax taper from its luſtre, he would have inveſtigated the paſſage, but his attention was ſuddenly arreſted by the alcove, which ſo cloſely neighboured the ſide of the door that any perſon could have eluded his obſervation by a tranſition from one to the other. He ſo fully relied on this being the caſe, that he ſignified to Larina

to retire, and placed the light upon the floor; then firmly clenching the knife in one uplifted hand, he with the other haſtily undrew the curtain. Though extravagant in his expectations, he unveiled an object more horrific than fancy had dared to picture: it was the corpſe of the lovelorn Laurian hanging in his own ſaſh.

Paſt emotion was nothing comparable to what Henri now felt: he was conſcience-ſtricken. The ſhriek of Larina recalled him to reaſon, and cutting the ſaſh, he received the unhappy ſuicide into his arms: his ſkin curdled beneath the loathſome burden, and caſting it along the ſofa, he ſhuddered with a violence that agitated every fibre. The hope that life was not yet extinct, prompted Henri to ſhake off that tremor; while Larina, whoſe little dregs of affection fled before his disfigured features, ſurveyed them with apathy. Careleſs of the wretched end of him who had

known her for his utmoſt joy, ſhe ſtood by, while the Chevalier unlooſed the mortal circle which had deformed that neck, once ſo perfect: the ſkin was torn and diſcoloured, and the blue veins, no longer ſmooth and frolicſome, were burſted or bloated into knots.

Henri ſoon aſcertained his death, and would have teſtified ſomething like to ſorrow, had he not harrowed himſelf with the idea that the boy's departing ſoul had ſhed its firſt diſembodied glance on him. He never conſidered that the very circumſtance of Laurian being irrecoverable, was a proof of his having been a long time hanging: doubtleſs the deſperate act was perpetrated while they were dallying at the windows that overhung the lake.

As the Conteſſa was much leſs affected than the Chevalier, ſhe was the firſt to conſult prudence in the removal of the body: ſhe recommended its being left in one of the ſubterranean vaults. When

Henri could collect ſpirits to think on the ſubject, he adviſed to ſink it in the lake, which was conveniently near; but to this propoſal Larina objected the ſimilarity of a circumſtance which ſhe had heard a partial account of the day before; and ſhe proteſted her aſſurance that ſo far from preventing obſervation, Henri's plan would promote it: her own therefore was embraced, and the Chevalier prepared to tranſport the body to its tomb. But juſt then being tender to the ſlighteſt circumſtances, he ſhrouded the face, leſt a caſual glance by ſurveying its horrors ſhould diſtract his mind. Having taken this precaution, he deſcended the ſteps; and preceded by the Conteſſa, who carried a light, ſqueezed through the ſame door which he had paſſed the night before with a living guide in the breathleſs body he now bore.

They proceeded through the vault, determined to find it a remote rotting

place, as they reflected that a putrid carcaſe could be but a ſorry neighbour: accordingly they continued up the avenue, till a proſpect of the grated vault excited Henri, when he flung down the corpſe, to profane it with a vengeful ſpurn before he retrod the way to the ſteps.

There Larina repreſented the neceſſity of their parting, and, giving her light to Henri, they ſeparated. The latter entered his dungeon with a diffident ſtep, and found that the lamp was burnt out, as the abſence of the jailor had cauſed it to waſte throughout the day; yet did Henri imagine that he could diſcern traces of an uncommon viſitor, but theſe being very faint, faded before the revival of his ſuperſtitious fancies.

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An injury is trebly felt when the author is contemptible. Such was the ſtinging reflection of Julian, who, habituated to the practice of univerſal diſdain, was en-

raged to be abaſed by his wife's lewdneſs, and rendered an object for deriſion to the preſumptuous minion who participated in her guilt.

His was the face which had ſcared Henri. Appriſed by the dutiful jailor of his obſervations, Julian reſolved to viſit the dungeon. He was amazed to find it vacant, and ſtill more ſo to diſcover its connection with the Conteſſa's apartments; an intercourſe till then unknown to him. The ſubſequent ſcene had ſwoln him with paſſion, and he with difficulty ſuppreſſed the emotion that inſtigated an inſtant ſacrifice of the laſcivious pair.

Such a man who dares accompany to his ſecret chamber?—his evil genius only, by whoſe inſtigation horrid projects revolve within his mind, beſide a thouſand phraſeleſs thoughts which he fears venturing to arrange. His chamber quaked while in impious fury he reviewed deſigns inconceivable by others, and pe-

culiar to the revengeful mightineſs of his mind: deſigns to eternize his vengeance: and that they were not unſupported by hope was evidenced by his frequently ejaculating, "Yes, ſlight as he and many may eſteem his crime, I know it to be monſtrous; I know it to be inexpiable; thanks to the ordinances of God, I know it to be unpardonable." This alluſion to ſome unnatural myſtery, wherein the unconſcious Chevalier was implicated, Julian vented through his gnaſhing teeth, while his clenched fingers bored their palms.

Deliberate calmneſs at length ſucceeded the ſtorm of paſſion, and prepared by art to conſummate what in frenzy was deſigned. His vengeful onſet was the diſpatching of a ſummons for Henri: the latter came with tremblings to Julian's preſence, but the affability wherewith he was received ſoon tranquilliſed his fears. The Conte ordered that he ſhould be lodged ſuitably to his rank,

and entreated him to ſuſpend any animoſity that he might have conceived againſt him, and to confide in the future for a ſatisfactory explanation and atonement. This the Chevalier frankly promiſed; and, as Julian had foreſeen, behaved himſelf with great complacency. For liberty to quit the caſtle his amour diſinclined him to demand; and the Conte, to put a ſtill thicker varniſh on his artifices, the ſame day went through the farce of a formal introduction of the Chevalier to the Conteſſa.

Reckleſs of Larina's charms or affections, Julian permitted the intimacy between her and Henri; yet ſo rigidly controlled it by rarely allowing them opportunities, that their pleaſures preſerved an unabating reliſh, and were conducted with a circumſpection and privacy, which ſatisfied Julian that his reputation was ſecure from any publicity of the matter. So did that extraordinary man, who overflowed with arrogance and auda-

diouſneſs, condeſcend to play the covert pandar to his own diſgrace. But they, whoſe plans are unnatural, are neceſſitated to advance them by unnatural means.

Weeks were ſpent by Henri in indolence and debauchery, till from that inert life he was arouſed by Julian, whoſe diſcourſes rekindled inclinations of a contrary nature, which ſo long had lain dormant. The wily Conte was unſatisfied with the hold he already had of Henri, as he wifely knew no female charms to exiſt that might not pall; wherefore he reſolved to involve him in a coil ſo ſubtle, that any wiſh of franchiſement ſhould be hopeleſs. He was directed and encouraged by the paſſion he perceived in Henri for military renown. This he fanned with ſo much art, that the Chevalier was ſpirited into Quixotiſm. Julian being ever ſeaſonable in his topics, made Henri more ductile day after day; and in a guileful hour won him to his pur-

poſe: in fact, to volunteer his aid to a body of men who were about to undertake ſome diſtant excurſion. Theſe, with all the pomp of national war, were marſhalled beneath the window whereat Henri and Julian ſat. So ſpeciouſly had the latter diſſembled the heinouſneſs of the reality, that Henri's ſcruples fainted away, and he departed from the caſtle to diſgrace the capariſon of a Soldier by the purſuit of a robber.

NOTE.

IN juſtice to the publiſher of this romance, I muſt declare, that the above chapter met with his cenſure, accompanied by a vehement advice of its reformation. I was the more attentive to his advice, knowing full well that any public blame would centre in myſelf, as his character was too highly eſtabliſhed for any perſon to impute to him the encouragement of licentious paſſages, becauſe they are known to aſſiſt the ſale of works of this nature. But I afterwards found, that to tranquilliſe his ſcruples I muſt ſacrifice my own principles; conſequently I reſolved to aſſemble within the com-

paſs of a note my motives for the original invention and preſent publication of thoſe paſſages. By which conduct I truſt on undeceiving any idea that either I wiſhed to indulge an evil taſte in myſelf, or to cultivate one in another.

It manifeſtly is my intention to ſhow by the character of Henri, how productive folly may be made of vice. In laying out the progreſſiveneſs of the work, I appropriated the fifth chapter to the vulgariſing his manners, the ſeventh to the corrupting his perſon. Therefore, the particulars of the latter chapter ſprung from the ſubject; the ſubject not being in the ſlighteſt manner ſtrained for their admiſſion. Still, ſome may queſtion my prudence in adopting ſo odious a ſtage of his depravation. Such I refer for my authority to the hiſtories of malefactors; in which it ſhall be found, that nineteen out of twenty of thoſe unfortunate wretches made their longeſt ſtretch towards the ſcaffold in the ſociety of bad women. Well then, being once embarked on this ſubject, and my motive virtuous, I ceaſed to be ſcrupulous in what manner I ſhould treat it: and, indeed, with ſome reaſon; for I conſidered that the more diſguſting ſuch ſcenes are made, the leſs ſeductive they poſſibly could be. I muſtered every kind of corruption. I placed the young man in idleneſs, I gave him for his food intemperate ſauces, for his entertainment effeminate poetry, for his company an in-

ſidious female; by his downfal, I inſtanced more ſtrikingly than ten thouſand ſermons how ruinous is the tendency of either. Though it be in my nature to compoſe to the full extent of my imagination, in this inſtance I refuſed to be borne away by its current; but ſo far preſided over my ſubject, as to render it introductory of more morality than as yet has appeared in any one chapter. Why ſhould thoſe ſentiments be written on vicious publications? To aſſiſt the reader to condemn me? Where I could be moral, there I was ſo: certainly it was not with my pleaſure that the argument afterwards ſet fire to the expreſſions. From the moſt exceptionable part the beſt inſtruction may be derived. The ſubject wrung the rein from my hand, elſe I had pauſed to obſerve, that there are certain moments in our lives which contain the ſeeds of future happineſs or miſery: had Henri freed himſelf from Larina when ſhe had freed him from the chair, the enſuing chapters muſt have been employed by ſomething elſe than the detail of his miſconduct. He was within one ſtruggle of virtue and proſperity; and how many thouſands are at this moment in the like dilemma!

The reader ſhall not queſtion the ſincerity of this vindication, if he will conſider that this chapter is ſingle in its nature, yet it is ſhorter than many that precede, and all that follow it; that it is abſolutely eſſential to the progreſs and elucidation of the ſtory,

elſe it never had been introduced; that it is not aggravated to rekindle an intereſt which had been ſuffered to cool, as the author had even more reſources in his imagination than he could poſſibly exhauſt in the ſucceeding parts. It is neceſſary to the conformation of the Romance, which on that account ought no more to be objected to than the human figure, becauſe all parts of it are not equally decent.

Neither can the reader allege that he was ſurpriſed into a ſtory offenſive to his delicacy, ſince a ſignal of danger has been hung abroad in the motto.

CHAPTER VIII.

Advanc'd a height, the hostile banners stand,
Which war-bright lustre scathe the vernal land;
Of spears and brands keen lighten countless blades,
Of eye, not heart, all strength before them fades;
Loud trumpt from hell the fiends of war arise,
Battalious peals profane the godly skies;
Clash shields, cross swords, aerial deaths shrill sing,
No man can boast his fate 's not on the wing;
Yet dauntless all; for though death-struck they strive,
The dire event but skeleton ranks survive.
Heroic is this? with its own kind to gorge th'earth?
How much more bless'd to father one creature's birth?
For 'twill be tried on judgment's certain day,
What lives ye gave, not what ye took away.

THE band which Henri accompanied rather than directed, were numerous, well provided with arms offensive and defensive, and mounted in a superior style: nor were they destitute of discipline. The object of their expedition was an ancient monastery imbosomed among the mountains. They hoped an

extravagant recompence for their fatigue and hazard in the approach and attack, as it was famed to be exceedingly enriched by the votary gifts of many noble perſons, who therein were ſanctuariſed during former ſtate turbulencies. They were not diſappointed. A portable booty of great value was haſtily ſelected; and the terror befpread by their nocturnal enterpriſe, blunted any ſcrutiny into their force or order, which might have been obſerved to characteriſe them ſuperior to ordinary deſperadoes.

The ſtratagem which conveyed them within the walls of the monaſtery, ſucceeded by the tumultuous ſacking of the place, bore ſo warlike an aſpect, that Henri was not merely reconciled to the affair, but really enjoyed it. Nor was he in the leaſt ſtartled at the impiety of the proceeding; for during their Italian conteſts, his countrymen being unable to oppoſe their enemies in the embattled field, oftentimes had recourſe to the in-

glorious practice of predatory warfare; in the proſecution of which Henri was not unaccuſtomed to ſee religious and ſecular habitations miſtreated with ſimilar violence *.

The precipitancy which diſtinguiſhed the retreat of the band, preſerved the deception; and the Chevalier, highly ſpirited by their ſucceſsful eluſion of purſuit, imagined them of great capability; and revolved the likelihood of his making them, one day, his followers in

* The contumely and barbarity which the papal dignity perſonally endured in thoſe times, ſeems to have afforded men a ſelf-fancied interval to ſin with impunity: as if the ſuſpenſion of the high pontiff had broken the communication between earth and heaven. Certainly that age relaxed their bigotry and their morals; nor were they without bad examplars in the regal duumvirate of Spain and England. The unfortunate Francis I. was the leaſt culpable of the three: his greateſt crime was the political one of invoking aid from the Turk. A religious crime it could not be; for Solyman poſſeſſed a ſpirit of honour which might have ſhamed his Chriſtian enemies into imitation.

the quarrels of his country. They reached the territories di Fiaſcano by ſunſet; but prudently refrained from re-entering the caſtle till the deep of midnight.

A two-day abſence made Henri's deſire to ſee Larina uncontrollable, ſo he deviſed many little plans to introduce himſelf into her apartments; none of which could have ſucceeded, had not Julian been in the humour to indulge his wiſhes. The Conteſſa was not unapriſed of his conduct, about which ſhe little cared, provided his perſon and amorous preference were her own: his preſent footing in the caſtle promiſed her an aſſurance of their future poſſeſſion, and ſhe induſtriouſly fanned his enterpriſing mood.

Henri henceforth heartily diſtinguiſhed himſelf in every excurſion; and theſe increaſed in frequency as the ſpring matured. Julian omitted no art to entrol him in the ſnare. He conducted

him round the bulwarks of the caſtle; pointed out the concordant excellencies of the fortifications; enumerated the force of the defenders; diſplayed his arſenal of arms and armour, the perfection of his ſtud, &c. &c. In ſhort, left him not in ignorance of any property he poſſeſſed; at the ſame time, wilily ſmothering every reflection which might ariſe concerning the mode of their acquirement, or the perverſeneſs of their appropriation.

In truth, Henri was little inclined to moraliſe on thoſe matters. For that dignified pageantry which his father of late years had unaccountably neglected, he had contracted the keeniſt reliſh; and much was he diſguſted with its ceſſation: ſo that till he aſſumed a military eminence his life waſted in an undiſtinguiſhed privacy, diſſonant to his inclinations, his hereditary honours and eſtates. No wonder that the feudal pomp of Julian infatuated him! He ſaw him

exerciſe deſpotiſm in will and deed; and his flighty imagination traced his gradual attainment of princely power, and acknowledged independence. Ever did theſe phantaſms recoil on himſelf; as often did he put the ſelf-interrogatory of what withheld him from the like. His vanity conſtantly gave the anſwer; blind as he was to the vaſt abilities of Julian, to whom he fancied himſelf an equal, becauſe as ſuch diſtinguiſhed by the wiſe: nay, he dared to preſume a ſuperiority in perſonal intrepidity from Julian's not accompanying the band.

But his preſumption ſoon received a check, attended by circumſtances wonderful and myſterious.

Intelligence was brought to the caſtle of a noble prize, which was to paſs, the ſame evening, among the mountains at no very great diſtance. It was a maſs of treaſure that was journeying to ſome magnificent prelates, who were neceſſitated by eccleſiaſtical concerns to fix

their temporary reſidence in the famous city of Trent. As the road had acquired an ill name from the marauders that infeſted it, the eſcort was gueſſed to be ſtrong; and thoſe appointed to attack it were choſen men of conſummate audacity. Though exempt from all bonds of duty, Henri was unwilling to exclude himſelf from ſo diſtinguiſhed a ſelection; and he enforced the avowal of his reſolution to accompany them with ſome blaſphemous jeſts on the plundering the miniſtry of Heaven: jeſts which inſtanced the corruption of his head and heart.

Every preparation completed, Julian retired after reviewing the men; and Henri departed with a vain contempt for the backwardneſs he attributed to puſillanimity. The band quitted the caſtle in ſmall diviſions, and filing through different paths, rendezvouſed towards the cloſe of evening in a lonely vale, circularly embanked by mountains. Although the ſky above them ſtill was

bright with the weſtern rays of the declining ſun, the depths were wrapped in twilight ſhades, congenial to the minds of thoſe who ſought their ſhelter. Along the craggy ſide of the chief eminence ran the road, through which their prey was expected to paſs; and a few being poſted as watchmen on the heights above it, the reſt betook themſelves to repoſe: ſome reclining on the high and flaggy graſs; many ſeated upon the vaſt trunks of the tempeſt-fallen trees.

Among thoſe who preferred the latter convenience was Henri, near whom ſate two of the band. The Chevalier's impatience for action would not allow him to meditate, and being every moment in expectation of a ſummons from the ſentinels, he kept his eyes on them, till, wearied with fruitleſs obſervation, he glanced them on other objects, one of which riveted them. A figure armed cap-a-pie was apparent through the trees which ſkirted the oppoſite ſide of the

vale. Henri's mental remark on its diſſimilarity from his comrades was a ſlight motive of aſtoniſhment, compared to the behaviour of the two men beſide him. They were engroſſed by the ſame object; for one of them leaning forward, pointed it out to his fellow; exclaiming at the ſame time in pleaſurable ſurpriſe, "There it is again! You ſee it! don't you? There, now it moves! By St. Diabolo! I thought it had taken a deſerter's good-bye of us: but there it is, ſure enough!"

Henri could not refrain from queſtioning their knowledge of that ſolitary perſon. Their anſwer was ſtrangely perplexing; for though they did not deny ſome acquaintance, they declared it only to be viſual, and added, "As for perſon, why truly it looks like one of us; but for real fleſh and blood, nobody believes it to be of either the one or the other." The Chevalier was amazed further to learn that the object of his curioſity was generally imagined to be of an-

other world. His ſuperſtition caught the idea, and imparted its own fancies of a being purely ſpiritual to the figure before him. He thought a thicker gloom was ſhed by the conſcious boughs; and, in his credulity of its more than mortal proportions, he was inconſiderate how much its apparent height was attributable to a ſwarthy plumage, which waved above the helmet that it wore: he likewiſe perceived a myſterious dignity in its ſlighteſt movement; and when its viſored face was turned towards him, he conceited the ſufferance of ſupernatural ſcrutiny, without the ability to avoid or retaliate it.

The latter unpleaſant ſenſation he endeavoured to divert by renewing the diſcourſe with his neighbours. They told him that the unknown was uſed to attend them in their excurſions, in which their antagoniſts had yielded ſuch fatal proofs of his irreſiſtibility, that his preſence was now conſidered an indubitable

omen of their ſucceſs. The Chevalier obſerved that it was unſeen by him till that time. "It only chooſes important occaſions," continued Rodrand, the firſt ſpokeſman. "Lately, that is to ſay, ſince our return from the hurly-burly at Genoa, it ſeemed loſt to us, which was the reaſon of my ſurpriſe when I juſt now diſcerned it. But it looks exactly the ſame as before; don't it, Micho? See, Signor, what a length of rapier it carries; and its armour, Signor; notwithſtanding the dew, you ſee it is bright and gloſſy, as if new from the ſkill of the burniſher." Henri could not refuſe this circumſtance the veneration due to a miracle; and when his feelings would permit him, he aſked whether they had ever endeavoured to examine this ſtrange being.

"Saints of heaven! Signor! I ſhould as ſoon think to catch a comet by its tail! Examine it! ſhew me him who would dare! For myſelf, I 'd rather

thruſt my noſe into the Grotto del Cane, than go within arm's length of it. Beſides, the Conte very wiſely commanded us never to moleſt it."

"The Conte!" exclaimed Henri with increaſed intereſt. "The Conte then knows of it?"

"Lord, Signor! knows of it! why nothing eſcapes the Conte: he knows every thing we do; and I believe he knows every thing we think too: does n't he, Micho?"

Micho's thoughts might in that moment be adjudged inimical to the Conte, for a ſurly confuſion roughened his anſwer: 'twas not in the negative.

"Oh yes, Signor," continued Rodrand, "we were all too ſtartled to keep it a ſecret from the Conte, and he himſelf condeſcended to come out with us for the purpoſe of detecting it. But, la! the cunning thing knew as well what we deſigned, and diſappointed us all, by refuſing openly to appear; though I

could have ſworn to the ſeeing it, in a jeering attitude, among thoſe dark olive trees that branch over the garden wall: they form a ſmall but thick grove, Signor, juſt beneath the northernmoſt turret. There it was that we always loſt it; for we have often watched it following us to that ſpot, whence it conſtantly vaniſhed." At theſe latter words Henri wildly ſtarted, for he juſt then obſerved the oppoſite place to be vacated by the marvellous figure. Though awed, he earneſtly deſired its re-appearance; of which he was aſſured by the loquacious Rodrand. Henri enquired if the Conte had perſevered in his endeavours to ſee it. "For ſeveral nights," replied Rodrand; "but with no better ſucceſs. Indeed, we moſt of us allowed it to have very good reaſons for avoiding him. You muſt underſtand, Signor, it is by a ſenſible majority thought to be the ſpirit of one of our band, who, a little time before this apparition firſt haunted us,

loſt his life in a treaſonable attempt to deſtroy our maſter. It ſeems that theſe ſervices are the atonements for his criminal end, and that he is ſo condemned as a diſmal warning to thoſe who were inclined to walk in his ways. You remember, Micho, 'twas ſtrongly reported that he was egged on by a wicked pack of plotters."

Micho's darkened aſpect denoted that part of his remembrance to be prolific of unpleaſant apprehenſions; and had not folly been a manifeſt ingredient in Rodrand's compoſition, it might have been conjectured that he ſpoke rather at than to Micho. His expreſſions, however, paſſed unnoticed by the ſpeaker, who proceeded to inform Henri, that the laſt-mentioned was not the general opinion. "For ſome, Signor, now affirm it to be the ſpectre of the former Conte; and their chief reaſon for thinking ſo is, that it was ſeen ſome weeks ago, by two of the band, to enter that ſame ſummer-

houſe, which has been locked up ever ſince the old man died in it."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Chevalier; "It was dogged, I hope."

"No," anſwered Rodrand, "they were too dutiful to act in ſuch direct diſobedience to the Conte's orders; for though half incredulous to our reports, he was pleaſed to be careful of our ſecurity, and, as I ſaid before, enjoined us never to venture near it. If thoſe men had, the Conte would ſoon have puniſhed ſo flagrant a tranſgreſſion of his commands; for it is quite aſtoniſhing how ſurely he finds us out in every thing: all plotting and grumbling are ceaſed; and he rewards or diſgraces us after theſe actions, with as much certainty as if he were in them himſelf. Yes, Signor, he does."

Rodrand concluded with an abrupt exclamation; and when Henri turned to aſcertain the cauſe of his alarm, he ſtarted involuntarily from his ſeat, for within two

ſpears length ſtood the ſprite. Their neighbourhood did not continue, for a long acute whiſtle from the watchmen ſuſpended every other concern; and the figure vaniſhed through the trees with a fury that harſhly clanked the ſcales of its armour; an audible diſproof of the ſupernatural properties aſcribed to it.

The band being inſtantly collected, and diſpoſed in a preconcerted poſture for attack, impatiently liſtened to the loud tingling of the bells, that adorned and amazed the laden mules: the gloom which pervaded the road, was ſoon diverſified by the bright reflections of infinite torches borne by the muleteers; and the whole caravan gradually filed from an obſtructed and narrow avenue into ſight.

The avidity of the men blinded them to the ſtrength of the eſcort; and raiſing a ſavage ſhout, accompanied by an irregular diſcharge of fire-arms, they aſcended the baſe of the mountain, and

poured into the road. Though furpriſed, the men who compoſed the eſcort ſuſtained the attack with fortitude; with fortune, ſo long as they were capable of a connected defence; but when, broken by the unexpected vollies from the crags above, they were obliged to fight ſeparately, and duel their aſſailants, then were they overcome by ſuperior proweſs.

While the majority of the band were thus engaged, others, more rapacious, forced through to the treaſure, and diſperſed the poor muleteers: but their triumph was dimmed in its zenith by a freſh company of men, who ruſhed unſeen towards the conteſt, through the ſame defile the caravan had paſſed. This reinforcement reſtored a ſuperiority in numbers to the defenders; and the aggreſſors, in ſpite of their furious undauntedneſs, were repulſed from the road, and the capture reſcued. Their new adverſaries, preſumptuous in victory or intereſted deeper than mere defence,

reſolved to follow them; accordingly, they deſcended into the depths, ſupported by the ſoldiers of the eſcort, who caught the enthuſiaſm of their auxiliaries. Indignant at purſuit, the band diſdained further to retire, and exerciſed their utmoſt intrepidity to renew the conflict. The ſcene of battle was pregnant with horror. The muleteers in their flight had, many of them, caſt their torches among the buſhes and underwood that begirt the vale; and theſe now burſt into a crackling conflagration that tormented the atmoſphere with ſparks. The athletic figures of the mercileſs combatants glancing through the embers in deſperate flight or ardent purſuit, the red gleams which denoted the deadly exchange of blows, and the mortal lightning of the fire-arms, thronged the place with imagery appalling to thought: the lamentable moans of the wounded beaſts, among which fell accidental bullets, were echoed by the ſurrounding

hills of darkneſs, that were merely ſilvered towards their ſummits by the mildneſs of an unclouded moon, which reſtrained its beams from the ſanguinary depths of the vale.

In the viciſſitudes of the encounter, Henri ſhewed himſelf not to be inferior in courage to his comrades, though much inferior in age and conſtitution. At length he incurred too ſevere a danger, and prudently fled from a threefold oppoſition. He eſcaped, and to an unexpected ſpectacle; for before him was the armed figure engaged with a couple of adverſaries. Superſtition deterred his approach, and he crouched upon the weedy earth, the ſafer to diſcern the fight, which was the more perceptible, as it was acted on the borders of a burning thicket. It was furious, and received a fiendly appearance from the freſh-fueled flames, which boiled aloft, and then deſcended in ſhowers of glowing aſhes, that enveloped the antagoniſts in fire. At the

moment of deciſion, when the figure was evidently the ſuperior, one of thoſe who had idly chaſed Henri turned to the ſuccour of his comrades, and diſcharged a carabine at their oppreſſor.

No argument could have perſuaded the Chevalier that the being before him was otherwiſe than ſupernatural, when, unhurt by the bullet, he ſaw it inflict a fatal blow on the poor wretch for whoſe ſalvation the piece was levelled, and tumble his body among the flames. He was inconſiderate to the likelihood of a faulty aim, or of an impenetrability of armour, of which a mortal of ſuch magnitude would be quite equal to the ſupport: he ſurrendered his reaſon to a fantaſtic influence, and forgot every thing elſe while contemplating the apparition. A ring of combatants now crowded near to his concealment, and he was neceſſitated to engage. Again he was put to flight; and when he ventured to look back, he ſaw the late buſy ſpot deſerted by friends and

foes: the former were ſwiftly ſeeking ſhelter in the ſhady environs; and the latter, with ſhouts of exultation, as ſwiftly followed.

' Convinced that all was decided againſt his party, the Chevalier ran among the trees: the voices that burdened the gale urged him onwards, notwithſtanding the impeding ſteepneſs of the mountain, which upper part was deformed by the ſhapeleſs mouth of a cavern: to this he ſped. The vocal uproar was ſoon loſt in indiſcriminate murmurs, and the noiſy bells rung a diſcordant warning that the caravan was on the move. Theſe were welcome ſounds to the Chevalier, as they inſpired him with hope that peril would ſoon be remote. As he remained undiſturbed for a few moments, hope improved to confidence; yet ſcarcely did he take a ſtep to quit the forlorn privacy, before unknown voices ſhocked his ears, and the inimical ſpokeſman appeared cloſe at hand. Deprived of all

preſence of mind by the abruptneſs of the danger, Henri returned with many ſtumbles to the aperture, purſued by the men, whoſe eager cries and brandiſhed blades betokened their diſcovery.

The Chevalier ſought the gloomy interior of the cavern: its bottom aſcended with a degree of ſteepneſs that retarded his precipitation; but the vaulted roof continued friendly high. After doubling two or three angular turnings in total darkneſs, he diſcovered at the further end of the ſtrait excavation wherein he was, a mild gleam of light: it was a lunar ray, which, as a beacon, attracted him to another outlet. The cave was the labour of nature's fantaſtic hand; and this outlet gaped into a weedy delve, that was ſunken in the ſurface of the hill. As Henri approached and inhaled the uncontaminated air, he fancied that he had gained the ſtart conſiderably, for the voices of his purſuers were become hoarſe and low; but he was inſtantly

undeceived by the revived clearneſs of their tones, which warned him of their entrance into the ſame channel in which he was. Winged by terror, he overpaſſed the obviations that were inhoſpitably planted about the entrance, and would have fled the ſubterranean maze, had he not beheld, where the moon-beams fell on the chalk-white ſoil, a ſhadow of vaſt, though human, dimenſions. Surpriſe checked his career; but horror uſurped the domination over his mind, ſoon as he identified its ſimilarity to the marvellous figure; for though the terrific reality was unſeen, its ſhadowy image glided to and fro before the rude aperture, till its waving plumage emerged from the black ſhade of an impending crag, by which at firſt it had been abſorbed. Henri was thoughtleſs that his own motives might poſſibly actuate this ſpirit; and imagining that he had violated its haunts, refuſed to quit them, as the firſt ſtep would have planted him

on the ſhade of ſo tremendous a being. Every impulſe was vain; he feared to be eternally rivetted ſhould he tread the ground ſo bewitched; and, trembling between a double danger, he withdrew into a receſs that hollowed the internal ſide of the cavern. There he was inviſible to the foremoſt of the ſoldiers, who, miſtaking him to be gone forward, invited his comrades by a loud halloo to follow, while himſelf ruſhed outwards.

Henri anxiouſly abided the event of the man's raſhneſs, which he was convinced would be fatal, when the flaſhing of ſwords denoted his engagement with the figure. His concealment afforded him an oblique but tranſient view of the antagoniſts, whenever they moved in that direction; which was repeatedly the caſe, as the ſoldier ſhifted his ground in diſmay; ſhrinking from the reſiſtleſs ſabre of his adverſary, which, deſcending in terrible career, pared away the ſcales of his armour with the fleſh they were

jointed to defend, and ſtruck from the flinty boſom of the earth characteriſtic ſparks of fire. A deadly groan beſpoke the mortal deciſion of the duel; and the expiring wretch ſtaggered juſt within the boundaries of the cave, and fell upon the rugged fragments that beſpread the ground. Henri contracted his limbs, ſcarcely breathing as the vindictive ſprite ruſhed within a yard of his hiding place, and ſheathed its point in the bowels of the almoſt breathleſs body, which it continued to wound in wantonneſs. But this horrid ſport it forſook, when the dead man's friends came up; and, in its flight up the outſide of the cave, ſhook down ſome ſeparable projections, which ſtrongly diſproved its unſubſtantiality.

The rage of the men, when they diſcovered the death of their aſſociate, was laviſhed on the ill-ſtarred Henri, who endured their unjuſt accuſations without the power to contradict them; ſo diſ-

mayed was he with the misfortune of his detection. No inſult ſhort of corporeal injury was omitted by his apprehenders. His profane aſſault on the prieſtly treaſure they aſcribed to hereſy, infidelity, and enmity to the holy croſs. His inflexible ſilence reſpecting his comrades, they reſented with the ſevereſt torture of language, yet delivered their ſentiments in ſo arrogant and ſuperior a ſtyle to what might be expected from common ſoldiers, that Henri was perplexed to aſcertain their real condition.

They re-conducted him through the cave, at the firſt mouth of which they were joined by many of their corps, whoſe torches convinced Henri of his captivity by the officers of juſtice. That ſuch was their authority he had diſbelieved, when during the conflict he was ſummoned to ſurrender in the name of the ſtate; and he had then replied with the deriſion which he thought a contemptible force deſerved. The leader, who now ap-

peared, enjoined a ſtrict guardage of their priſoner to thoſe who had taken the Chevalier; and with the grief which an excluſive misfortune heightens, Henri was conducted acroſs a pathleſs country, quite a diſtinct way from the track in which the caravan was gone.

In truth, theſe men were not annexed to the eſcort of the caravan. They had been diſpatched in conſiderable force to ſcour the vicinity of the roads, and reſcue them from the incurſions of the banditti, whoſe ferocity rendered travelling frightful and perilous. In the execution of this commiſſion, the leader wiſely availed himſelf of the treaſure at that time journeying acroſs the mountains; for he doubted not that ſo brilliant a bait could tempt the robbers from their undiſcoverable haunts, and hurry them unconſciouſly into his power. His elation at the ſucceſs of his plan was equalled only by his ſurpriſe at the numbers and conduct of thoſe whom he

encountered: their appearance was ſo entirely diſſimilar from the antagoniſts he ſought, that only their rapacious aggreſſion could have authoriſed him, in his own opinion, to attack them. Eager to inveſtigate the concerns of ſo ſtrange a body, he expreſſed a ſtrong ſolicitude for the apprehenſion of ſome one of them; but he at firſt had the mortification to ſee them all eſcape, leaving ſeveral bleeding teſtimonials of their intrepidity, while their own loſs was ſlight. The ſubſequent capture of Henri revived his ſpirits; but as the genteel mien of the youth diſpoſed him to expect uncommon information, he poſtponed interrogatories, and ſilenced the curioſity of his men. Thus was Henri abandoned to his own reflections, which were galling and comfortleſs.

The tenth hour of the night was nearly run out, when their ſearch for a habitation promiſed a concluſion. From the brow of a bleak hill they diſcerned a light not a hundred yards before them.

at the door, it ſeemed that the newly-arrived Cavalier was iſſuing orders for the lodging of his horſes and equipage; to which, in reply, the hoſt pompouſly mentioned his poſſeſſions of a penthouſe and two-ſtalled ſtable. A loud braying from the latter aſſerted the native rights of an humble aſs; which, notwithſtanding, was ſupplanted with very little ceremony by the nobler animals, and expoſed to the inclemency of the night, with the additional injuſtice of a chaſtiſement from its maſter, who angrily reſented its inopportune uproar.

Henri was heartened by this buſtle, and reſolved to attempt an eſcape. The colloquial tones of the Captain being ſoftened from the ſternneſs of command, had abated his fears; and the relapſe of his companions into a ſtupid doſe offered a propitious moment. The ſilence of the firſt room convinced him that the Captain and Cavalier were not there: from the charity of females he had every

thing to hope. Opening the door with a cautious hand and palpitating heart, he tripped over the interſpace, which was a paſſage with cupboards to either hand, and let himſelf into the chief apartment. A lady was ſeated beſide a blazing chimney: ſhe appeared languid, and ſupported on her hand a face which none could behold without an affectionate intereſt. The violence of her ſtart, and the paleneſs which defaced her cheeks, ſoon as ſhe beheld the intruder, betokened that ſhe was not unwarned of him. Indeed, the Captain, when performing the honours of the fire-ſide, had given her that information, with a further aſſurance of his ſecurity, or ſhe would not have conſented to remain alone.

Henri being ſhocked by her emotion, was irreſolute whether to approach or remain: the former he more feared would excite her to an utterance of her terrors, which would be a deciſive ruin

could not refuſe to ſatisfy her further enquiry of, Whence did he come? The Caſtle di Fiaſcano hung familiarly on the lady's echoing tongue, and a trickling tear betokened her uncommon intereſt in what paſſed.

To the renewal of Henri's entreaties ſhe pathetically exclaimed, "Aſſiſt you! Oh, doubt me not! To aſſiſt you is my duty no leſs than my inclination. Aſſiſt you! Charity, love, and friendſhip, are my ſacred incentives to aſſiſt you!" Though ſo propitious to him, Henri was ſomewhat ſtartled at her enthuſiaſm; and as he reviewed the young and lovely utterer, wonder and vanity conteſted for predominance. But fear ſoon reſumed its ſway over both, and ſtimulated inſtant flight. This was impoſſible; for through the front door he dared not to venture. The cottage was a ſtructure of ſuch deformity, from rooms having been added on the ground floor to compenſate for the deficiency of an upper

ſtory, that it was impracticable for a ſtranger to fix on any preciſe outlet, as may be done in buildings of regular dimenſions. Wherefore was Henri neceſſitated to practiſe a conjectural ſearch, which concluded in his remarking a third door obſcured by ſome bed-hangings: through this a culinary ſteam was begun to fume. Suffocating as was the vapour, had nothing elſe iſſued from the kitchen, Henri might have triumphed: but his dejection was inconceivable, when the door opened, and the hoſteſs came out emblazoned with greaſe. Soon as ſhe decried Henri at large and unattended, her countenance exhibited a nonpareil of woeful grimace, and ſhe dropt upon her knees: the lady ſenſibly availing herſelf of her mute affright, beſought her to diſmiſs her fear, and participate in the delivery of the youth.

The firſt part of this deſire ſucceeded to the prejudice of the ſecond, for with her courage the woman reſumed her

ſuperſtition. "I deliver a thief! Bleſſed Jeſu forbid!" This exclamation put Henri on the rack, and he paſſionately ſigned to her for ſilence; himſelf refuſing to ſpeak, ſtep, almoſt to breathe, leſt thoſe within ſhould be awakened. But the loquacious woman perſiſted and negatived each remonſtrance of the lady by oppoſing her ſelfiſh conſideration of, What would his excellency the Captain ſay?

Soon as the conſequence of her abominable ſhrillneſs was the deſtruction of Henri's hopes, rage nerved him to her harm; and he flew at her with ludicrous fury. The interference of the men reſcued her from worſe than two or more buffets, for which ſhe was not ill ſeaſoned by her huſband. The madneſs of the Chevalier cauſed him to be pinioned, and during this diſgraceful performance the woman permitted no reſtraint to her virulent tongue. "Think to delude me!" at laſt ſaid ſhe—"Think to delude me into ingratitude to his nobleſt of

noble excellencies the Captain! and for a thief too! But I know the better thing —and I am ſure I 'd give my little finger to entrap that unkindeſt villain who hamſtrung my huſband's mule t'other night—that I would, and ſay I came cheaply by him too. Why thieves are the peſts of one's life: if I were to releaſe one, I ſhould expect to anſwer for all the great wickedneſſes he might afterwards commit. I ſhould fear, that at the laſt day of judgment, all the Signors and Signoras and their little Excellencies to boot, that he had killed, the legs and arms he had cut off, and the poor dumb animals he had maimed, would every one come open-mouthed againſt me. O dear, I think I hear 'em cry 'Dame Marian's to blame! Dame Marian's an accomplice!' Holy Apoſtles! Signora! I don't marvel that you be ſhocked; for truly no proſpect can be more uncomfortable than a blazing purgatory."

The lady's emotion was indeed pretty

viſible, though Dame Marian had widely miſconceived its motive. She exchanged piteous glances with the Chevalier, who ſoon was taken from her preſence. To the great exultation of the tongue-indefatigable hoſteſs, who aſſured him that did he know his own good, he would ſubmit quietly to his fate; for that no breathing man could go to heaven without the helping hand of a prieſt, and ſhe very well knew a thief's acquaintance with a prieſt only commenced on the ſcaffold. Then chiding the men for the remiſſneſs of their watch, ſhe jeſtingly threatened to puniſh them by a lateneſs of ſupper; and highly exhilarated with her own impertinence, retreated to the cookery.

Henri was led to the inner room, and there his companions began to vociferate for a fire, declaring that they would prefer the heats of purgatory to the dampneſs of the place in which they were to ſpend the night. Their boiſter-

ouſneſs ſubſided, when they diſtinguiſhed the voice of their Captain enquiring into its cauſe: ſoon as he learned it, he ordered that it ſhould be complied with, and the hoſt obediently brought in a heavy faggot. The large chimney ſoon blazed, but not more fiercely than the paſſions of the hoſt and hoſteſs, who alſo entered to exerciſe her induſtry or ſpleen. A warm contention actuated this amiable pair; for the man, who was a rigid formaliſt, and accompliſhed in native ſervility, was alarmed by ſomething juſt dropped among the nobler company, which he overheard, and which now cauſed him to check his wife for her indecent behaviour. Now Dame Marian of all ſpecies of diſcourſe moſt diſliked reproofs; and ſo vehement was ſhe in her aſſertion of this, her antipathy, that Henri was like to be fully revenged by the legal hands of her ſpouſe. But the Chevalier was otherwiſe too highly intereſted to attend to the vulgariſms which

were uttered and threatened by either party. The door, near which he ſtood, was careleſsly left a-jar, and from the outer room he diſtinguiſhed words of a diſcourſe which related to himſelf. It ſeemed that the Captain was again abſent, and from the feebleneſs of the tones he conjectured, that the lady was the ſpeaker: attention gave him aſſurance that ſhe was ſo, and he heard the exclamations—Impoſſible! Henri! Henri de Souvricour! Loſt youth! Caſtle di Fiaſcano! &c. ejaculated by the maſculine voice of him, whom her confidence diſtinguiſhed to be the partner of her journey. Theſe exclamations marked the progreſs of her detail of her late interview with the Chevalier; and had the latter dared to truſt his ears, he would have found it impoſſible to contain his aſtoniſhment at them. The brawl beſide him permitted little more of this outward converſation to attain his hearing; but the evil ſoon after ceaſed, owing to the huſband's re-

ſtrainment, which was not the effect of uxorioufneſs, but of a tender care for the opinions of his gueſts. He retired, and was followed by the woman.

Henri renewed his liſtening, and now heard the voice of the Captain in eager colloquy with the lady and the Chevalier; but the doors being cloſed, little was audible; yet from that little he imbibed great hopes, that interceſſions in his favour were then making to the Captain. The frequent entrance of the hoſt with the ſupper of the men, afforded him many opportunities to gather as much as cauſed him to rely on this being the caſe; and by the converſation being carried on in pure Tuſcan, he was appriſed that it was meant to be concealed from the commoners, who ſpake an uncouth dialect, as did the people of the place.

Henri awaited with the utmoſt anxiety the ſucceſs of his benefactors. A length

of time paſſed away undiſturbed, ſave by the guards, who, outſtretched before the warm hearth, ſnored away the fumes of a voracious meal; but a ſimilar noiſe echoing from without, his heart ſank with the idea that the whole cottage were retired to repoſe. In this conceit he was undeceived by a gentle ruſtling outſide the door: it was ſlowly opened, and in the perſon of a deliverer Henri beheld the good-hearted Claudio. His forlorn ſituation could not reconcile Henri to an interview with the latter, whoſe triſtful aſpect alſo denoted his mind not to be more tranquil. Not a ſyllable was exchanged. Claudio ſignified that the way out of the cottage was free; but Henri was detained by a cord, of which one end pinioned his arms, and the other was wound about the wriſt of one of the guards, who thus had provided againſt any unaſſiſted attempt. As the Chevalier neglected this in his firſt ſur-

priſe, he nearly had ruined himſelf by awakening the man; but Claudio quickly divided it with his ſword.

When they were come into the firſt room, the Chevalier releaſed Henri from the reſt of his diſgraceful bonds, and for the liberty of ſpeech drew him to the cottage door, which was unfaſtened and opened. There he endeavoured to addreſs him; but his ſenſations ſurpaſſed delivery, and, "Henri, a robber!" only eſcaped his lips. For the firſt time the Chevalier heard this ſhocking truth from a courteous tongue: he ſhrunk from the word with a conſcious inability of contradiction, yet took refuge in a pride that refuſed to palliate. However, the exclamation of the Chevalier was a reproach he could not endure; it vitiated his gratitude with reſentment; and jerking his hand from his friend, he unthankfully fled, and loſt all ſhame in the night's darkneſs.

The wonder of Claudio was much

leſs than his grief, when he underſtood the criminality of Henri. But idle lamentations were not his fault: his goodneſs was active to reſcue the youth from legal diſgrace, and this he compaſſed by dint of argument and appeals to the Captain's reaſon and humanity. The ignorance of the latter concerning his captive, Claudio enlightened; and frankly revealing the real rank of Henri, endeavoured thereon in his behalf. He repreſented the iſſ conſequences which would enſue any public chaſtiſement of the ſon and heir to one of the nobleſt families in France: theſe he affirmed would be inevitable broils between the Venetian ſtate and the French monarch. Claudio reminded his auditor that Francis more than any brother ſovereign in Europe had the reputation of his people at heart: how unlikely therefore was it, that, with ſuch a ſpirit, he would permit the only ſon of a nobleman, who formerly having been a diſtinguiſhed

member of his court, no doubt ſtill lived in his remembrance, to be diſhonoured with impunity; and that too by a government of which he had ancient jealouſies, that would welcome ſo juſt an opportunity to declare themſelves.

As the utmoſt terror of public conteſts was alike infuſed into the Venetian ſtateſman and ſubject, the Captain was conſiderably ſtaggered by ſuch reaſoning: Claudio reinforced it by combating his private ſcruples, and aſking, If the punctilious diſcharge of his commiſſion were to be put in competition with the intereſts of his country? "No!" was the patriotic anſwer. "And can you imagine, ſuch being the caſe, that your honeſty could avail you againſt the wrath of your fellow-citizens, when they ſmarted under the evils of its inflexibility?" "No." "Then," continued the friendly pleader, "you muſt not infringe the tenor of your appointment, which is to purify the country from internal ſpoilers, not

to inundate it with hoſts of foreigners." Beſide theſe arguments, the Venetian was aſſailed by the ſweet eloquence of Camilla, who ſupported with winning energy the intereſt of her huſband. To a lady politeneſs ſanctioned aſſent; and the Captain gallantly ſurrendered all power over the fate of Henri. His generoſity enjoyed a ſincere eulogy; after which it was arranged that he ſhould not appear in the buſineſs of the Chevalier's eſcape, but more prudently feign anger and regret towards the men, when it ſhould be diſcovered. To theſe a large quantity of intoxicating and ſuporific drink accompanied their ſupper, and drowned them in the ſleep which was propitious to Claudio's conduct as before deſcribed. It was not the intent of the latter to free Henri to the obvious danger of a relapſe; but, on the contrary, to prevail on him to journey to a town a few leagues diſtant, where he might remain ſecure from detection, till

rejoined by himſelf. This project was counteracted by the precipitancy of the Chevalier, who madly fled from his mournful friend, and the convenience of a horſe which Claudio had provided for him. In vain the Chevalier leapt into the ſaddle, and purſued him. Henri ſought the thickets with the deſperation of a felon; and Claudio, afraid to ſhout, returned deſpondently to the cot.

The fugitive Henri reaſcended the hill; and, being rendered by his inflammatory paſſions almoſt invulnerable to the night's intemperance, roamed inceſſantly about, in hope that each moment brought him nearer to the caſtle of his lovely miſtreſs. The dawn of morning rectified his often devious ſtep, and diſcloſed to him the ſolemn ſcenery of the ſanguinary vale. The remarkable circumſtances that there had commenced, diſguſted him from the ſpot; and he ſwiftly croſſed it to retrace the road that brought him from the caſtle

di Fiaſcano. The diſcourſe of men was welcome to his ears, as he imagined them to be ſome of the band ſtill lingering in the depths; but bitterly he repented the impetuoſity which hurried him into the cuſtody of freebooters, who were, ſeveral of them, examining and expatiating on the blood-diſcoloured graſs. Their uncouth garb and mien prepoſſeſſed him in their disfavour ſoon as he beheld his miſtake; but, when they boiſterouſly arreſted him, he feared the extremeſt of his adverſities were yet to be encountered. Fortunately, the mention of the Conte di Fiaſcano acted as a charm in his behalf, and reſcued him from the ferocity of the robbers.

The puiſſance of Julian was juſtly a motive of terror or envy to the environing province. In none was the former feeling more deeply grafted, than in thoſe mountain outlaws, whoſe precarious ſubſiſtence was the plunder they wrung from the waylorn traveller. A

pretence to ſcour his own territory and the circumjacent vicinities of theſe brigands, was the cloke to Julian's own illegalities; not that it was merely a pretence, for he had ſometimes inflicted inexorable ſeverities on thoſe unhappieſt of wretches who fell into his hands; but, of late, he had with ſuperior deſign engaged them to recruit his own band. His magnificent reputation as a Condottier, privileged a numerous company of armed retainers, and was likewiſe a grand attraction to adventurers in fame or fortune. By this ſpirit the robbers were unanimouſly actuated to petition Henri, who magnified his own importance to inſure their reſpect, that he would introduce and recommend them to the ſervice of the Conte. Henri did not heſitate to comply with their deſires, for he noted them to be of martial and preſumptuous figures eſtimable by Julian. With gleeful aſpects they then proffered to guide

him by an unfrequented track to the caſtle di Fiaſcano.

The company was ſmall, being terribly diminiſhed by a late encounter with ſome travellers, who bravely defended and preſerved their property. A caſual bullet levelled their Captain; and with him were ſlain ſo many of the prime, that the ſurvivors were abſolutely diſpirited. The uproar of the afore-night's ſkirmiſh increaſed their terrors; and they miſerably ſkulked within their lurking depths until the ſtillneſs of the morning aſſured them of the pacification and departure of the contenders: they then ventured to ſeek the place of combat, with the ſordid hopes of booty from the carcaſes of the dead.

Their choice was a road ſo circuitous, that before the Chevalier arrived at the gates of the caſtle, the earlieſt hours of the night were conſuming. His aſſociates much ſurpriſed the ſentinels, but

his word authoriſed their admiſſion. Submiſſive to Henri's orders, they halted in the court of guard, while he ſpeeded to the chambers of Julian. A repeated knocking was entirely diſregarded, although the pages averred that their maſter had for long been retired to reſt. At length Henri forbore the unavailing diſturbance; and after commanding that victuals and lodgings ſhould be provided for the men, repaired to his own apartment.

His diſappointed deſires to reviſit the Conteſſa, ſucceeded by a reſtleſs memory of the preceding recency of adventure, were potent antidotes to ſleep, and cauſed him to neglect his pillow. The mild radiance of a cloudleſs moon attracted him to the ramparts on which his chamber opened; and in a contemplative poſture he reclined againſt the parapet where it overhung the gardens. His eyes wandered over their various extenſive horticulture, and his thoughts

recurred to the account of the martial apparition that had been ſeen to gloom the ſpot before him. That this was no knaviſh fable he ſoon had the evidence of his own ſight, which fell on the identical ſubject of his rumination. At firſt he was incredulous to its being more important than a twilight illuſion, or an imaginary phantaſm; but a moment wrought his conviction. It was indeed the figure, conſpicuous in eminence, ſtately and methodical in motion, which ſilently glided beneath the wall that ſupported the horror-ſtricken Henri. The projection of a buttreſs eclipſed its ominous career; and, chattering with apprehenſion, the Chevalier retreated to his chamber.

Early as the ſun he aroſe: ſoon as the Conte was ſtirring he waited on him, and they together perambulated the battlements, which was a daily cuſtom with Julian for the purpoſe of inſpection. The latter felt extraordinary ſurpriſe,

and affected extraordinary pleaſure, at the return of Henri, whom he interrogated concerning the occurrences of his abſence. As the Chevalier had reſolved that no mention of Claudio ſhould paſs his lips, he wiſhed to omit the circumſtances of his apprehenſion altogether, and to ſubſtitute an invention of flight and wanderings; but it ſeemed that his misfortune was not unknown to the Conte; for the tendency of his enquiries was ſo ſtrangely alluſive to it, that Henri, unable to deviſe evaſion, was compelled to ſpeak on the diſagreeable fact. Of his eſcape, however, he mentioned an artificial detail; and he was glad, undetected, to rejoin that part of the truth which reſpected his meeting with the men whom he had brought to the caſtle. On the merits of theſe he digreſſed into a long expatiation; and ſo offenſively preſumed on their acquirement, that Julian, although he approved and engaged them, rebuked him by a hint that

future liberties of that kind ſhould not be excuſed by their value. Henri's pride conſidered reproof an inſult; and at that time he conceived a ſpirit of hatred that did not promiſe to lie dormant.

The diſinclination of Julian prevented his converſing with Larina for the three or four enſuing days: but, during ſo conſiderable a time, the paſſions of the youth became ſo impetuous, that the Conte was compelled to connive or impede him openly. As the lovers often experienced theſe temporary mortifications, the only notice the Conteſſa beſtowed on the uncuſtomary length of this, was to upbraid Henri with coldneſs of endeavour to ſee her. He ſoon convinced her of her miſtake, and was not remiſs to inculpate Julian. As Larina was unſuſpicious that her huſband did not oppoſe her pleaſures, ſhe feared the rigour by which he regulated them to proceed from jealouſy. Her terror of Julian, and love for Henri, were

much increaſed of late, and both paſſions urged her to flee from ſpouſal ſubjection. Theſe were the reaſons that irritated her to chide Henri's return to the caſtle, when ſhe was acquainted with his adventures, which he related to her with a ſimilar caution in refraining from any mention of Claudio. Their uncontrolled dalliance was only practicable without the ſphere of Julian's domination; ſo that bitterly ſhe regretted the Chevalier's abuſe of an opportunity, of which had he wiſely availed himſelf, he would have contrived means to invite and aſſiſt her ſimilar delivery.

Eager to extenuate himſelf, and alleviate her chagrin, Henri encouraged Larina to expect an early recurrence of a ſimilar opportunity, ſuperior inſomuch that he would better know how to employ it. They then deliberated that a mutual enlargement ſhould be backed by her divorce from Julian, her aſſertion of her hereditary claims to the eſtate di

Fiaſcano, and her inveſtiture of Henri in thoſe privileges of a huſband unſanctified love did not authoriſe. On this plan Henri beſtowed a heartfelt approbation; for the command Larina would entitle him to exerciſe, ſoothed that impatient ambition, which had latterly incited ſome unfilial wiſhes. The domains di Fiaſcano conſtituted a little ſovereignty in his eyes; and ſhould he beſides come early into the inheritance of his birthdom, he doubted not that the union of ſo much ſway in the hands of one ſo young, could mount him on the very pinnacle of envied exaltation. Such were the reveries of this young man, who, while he was projecting an impoſſible independence, had yet to learn his abſolute ſlavery to circumſtance. In him the poor ſubſtitutes for real energies of mind, were a chimerical imagination and a flexible docility and aptitude to eſpouſe and imitate the paſſions and examples of others. Yet had his nature been with-

out theſe qualities, he would have preſented the melancholy phenomenon of an intellectual waſte, ſterile of idea, principle, ſcience, or accompliſhment: even thoſe paſſions, not only inherent to humanity, but inſeparable from exiſtence throughout all ſpecies, needed in him an auxiliar calling forth; for although he poſſeſſed them as inflammable, as pernicious too, as war-powder, yet was he ungifted throughout his compoſition with a ſingle ſpark to kindle them forth. High as he was above others in his own opinion, ſo was he below them in reality; his character being a blank, his powers automatons in the maſter's hands, his nature the cur of other men's ſteps, the monkey of other men's actions. Moſt ridiculouſly does his conduct, which ſo long has been the copy of others, now pretend to ſtrike out for itſelf; now, after being long influenced by a ſeries of foul originality: and his mind, if ſo baſtard a collection of ideas may be dignified with

that denomination, grown ſtronger in every thing ſave wiſdom, directs him to ſupplant Julian in property as well as bed.

A week ſhewed the fallacy of his reliance on a facility of enfranchiſement, for in two excurſions that were ſat on foot, he was prevented a participation. Whether Julian were aware of his intent, miſtruſtful of it, or merely captious, conjecture could not decide: certainly the former ſeemed highly improbable, Henri's diſcourſes with the Conteſſa being conducted with the ſtricteſt ſecrecy. Diſappointment added to his boldneſs, by neceſſitating his exertions; and he propoſed openly to demand permiſſion to leave the caſtle. This he had great expectation of obtaining, as he thought that Julian, however mentally adverſe, would grant it rather than venture forcible and unexcuſed detention.

Thus preſumptuous, he addreſſed the

Conte in premeditated terms that imparted to a petition the energy of a command. Senſibly alive to indignity, Julian was inexorable in his reſentment of its ſlighteſt experience; and he made a giant's ſtride to hurl the petty offender from the unprotected rampart, on which dizzy verge they ſtood. But Julian ſwayed where the greateſt monarchs are feeble; his government exceeded the grandeſt ſultanries of the Eaſt; it was himſelf. Though more than man paſſionate, ſcarcely leſs than a god could he rein thoſe paſſions. The bolt of anger commonly ſhot is irreclaimable; but Julian at will could ſtay its wing, and, like the fabulous Jove, preſide over his own thunder. How marvellouſly was this now inſtanced! for although his horribly vindictive nature required not additional provocation to enrage him againſt the Chevalier, whom he myſteriouſly hated, yet was the preſent preſervation of the latter aſcribable to the

inhuman malignity of that hatred, which diſdaining the contentment of an ordinary ſacrifice, indefatigably brooded ſome exquiſite refinement in revenge. A ferocious blow could only inflict a momentary pang, only yield a momentary ſatisfaction; how inſufficient to appeaſe him, whoſe only limits to revenge were ſatiation! Thoſe horrors of vengeance dormant in nature ſince her creation—for never had poet, whoſe vanity preſumed on the attribute of all-ſeeing, depicted; or philoſopher, gymnaſtic or ſacerdotal, in his reſtleſs caſuiſtries, combated their exiſtence; —thoſe horrors, moſt like the ſun's chariot, which conſumed who uſed it, as yet reſtricted to the deep of hell and the will of hell's tenantry, Julian in audacious originality now conjured up like a fiend from the centre. A wonder in exterior lovelineſs, a monſter in mental deformity, was he oppoſed to Henri, a mediocrity in either. Incomprehenſibly

grew Julian's deteſtation like the twin-giants, but that no corporeal frame could endure to its gratification he angrily knew; and his ſyſtematic cruelty tranſferred its inflictions to the mind. He glutted on devices to bait, to lacerate, and madden it: he explored its affections, its tenderneſſes, its bigotries, and conceptions: he traced its ſympathies with the fleſh by indefinable diſſection; and gloried over its ſuperior qualities of endurance, as do the domeſtic tigers over their prey: his only alloy was, that the body being combuſtible by internal anguiſh, muſt be haſtened in its diſſolution; yet the expiration of life he diſdained for a period to his revenge, but in diabolical phantaſies purſued the diſtracted ſoul of his victim to the judgment terrors, and triumphed in its rejection, and immortal condemnation for the criminality of deſpair himſelf had bred. Thus did his brain miniſter to the

vileneſs of his heart, and the mightineſs of his nature engender ideas which could have driven other men to delirium, with comparative temperance. His paſſions were as a furnace to encloſe him; and, like a ſalamander, he lived in them unconſumed and nouriſhed.

Henri palpitated beneath the glances of Julian, and declined his eyes, which were dazzled to behold the lightning at its ſource; ſtill more was he diſmayed with the ſubſequent movement. He tranquilliſed, as the Conte, who never was unprepared for adverſities poſſible to be foreſeen by reaſon, tendered a letter, which he drew from about him. Henri conceiving its contents to be anſwerable to his ſuit, eagerly unfolded it; and, with terror and aſtoniſhment, peruſed a reſpectful but juridical ſummons to the Conte di Fiaſcano, to deliver up to perſons nominated by the civil power a certain youth of his ſuite, whoſe guilty aggreſ-

ſion of the roads had caſt him into the hands of the officers of juſtice, from whom he had afterwards eſcaped.

The deſcription was too minutely applicable to Henri's perſon for hope to dwell on a poſſibility of open evaſion; and the exact formality of the ſubſcription and ſignature deprived him of the comfort of diſbelief. That the band were unmentioned he aſcribed to ignorance of their ſhare in the tranſaction; for they had generally eſcaped, and he had perſiſted in an obſtinate taciturnity reſpecting them. His delivery by Claudio he now thought to be no other than the deſperate venture of friendſhip; but how he had been traced to the caſtle engroſſed his wonder.

While Henri meditated over the letter, Julian ſcrutiniſed the ſecrecies of his heart diſtinctly as though he had created it, and clearer than ever he ſaw how abundantly it nouriſhed the ſeeds of wickedneſs. Its inclination to feel pub-

licity the chief inconvenience of guilt, and its compatible aptitude to venture much to prevent impending ſhame, were too prominent to be unobſerved by a moderate degree of ſhrewdneſs; and Julian determined that Henri ſhould ſink a ſtep deeper than himſelf, and blot out his laſt claim on Heaven's mercy by the dye of murder. The fear and indeciſion which diſtorted the Chevalier's aſpect when he turned it upwards to Julian, perſuaded the latter that the moment was near at hand in which to conſummate his views; and when Henri repeated his wiſh to leave the caſtle, which almoſt was unintelligible from importunity and conſternation, Julian's promptitude in the like inſtant conceived and arraigned the ſinful procedure. "To leave the caſtle," he coolly anſwered, "would be nothing better than an act of ſurrender to the officers; for it were unreaſonable to ſuppoſe them ſo ignorant and ſo unintereſted in ſervices of this nature, as to

have neglected the prevention of his flight. No doubt the caſtle was in ſome meaſure inveſted, nor would the man who had brought the ſummons, and who remained within the walls, fail to appriſe them inſtantly of his departure."

Henri's ſpirits fell as Julian ſpake. "Was then an agent of the magiſtracy ſo near?" The anſwer was affirmative, and was delivered with an air of careleſſneſs, which, as was intended, threw Henri into a melancholy hopeleſs dependence on his own ſolitary reſources.

One, leſs ſkilful than Julian, would precipitately have propoſed to his victim the ſinful mode of extrication from theſe difficulties, but the former's policy required a thorough conviction of Henri's acquieſcence before he ventured its recommendation; and, as the ſureſt mode of ſucceſs, he forſook him to brood by himſelf on what had paſſed. For Julian well conceived that an evil completely known is half overcome, as what the

underſtanding gains the apprehenſion loſes. This made him fear that were Henri at once acquainted with the worſt, he might collect ſpirits of fortitude, and become obdurate not only to repreſentations of the danger, but alſo to the advice how to avert it. To prevent this, he provided him with a ſolitary interval for the rack of imagination, conjecture, hope, or deſpair, which he was aſſured would alternately vex and debilitate the mind, and in the iſſue render it ſubmiſſive to his ſway, and ductile to his deſigns. He therefore quitted the miſerable Chevalier with an air which repulſed any intreaty to intereſt himſelf actively in the buſineſs.

Scarcely could any one be more affected than the Chevalier: conſcience had ſlept ſo heavily in his boſom, that it needed foreign chances to arouſe it, and his firſt idea of faultineſs in his actions, now proceeded from the dilemma into which they had hurried him. Bitter was

his regret that he ſhould ever have incurred this danger by ſerving Julian, who, if he broke a cold neutrality, ſeemed more inclined to act againſt, than for him. But this opinion came leſs from his judgment than from an inward admonition that he deſerved no better. Indeed, the proſpect of a ſcaffold of all is the beſt calculated to centre a man's thoughts, and bring him acquainted with himſelf: it is probable that Henri never in the courſe of his life reflected more heartily than now, when reflection, in all probability, was entirely uſeleſs. But indeciſion we know to be the frailty of this young man, whoſe four hours' conſideration ended as it had begun, in paſſionate lamentations at the peculiar ſeverity of fortune in bringing him to extremity at once. If an idea of amendment croſſed his mind, it ſlid over its ſurface without taking a determinate root; for he found that the future could not obliterate the paſt.

Towards evening it was ſignified to him that the Conte was at leiſure. Henri went to his apartments with a ſtep as doleful as though it had ſupported him to the dreaded tribunal: he was received with a ſilence which himſelf was neceſſitated to break. Thus the crafty Conte acquired a great advantage to his game; for practiſing in mutilated ſentences and myſterious inuendos, he obliged the Chevalier to piece and interpret them himſelf, as often as he queſtioned if ſuch were their meanings. By this art the Chevalier was often inveigled to commit himſelf irretrievably; and Julian was empowered, had the former ſhewn any abhorrence of the diſcourſe, to diſclaim thoſe ideas which really deſerved it, and even to retaliate the charge on the vicious underſtanding of Henri. Caution at length was ſatisfied, and Julian varied his method agreeably to the variations he perceived himſelf to have wrought in the Chevalier. He now began to ex-

hort, or rather civilly to command, the latter to come to a ſpeedy reſolution; hinting, quite unequivocally, that he could by no means be expected, nor was he at all diſpoſed, to endure delay in an affair which laid his own character open to ſtrictures and miſrepreſentations by the intruſive fellow who was then in the caſtle. An inſult, ſo cruelly couched, galled Henri the deeper, as he was not in a condition to defend himſelf, or offend Julian; for which very good reaſon he diſmiſſed his inclination to do both, and humbly profeſſed himſelf ready to act exactly what he ſhould be adviſed. This was Julian's aim, to wind Henri to a pitch of paſſion which might be bent ſubſerviently to his deſigns. Still no eagerneſs anticipated certainty; as was his art inexhauſtible, ſo ſeemed his patience; and, like the wary mountaineer, he firmly planted one foot before he ventured to rear the other.

Repulſively cold, he anſwered, "That

it was his fault to recommend from his heart, without conſidering how ill ſuch recommendation might be adapted to another. That it was a fault he had not yet corrected, being unprovided with opportunities; as none, among thoſe who knew him, ventured to aſk advice, of which they knew themſelves inadequate to the performance." Among all the knaviſh policies that have ever paſſed between man and man, perhaps there never occurred a more artful evaſion, nor a more artful appeal to the ruling impetuoſity of a youth. Henri's pride and preſumption took inſtant fire: the one burned indignantly at a doubt of his courage; the other kindled a raſh perſuaſion that nothing ſhould deter him from ſhewing himſelf an exception from the Conte's puſillanimous intimates; nay from riſing to higher than an equality even with the latter, by achieving what he might only dare to project. In this intemperature he challenged Julian to

propoſe the teſt ſo arduous to valour and ability; adding, with a contemptible raſhneſs, That were it unworthy him, he would ſoon evidence what he dared to do.

Julian's pleaſure at this ſpeech was alloyed by his intuition of what paſſed in Henri's mind. The knowledge that in ſome meaſure he was defied by a ſtripling, who arrogated to himſelf the advantage in a compariſon, was not to be brooked by one who knew himſelf to have attained an unrivalled ſtandard of human audacity. His ſtudy was more to glorify his character in others' wonder than in its ſelf-goodneſs; therefore the preſent opportunity to centre in Henri all the guilt of an evil action, by permitting him to enact his own boaſts, was not to be put in competition with thoſe principles of pride which diſdained prudence as an abaſement. As men could not ariſe to his level, neither would he ſink to theirs. For though vile,

never would he be mean: though he lived in univerſal hatred, yet would he live in univerſal dread. His ambition was not an empire over men's bodies and coffers, but over their minds, which he gloried to humiliate beneath the conſolation of their own vanity. Supreme as he was above others, yet was his pride diſcontented unleſs as he aroſe they ſunk; and that wickedneſs which made him, he uſed to unmake them: ſo was he exaſperated with the Chevalier's preſent preſumption, that he the more fiercely meditated his debaſement, and mentally refuſed him the common privilege of manhood, an authority over his own actions. In his very villanies Julian determined that Henri ſhould be but an agent; and although reſponſible to Heaven as a man, unbefitting a man ſhould be his ſlavery; yet each ſhould aggravate the other. Thus ran his thoughts, while the terrors of his brow impreſſing Henri with timorous awe,

replunged him into comparative inſignificance; and could the ſentiments of Julian's ſoul have found their appropriate tones, they would have delivered themſelves in Indian thunder.

Though Henri read in Julian's countenance the approaching trial, yet he awaited it with a deſperate obſtinacy. The latter ſuddenly graſped his arm, and drew him to a remote window. "Do you ſee that man?" aſked the Conte. Henri looked more ſtedfaſtly, and acknowledged that he did ſee a ſolitary perſon walking in a melancholy ſtyle to and fro: "He appears to be a ſtranger," added he; "but the duſk of the evening prevents my obſerving his features." "No matter," adjoined Julian; "you will have opportunities ſufficient to become acquainted with them. He is the intruder I told you of." Henri ſhivered, and what he was going to remark inarticulately murmured through his chattering teeth. "Is the man dead that ſpoke juſt

often conſidered huge piles of ſlain ſoldiery, were as though ſeared by the proſpect of this ſolitary corpſe. He attempted to flee along the ramparts, but his trepidation neceſſitated him to deſire ſupport from a ſentinel whom he overtook; and hanging powerleſs on a menial arm, he entered his chamber.

There he found it painful to be alone; for Heaven, to avenge his violation of its ſtricteſt ordinance, viſited his fancy with inſupportable terrors: in the ſcreeches of the night-birds he imagined the upbraidings of the murdered ſpirit; and in the apartment's gloom he conceited glimpſes of thoſe fiends to whoſe level he had ſunk himſelf. Thus haraſſed, he endeavoured to gain unwitneſſed admiſſion into the chamber of the Conteſſa: but fortune was adverſe; and, thwarted in every attempt, he deſpairingly retired. Julian rightly conceived that Henri's preſent motive was mental more than phyſical; and as rightly judging that

the terrors of conſcience revive with additional ſtrength after any ſuſpenſion, he decided that it was his better part to neceſſitate Henri to endure or ſtifle them. In their infancy he knew this to be practicable, and he ſoon had an indiſputable evidence in the Chevalier. During a long night, Henri, unable to appeaſe or elude this internal monitor, no longer delayed to combat it; and before morning ſo hardily did he ſet it at defiance, that he aroſe triumphant in ſin, the abandoned of Heaven.

It may have been obſerved that greater abilities are manifeſted in vice than in virtue; and that a ſtrength of wiſdom is not an abſolute neceſſary to the latter. As wiſdom is not the gift of nature, but a ſtudious acquirement unattainable by myriads, there may be ſome truth in this. Yet, although guilt may exerciſe the underſtanding (as in the caſe of Julian), there is no certainty that it will ſharpen it, of which Henri is a notable

diſproof: his wickedneſs and folly being not only inſeparable, but the one fundamental of the other. At the very time he flung the gantlet at a divine influence, and became in idea the king of himſelf, he was in the moſt abject ſlavery to Julian.

Let us imagine the Conte to be exulting at his own art, ſo extraordinarily ſucceſsful when ſo eaſily to be penetrated! Let us conjecture that art to have arranged the ſtory which provoked Henri to an inexpiable crime! We ſhall not then heſitate to pronounce that the whole was a fiction; the letter a forgery; the Captain a priſoner made in one of the late excurſions which Henri was reſtrained from accompanying; and that Julian ſo ſported with his life to deceive the youth.

With this conviction, picture the poor dupe oſtentatiouſly parading the ramparts, and indulging in the wildeſt anticipations of impending dignity. Suppoſe

him to be tranſported with Julian's hint, that through its repreſentative he defied an entire ſtate; and from this one act of contumacy, tracing his progreſs to its overthrow; a feat favourable to his country, alike its admiration and its envy. With a few ſentiments relative to Larina, account theſe the ſhallow aggregate of his thoughts; and if contempt be not the unequalled ſenſation they excite, its rival is horror.

When Larina was informed by her lover of the preceding circumſtances, her chief emotion was renewed regret for his return to the caſtle: otherwiſe ſhe was indifferent that the hand ſhe preſſed had dealt a murderous blow. But when a diſpaſſionate moment came round, and ſhe ceaſed altogether to forget the murderer in the man, a tender reflection on his ſafety ſtimulated her to enquire whether every threatening of danger had died with the Captain? Her manner denoted her ſincere ignorance of the whole

being an untruth; and the queſtion cauſed Henri to bethink him, that Julian had ſuppoſed a party to be awaiting their leader without the gates. He mentioned this; and, as an aſſurance of his entire ſecurity was needed to ſtrengthen the baſis of their ſchemes, they agreed to poſtpone further conſultations on theſe till ſatisfied in the firſt inſtance.

At the earlieſt opportunity, Henri repreſented to Julian how apprehenſive he was about thoſe men. Had not ſuſpicion been dead within him, it muſt have been rouſed by the Conte's equivocation. It was the drift and uſage of the latter ever to leave ſome reſource for future craft; accordingly he anſwered Henri in terms that tended to delude him into the miſtake that the detachment was withdrawn; or rather, that he did not chooſe to avow having deſtroyed it. This was an inſinuation ſo agreeable to the Chevalier, that he gave it inſtant credit, and endeavoured by his looks to appriſe

the Conte that his ſecret was not unknown. Julian was excellently amuſed, and nothing leſs than the completeſt confeſſion could have induced Henri to forego the idea.

This confidence he communicated to Larina; and both agreed that Julian had ſhewn him ſo great a favour in ſuch an action, that it would be imprudent to defer the bringing his kindneſs to another teſt by a repetition of Henri's deſires to leave the caſtle. This being determined on, the Chevalier, entirely reliant on the ſucceſs of his application, again importuned the Conte. To his complete diſcomfiture, the reply was a deciſive—"No!" which at once ſilenced the voice of entreaty or remonſtrance.

Henri was now ſenſible to the adverſity of Julian, which diſmayed and confounded him the more, as he was unconſcious of ever having given him offence previous to the former's aggreſſion in

imprisoning him: of those since he could not but suppose him ignorant, as no public wrath evidenced his knowledge. Whether evil would ensue this last declaration, conjecture failed to decide; as it was, he no longer mistook the castle to be friendlier than an amplified dungeon.

Soon as Larina was informed that their aims were baffled in that quarter, she boldly declared that their endeavours should not pusillanimously abate, but should assume a more daring method. After a long discussion, it was resolved to attempt an alienation of the fiercest of the band from the Conte; and then, by present and promissory temptations of a pecuniary nature, to stimulate them to his injury. This plan had the fairest prospect of success; and its audacity gave additional hope that it might mature unsuspected by Julian, whose self-arrogance and disdain for the ability of others were prime circumstances in their favour.

Thenceforth love reſigned the excluſive employment of their interviews.

The ſuperior talents of the Conteſſa for amorous intrigue diſtinguiſhed her in this more arduous one; and, docile to her tutorage, Henri made great advances with courage and circumſpection. The converſation of the two men, when firſt he beheld the inexplicable figure, lived freſh in his memory; and the characteriſtics of him, the leſs talkative one, had taken ſo ſtrong a hold of his mind, that often as he reflected on them, ſo often would he exclaim—"He of all men is the ſureſt auxiliary!" A mutual underſtanding being the object, the Chevalier regulated his conduct accordingly. He much affected to look intelligibly on the man, until an interchange of glances became habitual; and thoſe of Micho were lively with curioſity. Henri then leſſened his reſerve, and proceeded to mutter half ſentences whenever they paſſed: theſe had the deſired effect; for

the robber one time pretending to believe, or really believing, that the Chevalier was addreſſing him on ſome cuſtomary buſineſs, reſpectfully ſtopped, bowed, and aſked his orders.

"Give me a right to iſſue orders," ſaid Henri. "My lord forgets that I am but a ſervant," returned Micho. "Ha!" adjoined Henri, "need any man remain a ſervant who wears a dagger, and whoſe maſter ever ſleeps?" "What ſignifies a blow," ſaid Micho, "when it only can cauſe a change of maſters?" "Conſider of it," ſaid Henri: "for once you may find your ſuppoſition wrong. Preſume the ſucceſſor to be a young, lenient, and bountiful miſtreſs." Said Micho, "I muſt be aſſured of that beforehand." "You now are," continued Henri; who dropped a purſe at his feet, and in the ſame inſtant caſt a much weightier into the moat. Micho's pleaſure at the one action was allayed by his ſurpriſe and regret for the ſtrange-

neſs of the other; and his venality broke forth in a loud exclamation. "Peace!" cried Henri;" "and reflect that the hand that can reſign its valuables to a ditch, will not be mean in rewarding deſert." Juſt at this time the approach of ſoldiers interrupted the diſcourſe. To avoid miſtruſt, Henri ſpoke audibly on ſome unimportant matter; and, ſignificantly glancing on Micho, withdrew, with a mental curſe on the intruders.

The judgment of Micho proved to be well founded, for the latter intentionally encountered him the firſt opportunity; and a few confidential words drew from him a profeſſion of ſincere earneſtneſs in the Chevalier's favour. Little paſſed between them, as they mutually dreaded obſervation; but, before they parted, Micho undertook to ſound the majority of the band, and to diſcriminate the real adherents to Julian from thoſe who were but apparently ſo.

Both Larina and Henri impatiently expected the intelligence which was to remove every anxious doubt of Micho's ſincerity, and to confirm or confound their plot: but circumſpection the more was needed the ſtronger their ſolicitude, and the Chevalier ſaw himſelf invited by Micho to a conference long before he dared to accept it. The appointment of his coadjutor to patrol the battlements in the vicinity of his chamber was the firſt opportunity Henri welcomed; and he took pains to benefit from it.

In a nocturnal conſultation Micho confeſſed that his ſcrutiny had not been very extenſive, as he had early experienced the difficulty to be great: he excuſed himſelf by arguing, That it would have ſhewn an imprudent infatuation to have proceeded in the aſſurance that not one, among the numbers he addreſſed, would have the cunning to perceive his drift, or the fidelity to diſcloſe it to his maſter. Henri aſſented to the truth of this; at

the ſame time inwardly remarking, that Micho, as yet, ſeemed to give no proofs of ſincerity, and perhaps had invented this reaſonable excuſe to amuſe him.

Such was his deſire to implicate the man ſeriouſly in the buſineſs, that he hardly could conceal his chagrin at what he now heard; but his intereſt increaſed as Micho proceeded to tell him, That, being thus circumſcribed in his inveſtigations, he had preferred a more particular attention to the robbers, whom he, the Chevalier, had introduced. Theſe being deficient in awe or attachment, were the leſs reſerved, and freely murmured their diſcontentment. So ſenſibly they felt the diſappointment of their expectations of profit and comfort in the Conte's ſervice, that they cheriſhed a degree of animoſity againſt Henri for having gratified their inclination to enter it.

"This is favourable!" exclaimed the Chevalier. "This ſpirit can readily be turned to our favour." He then tutored

Micho to infinuate to them, that their preſent mortification was not more keenly felt by themſelves than it was by him, who ſaw, with indignation, how ſlaviſhly they were miſtreated by Julian, to whom ſo warmly he had recommended them. "Tell them," continued he, "that as I conſider myſelf to be reſponſible for the inhoſpitalities of their reception, the time ſhall not be remote when I will indemnify them for every unpleaſant endurance; but that at preſent my ability, not my will, is weak, and my promiſes await my power, for I eſteem it a ſacred obligation to fulfil them. Add, that the Conte not leſs having injured me, I am their brother in diſcontentment. Induce them to contraſt Julian's contempt and my admiration of them, that the one idea never may exiſt without the other. Likewiſe uſe every art to perſuade them, that were matters as I and the Conteſſa wiſh, an end would be to every one's ſervitude." By many other inſtructions,

Micho was perfectly accompliſhed for the part he had to play: at the ſame time he warned Henri of thoſe men who were known to be in the confidence and intereſt of Julian; ſuch were they who had brought him to the caſtle, and who ridiculed their comrades as ſuperſtitious in their dread of the ghoſt of Gervaſe.

A few days completed the ſeduction of the robbers to Henri's cauſe; and the latter rejoiced over the conſummation of a plot which was to elevate him to early dignity. The proud ſecurity of Julian boldened the conſpirators to act with the moſt impoſing audacity; and it ſeemed that their many daggers were ſuſpended but till when they choſe the wound. So near the criſis, Henri ſwelled with preſumptuous ardour; and, contrary to the prudent advice of Larina, inſiſted on, and contrived, a ſecret convention of his faction. This perverſeneſs may the leſs be wondered at, when it ſhall be conſidered, that he never yet had perſonally

converſed with any one of them ſave Micho, through whom each ſide communicated with the other; and probably he was not wrong in the idea, that ſtimulations of his own utterance would be the moſt effectual ſprings to action. But theſe were more his excuſes than his motives, of which the chief was a boyiſh ambition to preſide over a deliberation on the ruin of a ſuperior, and to receive in advance ſome of that homage which was ſo ſhortly to become his due.

It was more difficult to indulge this vanity than at firſt was expected; and not till many obſtacles were removed could it take place. The ſpot was ſelected with great judgment: it was a diſuſed cazern at the baſe of an unwatched tower, remote from the buſy parts of the caſtle. Any light was interdicted, leſt it ſhould betray them: the hour of meeting was carefully calculated, that they all aſſuredly might be free from their reſpective engagements at the

exact time: the whole procedure was put under the ſuperintendence of Micho.

Henri remained in his chamber till ſome minutes paſt the appointed time: when he ventured to quit it, the courts were unpeopled, and he ſecurely traverſed them at a cautious diſtance from the ſentinels. All within the cazern being ſtill as death, he pauſed on its threſhold with a ſecret dread that the meeting again was prevented, or that the party had diſperſed in deſpair of his coming. But as the door was opened for his admittance, theſe apprehenſions changed into admiration of the ſtrict order obſerved. The door was recloſed and faſtened by Micho, who replied affirmatively to the Chevalier's enquiry if all were congregated.

As the night was miſty, and no light was introduced, the company were quite in the ſhade; no one being viſible except he paſſed a dilapidated embraſure: his figure then became diſcernible; but

ſtill his aſpect was not to be diſtinguiſhed. A momentary buz ran round the aſſembly when they underſtood that their leader was among them, but it ſubſided into ſilent attention to his ſpeech. The exulting Henri prefaced his argument with a circumlocution that could have puzzled the verieſt logician; and he hardly had entered on that part where he ſhould have begun, before an exterior interruption came, the leaſt expected or welcome.

Soon as he could recover his powers of articulation, Henri aſked Micho, in a whiſper, If he were aſſured that each member had been admitted: a poſitive Yes ſpread general diſmay, as it no longer might be doubted that diſcovery and ruin were impending. Meanwhile the ſummons grew impatiently loud. The deſpair of the party ſpirited them to ſell their lives dearly; but as they communicated this reſolution from one to the other, the noiſe was transferred to

that part of the outſide beneath the embraſure. There they knew were ſeveral fragments; and an unſteady trampling denoted that ſome perſon was mounting them. The mutineers were not unprepared for the daring head that would appear; and inevitable death awaited the man, had he not, juſt before he ſhewed himſelf, haſtily ſaid, "In the name of St. Mark, why am I kept waiting out here in the cold?" No anſwer being returned, he pertly continued; "Come, come, I know that you be all here; and ſo would I have been, but for the devil and his chances. Curſe on your ſilent tongues! one of 'em was noiſy enough when I firſt came to the door, ſo don't think to make a fool of me any longer. As for you, Bartholo! if you don't let me in immediately that I get down, I'll, damme if I don't! put a tongue into your dead child's mouth, and ſo godfather you, that you ſha'n't again neglect Raulin."

After this threat he diſappeared, and Micho iterated, "Raulin! Raulin! why Raulin was one of the firſt I admitted, wrapt up in a cloak and fullenneſs: Raulin! ſpeak for yourſelf!" A ſurly voice, to which that of the impoſtor without was not diſſimilar, anſwered, "Here!" to the terror of all, as they had allowed themſelves to hope that Micho might be miſtaken. "It is evident," ſaid Henri, "that this man is a ſpy, who, being inſtructed in the formality of gaining admiſſion, preſumes to come to the hearing of our conſultation. He ſuppoſes himſelf to precede the man he perſonates; but his incautious importunity would undoubtedly convict him, even were the true Raulin yet abſent." Every one aſſented to this; ſo that the noiſy ſtranger was diſcovered, although he ſo cloſely imitated the ſpeech, the ſtyle, and impatience, of Raulin; Bartholo could have added ſome pertinent remarks on the ſimilarity.

" Suppoſe we receive him on the point of our ſtilettos," ſaid one of the conſpirators : " Whoſoever has deputed him, will remain in ignorance till to-morrow morning, and before then much can be determined." This characteriſtic propoſal being approved, the door was precipitately opened, without any previous endeavour to aſcertain whether the ſtranger, ſolely reliant on his artifice, were come unaccompanied. Luckily for themſelves, he was alone ; and hardly could the unfortunate man enter, before he was ferociouſly diſpatched by a multitude of daggers that quarrelled in their paſſage to his heart. The door again was barricaded, but the dead body remained within. This incident ſpurred them to decide on the moſt probable mode of removing Julian ; and, after a ſhort diſcuſſion, the dagger obtained the preference : but the guidance of that dagger was the dangerous ſervice, as it required more than an ordinary ſhare of

audacity; a quality, however, in which none of the robbers had yet ſeemed deficient, nor would any one plead an inferiority to his fellows; ſo that chance was appealed to, as choice was refuſed. At this criſis Henri was prodigal in his promiſes to the company in general; but he vowed, That the future could only fulfil his gratitude to that particular man by whom the maſter-ſtroke were given. Having determined on the moſt ſimple mode of election, he ordered them to form nearly as poſſible a circle; which done, he carefully walked round, counting to an appointed number. As he mounted towards it the intereſt of the mutineers proportionably aroſe, and when he uttered it—"Who is the man?" was the queſtion from every tongue. It was out of Henri's power to anſwer; for the perſon on whom it fell retreated from his unſuſpicious hand; and when he threw it out to arreſt him, it unſucceſsfully dropped through the place the

fellow had occupied in the ring. When he complained of this treachery, a low murmur ran round, and immediately afterwards a dozen voices were loud in ſelf-acquittal, for no one would bear to be ſuſpected. But Henri was not ſo eaſily to be mollified; and he interrogated the men on either hand. They candidly declared themſelves, but averred an entire ignorance of him who had ſtood between them: which was very probable; each man's attention being too much engroſſed by his own part in the election to think of his neighbours. Strange! thought the Chevalier. "Who among you is defended by a cuiraſs?" No anſwer. "Such a piece of armour I am ſure I touched," continued he; "and ſuch a piece of armour muſt be worn by one of you." This imprudent vehemence offended the party, whoſe indignation ran much higher when he threatened to ſearch them individually. Convinced, that to detect one man he muſt affront

the whole, Henry relinquiſhed the deſign. About to repeat the trial, he unſheathed a poniard, and vowed that a ſimilar treachery ſhould undergo its deſerved puniſhment; with leſs calmneſs than before, he then proceeded round, and when he attained the fatal number, rudely graſped the man on whom it fell.

The voice acknowledged him to be Micho, though hardly could Henri recogniſe it, ſo faltering were become its uſual ſtrength and confidence. But this change was an inſignificant motive of ſurpriſe, compared to the manner in which he requeſted a private conference of Henri: the neceſſity he pleaded was incomprehenſible to the latter, whoſe conſent was incited by wonder and apprehenſion. As it were unſafe to hazard a diſcourſe without the cazern, it was propoſed to the reſt of the company to withdraw into the entry; and this they did with repeated injunctions from Henri to preſerve an

unbroken ſilence. Micho cautiouſly excluded them; and having diminiſhed the chances of his being overheard, he felt towards the Chevalier, who was almoſt inanimate with expectation. This changed to contempt ſoon as Micho, with ſtammering reluctance, confeſſed that fear was his diſorder.

"Fear!" exclaimed the Chevalier. Micho was mortified by his accent, and repeated the confeſſion; but with an oath that his fear was of nothing mortal. Of what then can it be? Henri wiſhed to aſk; but aſtoniſhment ſuſpended his faculties, and he dumbly liſtened to Micho's further diſavowal of will or ability to undertake the taſk allotted him by fortune. "Why ſtand the reſt?" at length ſaid the Chevalier. "To ſatisfy my comrades," was the anſwer: "they are undaunted in their ignorance; and had the election fallen on any one elſe, ignorant he ſhould have remained."

Of what nature Micho's knowledge

could be now became Henri's ſolicitude; and the former, after a preface which might have intimidated the hardieſt, began to inform him. "You cannot have forgotten, Signor, a converſation that took place between you and a fooliſh fellow, one Rodrand, ſome weeks ago, when on that luckleſs enterpriſe." Henri acknowledged that he had not. "Then you remember that he hinted at a plot which was thought to have once aimed at the exiſtence of the Conte, and to which the appearance of that inconceivable figure that haunts us is aſcribed." "I do diſtinctly," ſaid the intereſted Chevalier.

"Rodrand," continued Micho, "was unconcerned in that plot; indeed, none but thoſe active in it, were acquainted either with its ſupporters or its circumſtances.—I knew of it," whiſpered he, as though he feared the very ſtones could hear and betray him. "Were I to exiſt an eternity, I could not forget it: yet

do I a ſecond time imagine the death of the tyrant! It is now a long time, four years or more, ſince Julian came to the maſterſhip di Fiaſcano. I, with many others, ſince carried off by ſlaughterous encounters, aſſiſted him in the ſurpriſal of the caſtle, and we reaſonably expected to benefit from his elevation; but it is impoſſible to deſcribe how much we were diſappointed: he entered on his new dignities with the eaſy pride of an heir who ſucceeds to an hereditary right, and ſunk us at once into an ignominious ſervitude. Some of us, who thought ourſelves the moſt ill uſed, communicated our ſentiments to one and another; and reciprocally ſtrengthened our rage, till, blind to the danger, we reſolved on revenge. How to compaſs this long perplexed us, for Julian, of all the men we ever had known, was the leaſt to be trifled with; as there is, you well know, a formidable ſomething about him that chills even in familiarity.

At laſt our determination was the one of to-night; for to ſtab him ſleeping was thought to bid the faireſt. It was ſome time, Signor, before we were unanimous in this: many were reluctant; and no one more ſo than Gervaſe, who had been lucky, poor fellow! had he never conſented. Gervaſe, Signor, was the man who was obliged by lot to perform the buſineſs; and, had you ſeen his unwillingneſs to undertake it, you would have ſworn the ſpirit of prophecy was at work within him."

"Well! well!" exclaimed Henri, whoſe hair aroſe with the anticipation of ſome cataſtrophe of ſurpaſſing horror.

Micho continued with eager and almoſt breathleſs intereſt. "The choſen night came round. It was the even of a wintry feſtival, and in our ideas peculiarly favourable; all the domeſtics being dead aſleep from the afore-night's vigils. We had not obſerved any thing that ſhould diſcourage us, and our ſpirits

were uncommonly briſk: at midnight we croſſed the froſty courts, and ſecretly entered the nobler wing: all was ſilent as we could wiſh; the night lamps friendly ſhone, but the rooms were deſerted and fireleſs. We quickly reached the corridor that leads to the Conte's chambers: the particular one in which he ſlept, we had preconcerted the means of opening; and ſoon as we were approached within a prudent diſtance, Gervaſe was motioned to paſs on. Though each moment of delay hazarded our lives, he was ſo tardy, that I, Signor, impatiently wrung the ſtiletto from his hand, and accuſed him by my looks of faithleſſneſs and cowardice. This reproach ſo galled him, for he was not a coward by nature, that he retook the weapon; and with a deſperate ſtruggle went the way, in which I, Signor, would have preceded him, had he lingered a few moments longer. After he diſappeared, we remained like ſo many ſtatues, every ſenſe changed into

ear; but no immediate ſound cheering us, this ſilence grew too painful for endurance. We longed to hear ſomething leſs mournful than the pulſations of our own hearts; and our eyes communed before a word was ſpoken. A ſudden variation in the countenance of Marcin was ſo remarkable, that at any other time it could have diverted us; but, in the very den of the lion, it filled us with affright. In an inſtant all were infected; the terror of one's comrades confirmed one's own; and all eyes dwelt on the ſame objects. By the wonders of hell, Signor! if lights ever burned ſulphureouſly blue, then did thoſe above us."

Here Micho's remembrance outran his volubility, and his tongue ſilenced for his feelings to react the ſcene he deſcribed. Laying his damp and tremulous hand upon the nearly as much diſcompoſed Chevalier, he gathered ſpirits ſufficient to continue. "I can't expect, Signor, that you ſhould be able to con-

ceive a tithe of what we felt; yet how ſlight were thoſe ſenſations to others a minute later! He had nearly approached us before we had power to obſerve that Gervaſe was returned. Indeed, our firſt glances refuſed to acknowledge him, ſo miraculouſly he was changed. It ſeemed that he was moved by ſome ſpirit independent of himſelf; for he came down ſtiffly as a jointleſs corpſe, and manifeſted ſcarce ſtronger evidences of life: his lower jaw was ſunk, his eyes were glazed, his hair was ſtarted up, and his face had contracted a like ſulphureous ghaſtlineſs. At that moment we fancied the horrors attendant on the act had overcome him: ſtill hardly did we dare to preſume on ſucceſs, or even on a ſafe retreat from our enterpriſe; and when we found that his extended hands were unarmed and bloodleſs, we ſhrunk from him in horror and deſpair. As he came up, ſeeing his eyes roll with the endeavour to remedy the ſuſpenſion of his

tongue, we were aſſured that ſome tremendous circumſtance had wrought him to ſuch a ſpectacle. Accordingly we received him into our arms, and providently bore him to a neighbouring apartment. There we adminiſtered what was in our power, and awaited his recovery with fearful impatience; but the unfortunate man was never to know health again: in a convulſive interval he barely regained ſenſe ſufficient to ſurpaſs our wildeſt conjectures, and petrify our blood, by telling us, That he had been ſo ſhocked by an unnatural appearance in the Conte's chamber. Julian, he ſaid, was ſlumbering on a ſofa encompaſſed by ſtoves, and this indiſtinct ſomething ſtood near him. We were unable, Signor, to draw from him any further explanation: recollection renewed his delirium; and he began to howl and mutter with an unintelligible harſhneſs, which we were convinced muſt alarm the houſehold. It was in vain we attempted to ſmother

his ſhrieks; they only became the ſtronger: his outrages were thoſe of a maniac; and we ſoon agreed that though it were practicable to carry him off, we ſhould but ſave an involuntary accuſer, as in his frenzy he knew not what he ſaid: the danger were equally threatening in caſe we abandoned him: in our deſpair, we reſolved his life could not be other than our enemy: in preference to leſs ſudden means, we therefore caſt him from a window of a giddy height, and ſhivered his bones on the pavement below. Such, Signor, was the neceſſary end of Gervaſe, and ſuch is the cauſe that his ſpirit now haunts this caſtle."

"And how came it that his body did not lead to your detection?" aſked Henri, who was ſorely troubled with the ſimilarity of his own danger to that Micho deſcribed.

"That I cannot ſatisfactorily anſwer," returned the latter. "The death of Gervaſe was aſcribed to the deſpair of unſuc-

ceſsful guilt, for his dagger found in the chamber of Julian bore accuſation againſt him. But whether the Conte were really unlearned in the part we took in the attempt, or backward to avow his knowledge, leſt curioſity would explore the way through which it came, I am unable to reſolve. Certain it is my comrades have ſince fallen faſtly off, inſomuch that I have long ſuſpected ſome contrivance at the bottom of theſe deſperate ſervices, to which they were ſo particularly appointed. Save two or three who have deſerted, I am the ſole ſurvivor."

"And what were your inducements to remain?"

"Aſſurance of my ability to ſurmount any peril to which they might appoint me; attachment to ſome damſels of the family; preference to the place; and, ſtronger than all theſe, a ſecret infatuation that I ſhould ſome time or other erect my fortune with the wrecks of that of the tyrant. This laſt was my motive

for conſpiring with you. Were I to prefer to the inquiſition an accuſation of Julian for unnatural knowledge, ſtrict as that tribunal is, backward would it be to offend one ſo renowned, on the impeachment of one ſo mean. Your nobility, birth, and demeſne, are what were wanting to patroniſe me."

A dawn of Micho's project enlivened Henri, who, earneſt to comprehend the whole, accordingly queſtioned him. He ſoon learned that, conſcious his former grounds of accuſation were too ſlight, Micho had artfully contributed towards the like attempt, in hope that the like would be the conſequences. If ſuch were the caſe, an inquiſitional enquiry might be relied on. His election to the ſervice, which moſt of all he had reaſon to dread, was the reaſon of his precipitancy in unfolding the aforetold horrible facts. Otherwiſe he conſidered that the ſacrifice of one poor wretch was abſolutely neceſſary; and would have

retained the diſheartening truth unknown to all, till it were confirmed by the expected teſtimony beyond diſcredit. It was his intention then to diſcover all he knew to Henri, and inſpire him with renewed confidence in the power of the church. Thus had he premeditated a diſtinguiſhed and profitable part for himſelf.

A double choice now was offered to Henri; an immediate appeal to the inquiſition, or to preſerve it for a reſource in caſe of the failure of his effort to ſlay Julian. As Micho ſaid, in the firſt inſtance the evidence would be imperfect; but then, on the other ſide, the vaſtneſs of the peril was appalling, notwithſtanding its many advantages. In theſe reflections his mind arranged the circumſtances obvious on other ſide, and he demanded of Micho, If it really were his confidence that the ſpirit of Gervaſe haunted the caſtle?

The anſwer was ſolemnly affirmative:

" I have ſeen it," added he, " perform feats to which thoſe of no man, no not even of Julian himſelf, can bear a compariſon. Imagine, Signor, the utmoſt a man like the Conte can do, and ſay if the being that ſurpaſſes him can be mortal?"

Henri was now come to his right ſenſes, and he ſpoke of Julian as he deſerved. Micho continued, " A fleſhleſs ſkeleton is the poor remainder of Gervaſe's corpſe, which was ignominiouſly enchained to a branch of one of the olive trees beneath the northern turret."

" Ha!" interrupted Henri: " You remind me that Rodrand mentioned its cuſtomary diſappearance from that ſpot."

" With truth," adjoined Micho; " and is not that a confirmation ſufficient to confound the incredulous? Formerly, indeed, we know that there was a ſubterranean outlet, commencing from an obſcure dell in the garden, by which the beſieged might ſally forth. Through it

Julian privately entered on the laſt day of the old Conte's life, and by the ſame way, we, his followers, were inſtructed to ſurpriſe the unwary caſtle: but, a long time paſt, that paſſage was choked up by the foundations of ſome new buildings, which form an angle of the Conte's lodgings."

"I cannot deſcribe what I feel," ſaid Henri; "but it ſtrikes me that my fate and this phantom are ſtrangely allied. Were it preſent, methinks I could ſpeak to it."

"Oh, I would not for a univerſe!" cried Micho: "for ſure my words would change to conſuming thunder."

"Huſh!" whiſpered the Chevalier: after a ſtilly pauſe, he aſked Micho, If ſomething had not ruſtled by them? Micho's anſwer was unintelligible, his words being intercepted by his teeth; his hand, which the Chevalier had caught, was moiſt with damp perſpiration; and his pulſe was indiſtinguiſhable

from the general ague of his flesh. Henri on the moment became aspen-like, for directing his eyes, he at once was acquainted with his comrade's terror and his own ruin: the vision of the peaceless Gervase stood between them and the embrasure, awful in darkness, and disturbing the air with its unsettled plumage. Had the contrary spectacles of heaven and hell disclosed themselves on either hand, they would have failed to unfix the stare of Henri's bursting eyes from this tremendous apparition. Hand in hand with Micho he mechanically shrunk backward, till he suffered a severe concussion against the flinty wall. This and a movement of approach perceptible on the part of the apparition, affrighted Henri to an effort of flight; and by a single struggle he disengaged himself from his companion. As he staggered over the body of the fictitious Raulin, which thwarted the entry, he was frozen by a long lingering groan, in

which the unlucky Micho breathed his laſt. The next inſtant he imagined his own death was foreboded by the rattling of armour, and he ruſhed againſt the door; burſting it open, he hurried through the mutineers, who, alarmed proportionably to their ignorance, ſpeedily diſperſed.

Henri ſtopped not until he reached his chamber, wherein he barricaded himſelf: but his principal tormentor could not be excluded; it being reflection, which revived the horrors he had undergone. No glimpſe of comfort was viſible; for hope itſelf was eclipſed by myſtery, miracle, and terror: the beings of the grave ſeemed to fight the battles of Julian, and againſt ſuch, art or force were alike ineffectual.

Uncertainty urged him abroad the next morning: he paſſed through the neighbouring courts without occurrence or obſervation to inſpirit or depreſs him; but a dreadful ſpectacle awaited him in

another part of the caſtle, where in an extenſive area were diſplayed the headleſs corſes of the mutineers, ſurrounded by crowds of the band and houſehold. Henri's deſpair was ſo great, that in its firſt paroxyſms he was about to caſt himſelf headlong into an aqueduct, which ſupplied the caſtle. Fortunately, this idea cooled, and its expreſſions eſcaped notice; elſe it would have proved leſs difficult to conquer his own feelings than others' curioſity. In a faltering voice, he ventured to enquire, What were the crimes imputed to the ſufferers? It was anſwered, That they barbarouſly had murdered an ancient ſoldier of the band —Micho, and one of their own comrades—Raulin. Henri's ſurpriſe was ſcarcely leſs notable than his fear, and hardly could he gather effrontery to aſk further. He was told that they had flung the bodies into an old cavern; and his informant added, That the deed was as unaccountable as it was ſhocking.

The mode of their detection he was unable to deſcribe, as he only knew what indeed he had witneſſed, which was their unexpected ſeizure in the various parts of the caſtle, and inſtant decapitation without permiſſion to utter a word of defence. For further intelligence he referred the Chevalier to the executioners, with whom Henri was not in the leaſt inclined to commune, when he deſcried them to be thoſe ruffians from whom Micho had warned him, as they were ſuppoſed to be in the confidence of Julian: another proof of their diſtinction was the fear in which they were beheld by their fellows; ſo that the man provided for his own curioſity at the ſame time he tutored the Chevalier's.

The worſt was hardly more to be dreaded than the torture of ſuſpence; and could Henri have gained an eaſy admiſſion to the Conte's chamber, he would boldly have entered it: but his former hopes and proſpects had ſwoln

his deportment to ſuch preſumptuous inſolence, that Julian had for ſome time cut ſhort their familiar intercourſe, and repulſed him with dignified reſerve. He paced the ramparts, wiſtful for the important interview; but the Conte was inviſible throughout the anxious day.

In the evening Henri attempted the apartments of Larina with a reſolution that could but be openly combated. She liſtened to his ſtory with wonder, and to its cataſtrophe with ſorrow; but his ſubſequent liberty revived ſome ſpirit of hope, and Henri partaking it, mentioned the deceaſed Micho's project; at the ſame time adjuring her to avow if ever an idea of her huſband's preternatural knowledge had ariſen in her mind. She ſolemnly replied, That it would be vanity to give a confuſed ſuſpicion that haunted her fancy the merit of ſuch an idea; but that moſt certainly her cohabitation with the Conte had been diſcontinued on account of an indeſcribable reſtleſſneſs

ſhe had been unable to endure in their nocturnal intimacies. Henri emitted an exclamation of joy and aſtoniſhment, and earneſtly beſought her to reconſider if any particular circumſtance had at any time come to her knowledge, wherefrom might be inferred more than mere conjecture. None of importance lived in her memory; but ſhe obſerved, That as the expreſſions of Julian's aſpect were ſo unlike any ſhe ever had ſeen, the emotions of his mind muſt be equally uncommon; and that the flaming convulſions of his eyes, when they gazed on the vacant air, were oftentimes ſuch as exorciſts pronounced to characteriſe a communion with the beings of immortality. To theſe remarks Henri added the adventure of the croſs, which had ſignaliſed his original meeting with Julian: but the preceding diſappointment was too frightful ſo early to give way to other purpoſes. Beſides, the very foundation of their new hopes threatened to bury

them in deſtruction; for were Julian capable of the ſuperlative guilt of which they wiſhed to impeach him, how was it poſſible their machinations could eſcape him. This conſideration diſquieted Henri; and Larina, fearful of his backwardneſs, endeavoured to weaken his dread of Julian's power without cooling his dependance on his criminality: ſo happily ſhe perfected her deſign, that Henri even undertook to venture to aſcertain the reality or the impoſition of the ſpectre of Gervaſe. Intoxicated with temerity and wine, he quitted the artful Larina, and, without loitering, went towards his own lodgings.

It was the deep of the night, and every domeſtic noiſe was huſhed. When he paſſed along the gallery, which ran about the marble hall, deſcribed by Claudio to open on the gardens, a lingering ſound, rendered unintelligible by the ſtormy ſhrillneſs of the winds, aroſe from among the columns that compoſed the ſubſtruc-

tion of the gallery. It came beneath the ſpot where Henri was rivetted by terror and attention, preciſely as the neighbouring clock chimed and tolled the hour that knells the death of a day; and the roaring undulations yet ſhook the belfrey, and deafened the ears of the Chevalier, when his caſual glance towards the veſtibule fell on a tall figure that glided outwards. Its paſſage was ſo inſtantaneous, that to the then tenor of his thoughts might be aſcribed his conception of its reſemblance to the ſpirit of Gervaſe; but, earneſt to ſatisfy his tremulous curioſity, he ran to the windows, and looked through the central one, which commanded the lawn before the veſtibule. The Gothic thickneſs of the painted glaſs, and the interlunar darkneſs without, at firſt diſappointed his hopes; but paſſing his eyes to and fro, he at length fixed them on a large pool, that was ſituated nearly beneath the windows, through which the night-

lamps ſhone, and ſhed on its rippled waters a tapering width of ſparkling light —the more admirable on account of the ambient gloom. From the ſkirts of this gloom emerged and ſlowly glided over the fiery ſurface a ſhadow, repreſentive of the coloſſal proportions of the ſpirit of Gervaſe. Satisfied that he was not miſtaken, Henri haſtily ran on, reſolute to watch the equivocal being, which he hoped would not quit the gardens before himſelf deſcended into them by a dilapidated buttreſs. This projected from the walls cloſe to his chamber, wherefrom ſnatching a pair of proved ſtillettos, he cautiouſly lowered himſelf down.

The tempeſt, which had fermented ſince the evening, was now begun in hollow thunderings that rolled on the winds; and before he could get half-way to the ſummer-houſe, Henri was ſo entirely diſcompoſed by the elemental turbulence, that he turned aſide to take ſhelter in an artificial cavern, that was

ſcooped into a maſs of granite, to conclude by an antique wildneſs the proſpect up the chief viſta. The mouth of the cavern was ſkirted by cypreſſes, thickly rooted in ſtudious diſorder; and theſe, beat on by the furious winds, inclined their ſupple ſtems ſo completely athwart the entrance, that Henri at firſt was perplexed to diſcover it, and when lodged was moſtly incloſed in darkneſs. The uncomfortableneſs of his condition was ill adapted to encourage him, and the terrors of the elements were frightfully relative to the object of his purſuit. In the blaſts, which ſung through the crannies of the rock, and from the mouths of the quilly weeds, he conceited a voice of warning from his preſumption; but he was not decided to forego it before ideal diſcouragements were ſupplanted by real ones. A volley of thunder rattled beneath the heavens ſo tremendouſly harſh, that the functions of nature ſtood at a pauſe, as though devoted to the

powers of deſtruction; the winds were momentally tranced; and the trees, ceaſing to bend, diſcloſed the portentous ſpirit of Gervaſe in neareſt approach to the receſs of his concealment.

It came on in companionſhip with the ſtorm: the lightning flaſhed above ſulphureouſly, as though the firmament reflected the ebullitions of hell; the pitchy clouds ſtooped towards the earth denſe and black, as though they charioted the demons of evil. Henri nothing doubted his neighbourhood to a preterhuman being; yet did that aſſurance, by ſhewing him how deſperate was his extremity, invigorate him for an encounter: inebriated by the fumes of Larina's wine, he madly graſped his dagger; but the awful lightning darted along the blade, and wreathing it into an offenceleſs form, ſplit off in flakes of glory that ſcrutiniſed the cavern, and blinded his eyes. Wonderfully he eſcaped every bodily injury: not ſo his mind; half frenzied by the

late incidents, it prompted him to proſtrate and adore the being ſo miraculouſly defended. But this ecſtaſy calmed with the tempeſt, which, as if ſatisfied with its chaſtiſement of his temerity, ſailed to a diſtance. In the ſucceeding moment he was left alone, for the figure quitted the cavern.

Henri was now at liberty to recede from his enterpriſe, but a ſtrange infatuation urged him to perſevere in it: perhaps he thought that the peril he ſafely had undergone could not be ſurpaſſed. Notwithſtanding the ſheets of rain which ſuddenly fell, to which though he was indebted for the privacy of his own ſteps, he kept the figure in eye till the eventful ſummer-houſe came to view. It then vaniſhed, and the Chevalier ſtaggered. A bluiſh ſtream of light abruptly ſhone againſt the latticed windows: it haſtily brightened to a red and powerful illumination, that poured on the neighbouring parterres. The Chevalier was re-

assured by the light, and a dozen strides brought him to the vestibule; the anti-rooms were dark; the innermost, in which the luckless Conte had endured his fate, was bemired by manly foot-marks, which pointed to a cleft in the centre of the flooring, wherethrough arose a quivering light that involved the ceiling in smoke. It weakened while Henri approached; and by the time he ascertained the mystery of a trap-door, its last ray lingered on the lowermost step of a steep flight, which, indented in the natural rock, descended to a drear subterranity. He had not leisure to weigh the danger in persisting on, or his decision might have come too late: as it was, he merely could see to descend without falling; and so rashly he ventured to penetrate the privities of a lone building, in which the fresh footmarks above evidenced some one was preceding him; and who could that one be but Julian or

his agent, as the keys of the prohibited portal were in his poſſeſſion?

Henri juſt gained the bottom time enough to benefit by a remote glimpſe; and making it his beacon, he faſtly gained on the bearer. Soon as he came in ſight of him, he recogniſed the figure accoutred as before, in ſable panoply. Henri was then aware of the craft of Julian, the detection of whoſe ghaſtly impoſition at once ſolved the deſtruction of Raulin and Micho: his torch-light he conjectured to be kindled by a chemical compoſition. Still his reverence for Julian was little abated from what he had felt for him as a ſpectre; for in following the man who dared to trouble the night with ſpiritual mockery, his ſtride involuntarily ſhortened.

Thus was one ſuperſtition ſupplanted by another; for could an errand be honeſt in that noxious hour into the entrails of the earth? was a queſtion Henri often

ſtarted, and each time negatived: his imagination preſumed Julian about to enact ſome diabolical witchery that neceſſitated unhallowed ſolitude. Yet could not this frightful ſuppoſition appal him back again: the length and intricacy of a dark retrogradation was little leſs diſformidable than to proceed: beſide, could he ſurvive the horrors he might witneſs, he hoped to tell a tale that ſhould arouſe the moſt torpid Member of the Inquiſitorial Tribunal.

Inſpirited by this reflection, he ſuffered himſelf to be induced through the vaulted excavations in rocks ſimilar to thoſe in which he had been impriſoned; until Julian ſtopped, and ſtuck his torch uprightly in a crevice in the ground; placing beſide it a brazen veſſel, which Henri's fancy magnified to a cauldron filled with the herbs and roots requiſite to work the ſpell. This veſſel he doubtleſs had taken up in his paſſage through

the ſummer-houſe; for it could not have eſcaped unnoticed by Henri, when they were together in the cavern.

Julian began to remove the ponderous faſtenings of a door; and Henri, immediately on hearing the clattering of a fallen bar, ſuſpected that he meant to ſeclude himſelf in one of the ſecret chambers with which the place abounded. Such a deſign he had ſufficient reaſon to dread; and he incautiouſly approached Julian, the better to aſcertain what he was about. His footfall betrayed him; and hardly had he time to abſcond behind a maſſive column, before Julian, alarmed from his labour, caught up his torch, and ſhot paſt him in erring purſuit. Henri's heart fluttered no leſs, for he thought himſelf forſaken to inextricable darkneſs; but from this ſhocking idea he was recovered by a glimmering of light, that quivered through a door half opened by Julian beneath an oblique

archway. Henri's curiosity was painfully earnest to scrutinise the mysteries beyond this door; and soon as Julian's footsteps fainted on the ear, he pushed it open with a hand too desperate to be cautious.

It merely disclosed a circular dungeon, in no wise more remarkable than that wherein himself had spent some dejected hours; a similar lamp was suspended from the roof, which rays but dimly penetrated the obscure recesses that deformed its rotundity. At first he glanced around with much disappointment; but a more acute inspection discovered in one of the recesses a resemblance to the human form, huddled in the piece-meal remnants of a mattress. His instantaneous conception was adverse to Larina, for it froze his affection to her. She is an usurper, thought he; I have found out the tomb of her yet living father. He shuddered, and was bound to the spot; but compassion gave

way to the eminence of horror as the recollection ſtarted in him, that an human carcaſe is an ingredient eſſential to ſome magical compoſitions. Although no fetid ſtench evidenced the mortality of the body, yet his ſenſes were not unoffended; and he further was aſſured in his apprehenſion by the unfavourableneſs of the place to the repoſe of the aged, and more particularly by the noiſe Julian had cauſed at the entry, which a ſcore times over was ſufficient to diſturb any ſenſible perſon. The palſy of terror yet ſhivered through his limbs, when a brighter light glittered on the pavement at his feet than was emitted by the overhanging lamp: the imperial tread of Julian then was audible: expectant of a ſcene ſurpaſſing the utmoſt picturings of fancy, Henri ſhrouded himſelf within the favourable duſkineſs of a cavity, whence he could ſee without hazard of being ſeen.

Julian came in with looks of keen

ſurpriſe; he took up an empty veſſel that was in the dungeon, and replaced it by the one he had brought; then ſhooting fierce glances on the motionleſs figure, in accents of fury that might have untombed the dead, he bade it come forth. To the aſtoniſhment of Henri, a meagre ſhape, ſtarting as from a famined lethargy, reared its almoſt fleſhleſs and diſpirited limbs againſt the flinty ruggedneſs of the wall; when upright, preſenting through the gloom of the receſs, more the evidence of an apparition than of a bodied man. Again Larina loſt the Chevalier's heart, while her ſtone-hearted huſband ſpurned his food towards the hungry wretch, to whom he exhibited aſpects of various meanings, inconceivable as they were frightful: a pauſe, employed in theſe fiendly diſtortions of feature, haraſſed the ſoul of Henri, who ſoon had cauſe to deplore the ſeverity of his own fate, as Julian retired, and left him a fellow to the care-thinned

tenant of this comfortleſs confinement. Soon as the ſteps of the receding tyrant ceaſed to babble through the ſubterranean myſteries, Henri ventured from his concealment. Imagination contraſted the Conte di Fiaſcano in the happy and glorious days of his dignity, with the enervated and ſcarcely animated ſkeleton that now was devouring with thankful appetite the ſcanty diet accorded him by the black uſurper of thoſe demeſnes, on which ſo often he had feaſted the unfriended and the moneyleſs: he, who had meekened his feudal deſpotiſm by the gentleneſs of his own ſentiments, the munificent and the juſt, now evidently prolonged an inconſolable exiſtence on the charity of a creature, tainted by imputations of guilt worſe than an ordinary criminal could deſerve. How barbarous muſt his ſufferings have been! how iniquitous his perſecutors! Henri's heart contracted with the latter idea, and his lips diſpoſed themſelves for the

tender modulations of comfort; but ſo new were they to the ears he addreſſed, that, joined with the abruptneſs of his appearance, they overcame the miſerable old man, whoſe terrors broke the ſilence of his ſoul in a weak ſhriek, that accompanied his downfall into the receſs.

Loathſome as were the habit and the ſkin of the wretch, Henri could not decline from aſſiſting him: ſtill, when he raiſed him from the ground, his hands denied their office; for famine ſo had bared the bones of the Conte, that the moſt careful touch conceived the diſguſt of a diſſection.

Henri, as he half knelt, reſted the ſufferer's head on his knee, and turned his face upwards, the better to recover him from the ſwoon. In a moment afterwards the wick of the lamp, dimly conſumed to a cinder, fell, and left the flame to taper with rekindled brightneſs. Henri was dividing the matted treſſes of his hair, which was glued by the ſlime

of reptiles on his face, juſt as the light unclouded its features, and developed a truth that revolutioniſed his feelings from humane ſympathy to filial poignancy. Pity to the Conte withdrew to the grave, which, in reality, long had ſepulchred him: Henri was alive to more exquiſite cares; it was his father he bore—his father, grown grey from hardſhip—who had ſhared with himſelf the enmity of Julian; and, unſtated of his rank, lingered a dreary ſuſpenſion of every comfort in the burrows of a robber, an unknown, a,a—language wants the word.

What enſued this intereſting diſcovery is eaſily conceived. The Marquis did not long continue in the miſtake that it was other than his living ſon he beheld, for reciprocal communications elucidated the guileful villainy of Julian; and Claudio was fully vindicated by the teſtimony of him, as whoſe murderer he had been condemned. It appeared by the confeſſions of the Marquis, That, de-

prived of all fortitude by the imaginary death of Henri, he had ſuffered himſelf to be enticed by Julian, firſt to Genoa, and ſubſequently to the Caſtle di Fiaſcano. (As Claudio ſaw) he publicly embarked on a temporary excurſion, recommended by his treacherous hoſt, whoſe hirelings drowned him in a deep lethargy by the ſtrong ſuporifics they inſtilled into his food; and, in the duſk of the evening of the ſame day, brought him privately back to recover his ſenſes in the diſmal place he had been made to pine in ever ſince. Thoſe hirelings Henri gueſſed to be the ſame confidential wretches of whom much already has been ſaid; and to them alone the immurement of his father could be known, or it muſt have been communicated to him by thoſe with whom he mutinouſly had been concerned: it ſeemed that the farce of the Marquis's departure was ſo perfectly acted, as to deceive all whom it was intended to deceive. The latter

concluded with a lamentable detail of the treatment he had experienced. Living in the ſuffocating corruption of his own fæces, which ſeldom were removed; his tattered garments in continual dripping from the humidity that trickled down the ſides, or fell from the roof in ſubtil drops on his unprotected head; an inſubſtantial mattreſs his only couch; his only coverlid a ſcanty cloak; nearly deprived of the uſe of his limbs by the ſurrounding dampneſs; enervated in his ſenſes of ſight and hearing.

During this long relation, of which each ſentence fermented the wrath of Henri, chiefly he was ſurpriſed at the refrainment of the Marquis in his mention of Julian. 'T was true, that ſo often as he was neceſſitated to utter that odious name, his tongue faltered ſympathetically with the tremulations of his heart: ſtill no acrimony accented its pronunciation, neither did a ſingle anathema accompany it: plainly feelings more

poignant than deteſtation debilitated the powers of his utterance.

Henri's ſtory could not boaſt of this forbearance, as he was without the hidden reſtraints. Indeed, conſcious how injurious his actions were to the proud principles of his father, he was careful to aſcribe them to the enforcement of the Conte; conſequently, his tale was ſpun out by defenſive falſehoods and miſrepreſentations, that reſcued him from any more ſerious imputation than that of folly. The ancient Marquis completely was prejudiced; and could he have felt worſe for Julian, he would have abhorred him as the tempter and intentional deſtroyer of the innocence of his unſuſpicious ſon.

Two or three unguarded ejaculations poſſeſſed Henri of his father's thoughts, and he ventured an inquiry of what had rendered them the objects of ſo relentleſs a perſecution. Immediately on the queſtion, the aſpect of the Marquis be-

came as diſtorted from terror as Julian's often had been from fury; preſenting to Henri the characters of an injunction to everlaſting ſilence on that head, unleſs he preferred, as really threatened to be the caſe, to conſign his father to an inſtant grave. This was concluſive; ſo was Henri left to his own conjecture, that an enmity unprovoked by himſelf muſt be inherited from his father.

However, there ſtill was much to unfold, excluſive of the mighty origin ſo inſcrutably concealed; Julian's revenge, or demonian ſpirit of cauſeleſs hate, not being vulgarly barren; for, from time to time, he had obliged the Marquis to ſubſcribe his name, and affix his ſignature, to papers that empowered the poſſeſſor, as by his delegation, to receive an exorbitant proportion of his revenue. In this craft was perceptible ſo deep a laid plan to deſpoil the lord and his heir by repeated extortions, that a ſhallow mind might be induced to pronounce

avarice to be the chief incentive to Julian's foreacted baſeneſſes. But ſuch could be the judgment of one only who never had witneſſed him; for his imperial mien evidenced the high-wrought ſublimity of his ſoul to be inflexible to baſeneſſes of paſſion, though adoptive of thoſe arts by which the feelings of his victims moſt painfully could be wrung.

After their firſt tranſports and curioſities were aſſuaged, Henri commenced an active reſearch for ſome favourable outlet; which concluded in the deſpondent conviction, that eſcape were impoſſible, unleſs aſſiſted by ſome uncommon chance.

The firſt hours of their companionſhip were cheered by this chimera, which appeared to them in its proper light, after a viſitation by Julian. He came on his uſual errand, which he acted fiercely as before, unobſervant of Henri, who ſlunk away to his original concealment. An-

other trial to force the door, through which he retired, was inutile as before: its faſtenings were abſolutely infrangible; nor ſeemed there the remoteſt likelihood that art could weaken them, with ſo much ſkill they were contrived.

Thus acquainted with the horrors of their ſituation, the chance that had brought them together was bitterly lamented by both. Henri, naturally impatient of reſtraint, was eſpecially ſo at a juncture when he conceived himſelf to be on the point of aſtoniſhing the world by his accuſations and diſcoveries: but how may be expreſſed the diſtraction of his wonder, when injoined by the Marquis never to purſue the plan already methodiſed, nor to act, or even imagine, a future moleſtation of Julian? The heart of the youth palpitated from remembrance of what he had done too apparently for thoſe circumſtances longer to be concealed; and he underſtood from the anguiſh of his paternal auditor,

how great was the peril he had incurred. Though apprehenſion and alarm racked the reflections of his brain, he was often on the point of giving the latter utterance; which would certainly have been the caſe, had he poſſeſſed the facility of expreſſion. Then how would this credulous father have felt, when imperiouſly challenged to develope the myſterious motives of his injunctions, and ſubmit them to the judgment of his ſon, who, as yet, conſidered them to be no worthier than the daſtardly brood of a broken ſpirit, baſe in themſelves, and unappropriate to the reſtriction of his own daring? Luckily, the unhappy Marquis eſcaped the avowal of theſe ſentiments, which would have overwhelmed him with affliction; and Henri's perplexity and indignation at future limitations were faſtly ſwallowed up by preſent horrors.

In deſpite of all his caution, he ſaw himſelf each time nearer a diſcovery by

Julian, whoſe allowance to his father being too ſcanty to gratify a double appetite, made him, in the deſperation of his hunger, almoſt indifferent to a detection. The confinement of a few days traced its hardſhips ſo viſibly on his perſon, that the Marquis could not condemn, though he chid, the deſpair that incited him to project an aſſault on Julian, when next he came. But when he perceived him apparently earneſt in ſo preſumptuous a deſign, whetting the ſtilletto he had brought, and ſtudying thruſts, he ſeriouſly beſought him to relinquiſh his temerity, and deſtroy his weapon! But Henri refuſed compliance, in anger to be denied the confidence of his father; before whom he undutifully perſiſted in his unreaſonable geſtures and boaſts.

While the hapleſs Marquis was pathetically deploring his diſobedience, the audible approach of Julian appalled both father and ſon. The former drooped on

the pavement, faint with diſregarded entreaty, whilſt the latter, weakened in courage at the critical moment, retreated, but with ſigns of deadly reſolution, to the cavity.

When Julian deſcried the Marquis in ſorrowful length along the earth, he ſuddenly ſtopped with his countenance averted from Henri; who in his attitude read uncommon emotion. A hollow ſigh from the proſtrate mourner recovered him from his miſapprehenſion; and he placed the food on the ground, with motions indicative of indignation at his own feelings. This was not a moment propitious to the ſuit of the Marquis, who, inconſiderate to aught that unconcerned the life of his ſon, ſo ſure to be forfeited by his raſhneſs, took an imploring hold of the ſaſh that begirt the loins of his tyrant, to whom he raiſed his blood-ſhot eyes, dim in tearful anguiſh; at the ſame time, addreſſing the language of entreaty in faltering enfeebled

tones, that reached Henri in dolorous indiſtinct murmurings. An audible exclamation, "Oh! pity! pity!" reached his ears, and ſhook his heart with indignant vibrations at the abaſement of his father, whom he heard ſo terminate his melancholy beſeeching.

He, whom he petitioned, ſeemed to have been caſt in ſome obdurate mould, untempered with mild ingredients, ſo amazingly had he at will the moſt terrible diſplay of thoſe violent feelings, by which the paſſions, more frequently than the heart, are agitated. "Pity!" re-echoed the contemptuous cadences of his voice: "Pity! and for thee!" and as he ſpake, he ſcowled from his proud pre-eminence on the lowly ſuppliant: "for thee!" the thrilling accents unnerved the limbs of the Marquis, who relapſed on the ground, while Henry relaxed the revengeful clench of his ſtilletto.

Julian's darkened exterior rebuffed the claims of miſery, more ſternly than his

voice, which hoarſely ſaid, "Addreſs the ſtones that pillow thee; for hard as they are is my heart to thee. It is not my fault thou deſerveſt no better." Impending over the Marquis, he proceeded in hurried tones, as recapitulating circumſtances unnaturally familiar to them both; but not a word could the curious ear of Henri underſtand; for ſuch was their monſtrous import, that echo was affrighted from her function. He ſaw his father writhe like the tortured ſufferer of a ſurgical inciſion; but on Julian human ſpeculation dared not dwell: the evil of his ſpeech was characterized by ſtrong and various geſtures, which appropriated the magnific proportions of his form to their ſilent eloquence.

Henri ſhuddered, and more when Julian, receding an ample ſtride, preſented a countenance hell-flaſhed above the picturings of imagination. The venom of his ſpirit ſeemed apt to ſpirt through every pore, and diffuſe its rancorous aſperſions: his body paſſionately ſhivered;

while his already gigantic limbs appeared to ſhoot anew, until they ſurmounted the extreme of human height. The light died on his dreadful transfiguration, and left him truly a demon of darkneſs. Henri was congealed into an attitude of faſcination, and ſcarcely could he ſilence the ſhriek of his terrors: they dimmed his eyes, and deafened his ears to what further paſſed between Julian and the Marquis. At length the return of ſilence ſomewhat reaſſured him, for wildly ſtriking his forehead, he looked with freſhened ſight, and rejoiced at the abſence of Julian.

Soon as Henri could recover from the effects of this ſcene, he moved to his father, who ſtill lay along the ground. Among the Marquis's feelings, which were exquiſitely poignant, was the meaner one of diſappointment in his expectation that Julian, in the courſe of his paſſionate upbraiding, would have revealed the myſtic truths; unconſcious of an overhearer in Henri, whom they were the fitteſt calculated to transfix with awe and

forbearance. However, the latter being fallen from his boaſts, the monotony of their impriſonment was uninterrupted by repetitions of the like.

The interval of the viſitations of Julian, which had ſeldom exceeded three days, was prolonged to the fourth after his recent appearance. Unappeaſable hunger was the fate of the melancholy pair throughout that mournful day, which was ſucceeded by one, in which they felt their utmoſt experience or idea of miſery to be outdone. Face to face they ſat, but at an unſociable diſtance, for kindred affection was loſt in ſelf-torture; their bowels were gnawed by famine, their minds were deſolate of hope; not a crumb of food remained, or nature muſt have witneſſed her tendereſt aſſociated children in heart-bleeding conteſt for a poor morſel, not a half-hour's reſpite from impending death.

As long as Henri could drink deep draughts of water, he mocked his ſto-

mach with imaginary ſuſtenance; but when the veſſel was exhauſted, and the fever of drought added to the wringings of hunger, his reaſon partook of the ravages of his conſtitution. Abandoned to delirious tranſports, he acted a thouſand extravagances, and rung the dungeon with piercing ſhrieks, fit to animate the flinty limits, or melt them into manna; but theſe ſubſided into dolorous inarticulate moans, as with ravenous frenſy he ſtruck his teeth into the fleſhy tenderneſs of his arm, and ſucked the blood through the lacerated ſkin. But this unnatural nouriſhment ſcarcely did more than crimſon the borders of his mouth; for his ſtomach rejected its loathſomeneſs with painful retchings, that exhauſted and weakened him to tears, of which a ſpirit-humbled ſhower concluded his paroxyſms.

For ſome hours in the early morning of the ſixth day (the third of famine), ſo death-like a ſtillneſs reigned in the

dungeon, that an outward liſtener would have apprehended its woe-worn tenants to be paſt relief. No experiment of that kind was made, for the paſſages to the dungeon remained untrod by Julian; and by the wavering light of the unrecruited lamp within, were dimly viſible the father and ſon, who had paſſed the night in mute deſpair of his arrival.

The former raiſed himſelf from the mattreſs whereon he long had ſtretched a torpid emblem of his impending fate, and ſigned to Henri to come to him. The youth, ſhuddering with the idea that his parent wiſhed to breathe his laſt in filial arms, unwillingly obeyed; and was told by the fainting Marquis, That his ſoul dared not to depart for the all-judging tribunal, unleſs it were diſburthened of that criminal ſecrecy in which himſelf was implicated with Julian. Henri now heard this declaration with feelings little more than indifferent to it: indeed, it was no wonder that his intereſt in

other's concerns ſhould be chilled by his own anguiſh, or that he ſhould be thoughtleſs of what could advantage a future life, when he was hopeleſs to ſurvive another day. The emotions of the Marquis were indeſcribably bitter, being a complication of mental and bodily agonies; and it was with much difficulty that he ſtruggled through an exordium, though language uncuſtomary to him was produced by the ſubject; while the attentive Henri was ſtruck aghaſt with horror at the nearneſs of that eternity, into which his father expreſſed ſo much repugnance to be launched. That reluctance implied an unaccountable dread of Julian; but his recovered breath enabled him to reſume the ſolution of thoſe perplexities, and he reminded Henri of an unfortunately deformed youth, his real but diſavowed brother, Arnaud. In the faith of a Catholic, the Marquis then confeſſed, that that young man was not un-

injured by him, on whom he naturally poſſeſſed the moſt abſolute claims. Added he, "Whatſoever were the wrongs he ſuffered, I long ſince have expiated the crime of their infliction. Julian has amply revenged them: Julian, in whom the ſpirit of Arnaud has grown hoſtile to my repoſe, fratricidal to thine. It is impoſſible that I ſhould now outlive the ſixth year ſince my miſery wound up towards this wretched criſis. Its commencement was incredible. I was one morning repoſing in my chamber's privacy, when my firſt acquaintance with the miniſter of vengeance ſprung up in his abrupt entrance."—At this critical moment, pregnant with a diſcloſure threatening to the wits of either, a noiſe around diſturbed even the deafened ear of the Marquis, whoſe aſpect became diſtreſsful from fear of Julian's approach and penetration into his faithleſs revealment. But as the noiſe continued long without his ap-

pearance, it ſtruck the better diſcriminating organs of Henri as not at all to reſemble the echoes of footſteps. At times it was not unlike the remote rumbling of thunder; then it would ſound more acute, or reach the ear in one exploſion. The terrors of an earthquake viſited the priſoners, of whom the elder ſlunk beneath his mattreſs, while the younger was rivetted cloſe to the doorway.

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He who long hath brooded on ſome favourite project, foregone much to forward it, and taſted earneſt of its ſucceſsful maturity, may ſlightly conceive the ſhock which the diſappearance of Henri gave to the diabolical hopes of Julian.

All fear of his machinations, however dangerous they might be, was abſorbed in darker intereſt. Actuated by an unaccountable fierceneſs of hatred, he had ſought to ruin that luckleſs youth both

in this world and the next. This reſolution we have often obſerved to withhold his death-dealing hand, when ready to fall on the inſolent head of Henri. To further this, he ſuffered himſelf to be abuſed with impunity, to become encompaſſed by aſſaſſins, and even when provoked to puniſh them, he ſpared their leader; and whilſt his heart was parched by wrath, condeſcended to act equivocally, becauſe he was wiſhful that Henri ſhould be free to immeſh himſelf in inextricable criminality.

At the time when he was triumphing on the near conſummation of his views, he detected the abſence of Henri. Vain were all his enquiries and reſearches. Larina, being ſuſpicious of Julian's fathomleſs craft, was mindful to conceal the plan to which herſelf had prompted Henri, who, ſhe did not doubt, was fallen into the ſnares of her huſband. How totally the reality was unſuſpected by Julian! for Henri's footmarks in the

ſummer-houſe were confounded with his own, or the dungeon muſt have incloſed a ſcene unparalleled throughout the world. Nature eſcaped her ſhame; but the Conte, though for the preſent completely baffled, treaſured in his breaſt an additional ſtore of torture for the youth ſhould he ever regain him.

In a very few days after this circumſtance, a hoſt of troubles aſſaulted the tranquillity of Julian; the more galling to his arrogance, on account of his prejudice that Henri already was an active enemy. A ſmall party, who had been detached on a diſtant excurſion, reappeared before the time preſcribed for their return; fleeing back to the caſtle in a precipitate diſorder, that infringed their maſter's ſtern injunction never to endanger its peace by ſhowing it to be their aſylum. Scarcely did the gates include them before the treble force of their purſuers appeared at a ſhort diſtance. They gazed at the ſpaciouſneſs of the

walls with earneſt ſurpriſe, and for ſome time were apparently occupied in noting down obſervations of their ſtrength and conſtruction; they then collected their ſtragglers, and ſlowly retired between the mountains.

The fugitives were ſeverely puniſhed by the directions of Julian, whom they vainly endeavoured to mollify by a pitiable ſtory of their miſhap in falling into an ambuſcade. He was made inexorable by their diſobedience, while threatened to involve him in ſerious conſequences; for during the next three or four days, various companies of ſtrangers were diſcovered in the buſineſs of reconnoitring the Caſtle and its vicinity. The peaſantry likewiſe, juſt at that time, ſuddenly ceaſed to bring their contributions to the gates; and though Julian, who always was provident for contingencies, had ſurcharged his magazines for the long ſuſtenance of a great number of retainers, yet he were unwilling to feed on

this reſource. Being angry and indignant at the default of his vaſſals in their fealty, he ordered preparations to be made for ſcouring the territory, intentionally to chaſtiſe them by extortions of their deficiencies, with earneſts of future punctuality.

The morning that he appropriated to this ſervice, opened damp and foggy with ſheeted exhalations from the lake. At an early hour the companies which were to accompany him, or to move in the directions he had arranged, were marſhalled in the areas of their peculiar wards. Julian was diſpenſing commands to the ſeveral leaders, by whom he was reſpectfully ſurrounded, when, a ſeeming miracle! he was electrified by the loud diſcharge of a cannon, ſo near as to ring its peals throughout the fabric, while its ball ſhattered a turret that ſhot upwards from a tower above the chief entrance, near the innermoſt portal of which he was ſtanding.

This diſaſter deciſively warned Julian from his purpoſe, as it convinced him that while he was projecting modes of external action his own roof was in a ſtate of ſiege.

This firſt report the companies received as the ſignal of march; accordingly they convened through its inlets in the grand court: there the alarm of their officers, which viſibly was increaſed by the ſubſequent exploſions, ſpread a panic throughout the ranks, and immediately the Caſtle was in a ſtate of commotion. The ſpot whence this miſchief iſſued was ſtill concealed by the fog, which cauſed the ordnance to be levelled at random; for the balls whiſtled over in harmleſs error, and more confounded than injured. However, the firing was kept up, with no other intervals than thoſe of a formal cannonade, until the ſoaring ſun diſperſed the thin obſcurity of the vale, and preſented to the view a battering train of artillery, in-

trenched ſome way above the foot of the oppoſite mountain. Their diſcovery was inſtantly announced by thoſe on the watch; and the extremeſt pinnacles of the many barbacans were forthwith thronged with the ſpectators of this phenomenon, ſo aſtoniſhingly conſtructed in the compaſs of a ſummer's night.

Julian averted from ſo unpleaſant a proſpect, with the remark that its defenders hardly exceeded the number of thoſe requiſite to ſerve the guns; wherefore he ordered his officers to rejoin their companies without delay. He then diſpatched ſcouts abroad, and perſonally conducted a ſtrong party through the ſubterranean maze, ſuppoſed by Micho to be choked up by the new erections, which, it now was ſeen, were conſtructed for the purpoſe of concealing and ſecuring it. This party ſallied forth beneath the ſhade of the olive trees that grew about the northern ramparts, and which ſkreened them from the fury of

the foe, whoſe flank they nearly turned before they were diſcovered. In that moment Julian beheld the fruſtration of their enterpriſe; for a rocket from the endangered battery elicited defence, and the eminences of the mountain immediately glittered with auxiliar arms. Yet in ſome meaſure he was gratified, as his reaſon in ſending them forth was merely to learn the ſtrength of his enemies, by neceſſitating them to appear; but at that juncture he had conceived hopes of more important events, which quickly were blaſted by the precipitate retreat of his men, who very narrowly eluded the danger of an interception. Scarcely were they ſheltered before thoſe unhappy fellows, who had iſſued abroad as ſcouts, reappeared in deſperate flight from them by whom the caſtle was inveſted. Very few re-entered the gates: ſome reached them only to expire on the threſhold; others were ſlain at diſtances diſtinct to the ſight of their comrades on the walls;

to whom they addreſſed imploring geſtures, as ineffectual as were their ſupplications to their enemies, who diſpatched them with relentleſs blows, depictive of their reſolution to wage a war of extermination againſt this ſo long undiſcovered horde of robbers.

In that mercileſs conduct Julian fancied that he could diſcern Henri's enmity and advice; and with ungovernable wrath he haſtened to the dwelling of Larina. Already had the Conteſſa, whoſe joy was the idea that enraged him, climbed the loftieſt terrace near her chamber, to contemplate the ſtrength and diſpoſition of her deliverers. At firſt ſhe was heedleſs to aught but the check given to her huſband's dreaded omnipotence in the repulſe of his ſally; but her pleaſure ſoon ſubſided into alarm at the furious whizzing of the balls which diſturbed the atmoſphere. Conſiderate that the power of her love could not regulate the once diſcharged rage of his enginery,

ſhe corrected her imprudence juſt in time; for ſcarcely were ſhe withdrawn, when a ſhot ſtruck the balluſtrade on which ſhe had reclined, and ſhivered its admirable ſculpture. Trembling with terror, ſhe deſcended to her chamber, which ſhook beneath the footing of Julian, who entered by an oppoſite door. He miſtook her trepidation for the conſciouſneſs of how guilty were her deſerts; and aggravated it by glances green feſtering from his heart, till he appalled her by exclaiming, "Madam, your minion is returned in arms: it is my deſire to forward you to his greeting." He ſtamped his foot, and the guards entering, diſreſpectfully tranſported Larina to a priſon-tower that was moſt expoſed to the fury of the beſiegers, who thither pointed the major weight of their artillery.

Though Henri did not actuate this attack, its real motives were not leſs hoſtile to the ſafety of Julian. Long had the

ſurrounding country bled beneath his devaſtating ſcourge, and extortion and cruelty preceded the ſteps of his ſelf-commiſſioned power. His latter preſumptuous abuſe of its ſanction and authority had not always eſcaped unheard of by the ſtate; which was the chief reaſon of its lively intereſt in the recent detection of his treaſonable miſapplication of the force he pretended to embody in providence for its warlike exigences, to the inexcuſable purpoſes of interior rapine and murder.

As the Venetian council were exempt from foreign contention or even altercation, they hailed that the fitteſt time for the quelling their undutiful ſubjects; and, ever wiſe in their deciſion, reſolved on the downfall of the Conte di Fiaſcano. They were confident that the deſtruction of a man, endowed with might and ability beyond the compariſon of any contemporary noble, and to whom all Condottieri looked for example and

ſanction, could not but diſpirit and appal thoſe traitors who ſimilarly inverted the inſtruments which their country had allowed them to aſſume for its defence, ſo as to render their reduction a buſineſs of much inferior dignity.

They diſplayed the ſame character for promptitude in their private diſſenſions, which ſo often has animated their public hoſtilities; for a ſmall legion of their ſoldiery, that was briſk in march to a prudent garriſon on the Breſcian frontiers, was countermanded by a ſwift poſter, while baiting in the ancient town di Garda; whence the men were with all poſſible celerity embarked, conveyed over the lake, landed, encamped, and intrenched, beneath the privacy of night, before that Caſtle, which maſter had harboured but a four-day conſciouſneſs of detected diſloyalty. In the bringing up of warlike neceſſaries, the orders of the ſtate were obeyed with equal good-will and diligence; inſomuch that the

artillery was ready for the trenches soon as the latter were formed. A more formidable force was likewise prepared, for rightly it was judged that Julian would be inexpugnable by less than an exceeding great majority of numbers: accordingly many reinforcements of the orderly military were drawn from their different cantonments, and concentrated with the leading corps immediately on its arrival.

Further measures were taken to relieve the state from its principal apprehensions of a procrastinated siege, by applications to the neighbouring chieftains; some of whom resenting Julian's pride and disdain, others interested to disguise their similar offences by present patriotism, volunteered an auxiliary vassalage. The fame of Julian recoiled to his own detriment; for it actuated many to abet his overthrow, whom he had not personally offended. The camp of his adversaries was thronged by those who

either coveted a ſhare in the partition of his wealth, or malignly hoped to exult amid the wreck of his fortune who had degraded them in every competition, or ſtrove to partake the glory of a victory over him from whom a man could tell his defeat without ignominy: not a few among the latter were young gentlemen, who came to eſtabliſh beyond diſcredit their inebriate fanfarronades, by conteſting with the preeminent in proweſs, Julian.

Though their motives were various, their inclinations and endeavours were one: their luxury or temperance was gratified by the rich and wholeſome food that was ſupplied them in profuſion by the revolted vaſſals; and they were inſtructed in the localities obnoxious to aſſault, by one of thoſe deſerters whom Micho mentioned, and who now came forth to ſteep his paſt illegalities in conditional oblivion. Thus was the fierceneſs of a cruſade inſtituted againſt Julian;

before whoſe devoted walls the lion of Venice emblemed defiance, as it paraded around, and ſtreamed on the clamorous blaſts of the patriotic, the politic, the avaricious, the envious, the renegade, and the raſh: a promiſcuous concourſe, diſcordant in armour, arms, and diſcipline, cemented by one ſanguinary reſolution, backed by a martial force, and commanded by a knight of the chivalric order of St. Mark.

It is impoſſible to depict the feelings inſpired in Julian by this tremendous hoſtility. They cannot be ſuppoſed timorous; for we have foreſhewn that had all men been endowed like him, language ſhould not have poſſeſſed ſuch a word as fear, becauſe ſuch a ſenſation could never have diſpirited the human breaſt. Contrarily did he ſuffer; and the beſt-piercing diſcernment might have read in his unguarded deportment, cares more intereſting than the preſervation of his caſtle and domains. He ſtalked a

thoughtful ſlur on the fair face of day, and ſeemed long to meditate ſome tranſcendently horrible purpoſe: thrice did his poniard leap from its peaceable ſheath, and his ſcorching eyes outſtare the radiance of a noontide ſun; as often his conſcience held parly with his wrath, diſengaged the weapon from his graſp, and aſſuaged him, but not to calmneſs or contrition.

He glanced over the ambient proſpect, which was bright with arms ſharpened for his ruin; and his ſoul dilated for an encounter worthy its mightineſs with thoſe men collectively, who individually muſt have mouldered at his touch.

As long as the lake, on which ſide the caſtle was weakeſt, flowed unruffled by inimical prows, Julian mentally derided the perſeverance of the beſiegers: but his exultation was not of continuance; for, towards evening, ſeveral barques darkened that view, mooring within a

ſhort diſtance of the walls, and communicating ſuccour and confidence to the camp.

But every danger, ſoon as foreſeen, was counteracted by Julian; who grappled his boats together with iron chains, and overlaid them with platforms for the convenience of his men; of whom he ſelected the beſt, as a kind of forlorn hope, to which all poſſibility of retreat was denied by the demolition of thoſe bridges, which, theretofore, connected the terraces of diſembarkation to the interior gates. Theſe, and other works, divided the night in project and labour.

Meantime the bulwarks on the land ſide were dilapidated by the thunderous hoſtility, from which they never before had ſuffered injury. Though modernized by Julian, according to the improvements in fortification invented during the continental wars and the ſuggeſtions of his own genius, many defects had eſcaped him, which he now lamented

his inability to rectify. He was mortified to behold the defences crumbling away, and chaſms widening, wherethrough the inner courts were raked by the balls of deſtruction; for theſe were not yet qualified to overfly the extremeſt pinnacles of impediment, and viſit the innermoſt receſſes with ſhowers of bombardment.

The beſiegers were much exhilarated by the miſchief of their cannonade, which was continued throughout the night, when the opening of day diſcloſed it to their ſight. They joyfully regarded the ſpacioufneſs of the chief breach as paſſable; and its vicinity to the grand portal convinced them that the importance of that quarter were worthy every deſperation of aſſault. Such was the opinion of the commander in chief, who ſenſibly felt the danger impended over him by the intrepidity and enterpriſe of Julian, who was not an enemy before whom delay might be ventured.

He likewiſe knew his own power to be the beſt adapted for impetuous meaſures, compounded, as it was, of miſtruſtful and turbulent Nobles, as inſubordinate to his command as they were deficient in the art of enforcing ſubordination among their vaſſals; and a concourſe of young men, whoſe intemperance for military fame was regardleſs to peril ſave as a zeſt to the acquirement, but whoſe impatience of control and poſtponement might be feared to terminate their ſervice by a diſguſtful alienation. Theſe were his reaſons for hazarding an attempt, to which there were numerous obſtructions that could not be calculated.

No ſooner were the camp appriſed of his intentions, than it rung with approving acclamations: each man haſtened to his rank in arms for manual combat, cheerful with hopes of plunder, honour, or preferment; while numberleſs bannerolls were diſtributed among the eager cavaliers, with promiſes of priority in ho-

nourable mention to the ſtate of him who would firſt implant his enſign within the breach. Every matter regulated, the volunteers poured down the mountain in preſumptuous diſorder, preceded by a menial number, laden with the machinery for a bridge over the moat.

The ſudden pacification of the battery, and the vocal uproar that ſucceeded the exploſions of its ordnance, alarmed the watchful ears of Julian; and he inſtantly betook him to the battlements. Readily he conjectured where would burſt the gathering ſtorm, and iſſued orders to them around him with heroic compoſure; for, at the ſame time, he deſcried the formidable barques to be thronged by ſoldiers, who filed from the bank beneath his eyes, launched into the lake, and awaited the ſignal to attack. For their reception he was prepared; ſo he would have been by land, had he not feared that the ſtrengthening of one part ſhould have turned the aſſault on another: but

now that it was certain where their preference lay, he remedied each inſufficiency with inſtant preſence of mind, and marſhalled his band on the endangered ramparts, with directions to bring their artillery to bear on the outward ſupport of the bridge, which the workmen had already made much progreſs in erecting; but with a poſitive prohibition of the firing of a ſingle piece till his own voice commanded it.

The borders of the foſſe were now lined by the enemy, whoſe archery and muſquetry ſo inceſſantly ſwept over the ramparts, that the defenders ſcarcely dared to ſhew their faces: ſtill Julian undauntedly abided the bringing of his accoutrements; and it ſeemed that while contemplating the multitudes againſt him, their mightineſs united in his own nerves, for with agility his admirable limbs worked that ponderous armour, which was borne to him in ſeparate

pieces, each overburdening to the ſtrength of his ſquires.

The bridge ſoon joined the walls, and the aſſailants, in deep phalanx, approached; then promiſcuouſly mounted it: ſoon as the frame creaked beneath their weight, Julian ſentenced their deſtruction; for his fatal voice was echoed by his cannon, which ſhattered many a daring form. The band clearly ſaw the grand ſucceſs produced by this reſtrainment, which they ſecretly had condemned; for the balls centering in one ſpot, divided the van, which was forward on the bridge, from the rear, which was neceſſary to ſupport it, and beſpread the interſpace with mangled bodies. But this advantage was counterbalanced by their own loſs; for the working the artillery expoſed them ſo unguardedly to the miſſile miſchief of the foe, that they at length forbore to fire, notwithſtanding the perſuaſive diſ-

patches from the Conte, who beſought them not to relax in their duty.

Julian himſelf was ſeen to haſten with an Achillean ſtride to the breach, which he reached in the ſame moment that the temerity of a young cavalier tranſported him within its limits: he had no more than a moment's conſciouſneſs of ſuperior deſerts, for Julian bowed down his head; and convinced the long diſcredit of ſuch energy in man, by ſundering him low as the middle: had not his ponderous ſabre been intercepted by a ſtone, it would have been diſcontinuous till the body were ſplit into two. His appearance was kindred with his armipotence, being as much too awful to be beheld as the other was too potent to be withſtood. A martial wrath ſwelled the veins of his countenance, till they were ready to burſt through his viſor; his eyes wounded faſter than his ſword, and their organs ſeemed to accompany the expreſ-

ſions; his lips reeked with blood, and through them were vented thick exhalations of laborious breath; his really beautiful teeth ſeemed transformed to the fangs of a monſter; and he ſhook his locks as the lion ſhakes his frothy and gory mane.

Vaſt was the horror which his action and mien inſpired in thoſe who were in front: bitterly they lamented their forwardneſs, but vainly they attempted to retreat; for thoſe behind them, being afraid to retire acroſs the range of the artillery, continued to puſh forward. The effects of Julian's approach were truly tragical, for many actually dropped into the ditch, rather than venture an encounter with him; yet cowardice could not be their ailment, or would they have riſked a watery death: he rather ſeemed to deſolate their intellects, to entrance their minds, and bewitch them with a panic, in which the nobler exiſtence of a man expires, and the faculties of

the body are forſaken to unregulated vagaries.

Yet, however mighty may be the powers of a combatant, the invention of fire-arms renders it impoſſible for him to controul the viciſſitudes of battle by an uninterrupted progreſs of perſonal conqueſt; elſe could not Julian have ſuffered rebuff, as he now did, from the ſhot of the enemy; who fired from either hand obliquely athwart the bridge, to ſtay his purſuit of their fugitive brethren. His armour, though it were invulnerable to a muſket-ſhot, was indented in many places; his fleſh empurpled with contuſions; and the graſp of his battle-axe ſplintered: he indignantly ſtept backwards, and ſkreened himſelf beneath the impending crags of the wall, which was breached archwiſe.

The foe ſent up a tumultuous ſhout of joy, and encouraged each other again to dare the fury of Julian, who, crouched among the fragments, could not for a

long time exalt his creſt, but as an aim to the numberleſs markſmen. After ſome reluctance in thoſe expected to lead, the ranks rejoined, and ruſhed inwards with palpitating deſperation: as the foremoſt, precipitated by the fury of their career, leaped over the rubbiſh of ſtone, that was heaped to obviate intruſion, Julian reared his gigantic form: the influx of warriors divided; but, being unable to retrograde, they ruſhed paſt him in diſmay, and were wildly diſperſed about the interior, uncollected in ſpirits and force. Theſe eſteemed themſelves devoted to ſlaughter, for the defenders of the ramparts plied them with well-directed archery: but Julian being recalled from his poſt by this inner commotion, left the breach unguarded; at leaſt his party gave way to the fierce reiterations of the aſſailants.

The Caſtle groaned with the tumult of ſhouts, ſhrieks, execrations, defiances, entreaties, bravados, commands, threats,

encouragements, groans of the dying, wailings of the wounded, inſults of the victorious, bellowings of ordnance, clattering of ſwords and ſhields, the brayings of trumpets, reverberations of drums, flapping of ſtandards: its courts, in which the lineage di Fiaſcano for centuries had dwelt in haughty peace, were now flooded with the blood of the robber and the mercenary. Their preſent maſter, who by the ſword had acquired them, to the ſword ſeemed on the point of ſurrendering their poſſeſſion; which Larina, whoſe wantonneſs had inveſted him with dignity, in compliance with the ſame paſſion, beſought Heaven to deſtine his downfall. From the grates of her tottering tower ſhe gazed with cruel eyes on the contentious throng, careleſs of the carnage, ſave when the proweſs of her huſband added to it; ſhe then ſhuddered at his triumph with adulterous apprehenſions leſt Henri ſhould have been ſo ill fated as to come within

the ſcope of his ſword; for in vain ſhe ſought to diſcriminate him from among thoſe warlike youths the moſt conſpicuous in the crowd: nor was Julian leſs curious, or more ſucceſsful; for ever as the young in ſtature fell before him he rent away the helmet, in hope to view the hated face, or examined the duſt-humbled bannerol for his appropriate device. As conſtantly he was diſappointed; and while roving through the fight, no voice ſtruck him to reſemble that of Henri. Individual enmity ſoon became more extended; for, enraged at the valour and perſeverance of the enemy, he caſed himſelf cap-à-pie in unbattered armour, and braced on his arm a ſpacious ſhield, emboſſed with the ancient pike: deſcribing fiery circles with his ſabre, reſiſtible by none, he cried aloud to give no quarter, and replunged amid the hoſtile multitude.

The confidence of victory argued by this bloody decree, which ſo eaſily

could be retaliated, dispirited the enemy, and heartened his own men: he also reformed his generalship; for as yet he had presumed on the possibility of atchieving the extirpation of all who were entered, and with that barbarous design had incloſed them; but he now was aware that their courage was heightened by deſpair, and wiſely directed the particular company which he had ſtationed at the place of entrance to open its ranks, and more to moleſt than oppoſe their retreat.

This policy was ſucceſsful; for the enemy, being preſſed in front by Julian and his ſquires, haſtily availed themſelves of an opportunity to fall back; which they did ſo improvidently, that the outlet, in the courſe of ten minutes, was crammed, without regard to diſtinction or order.

The moſt horrible ſcene in the fatal variety of war was here depictured, in a fugitive tumult and a relentleſs purſuit;

for flight was denied, and flight once begun is well known to rob the breaſt of all reſolution. In the ſplintered projections from the ſides of the breach they experienced enemies obdurate as Julian, who was unconcerned by their expoſtulations and beſeechings for mercy, but trampled them down with ſuperior ſtrength. Reſiſtance was impracticable, as the weapons were fallen from their hands, which were benumbed by the preſſure of fellowſhip and of the foe. The air ſhuddered with their unpitied ſhrieks, and they madly endeavoured to eſcape ſuffocation by mounting on each other. Their ſupplications to man and prayers to heaven, being unanſwered by mercy or miracle, were villaniſed to execrations and blaſphemies. All was delirium and deſpair. The ſervitors of Julian were not unmoved by the circumſtances they derided, for they were caught in a vertigo of horror, which daſhed them ſenſeleſs along the earth.

Julian melted not, but inexorably called to those of his men who were on the ramparts above, with directions to make every exertion to sink in the upper ruins of the breach; as these were already loosened by the balls overnight, and still more by the present nether commotion, he soon had the delight to see them precipitated in one lingering crash on the miserable heads of those beneath, who, at once, were slain and entombed.

Piercing were the shrieks that issued from the dusky thickness of the smoke, as those which of yore were imagined to characterise a gulph of hell. As the day was sultry, and scarce a breath of wind abroad, it was long ere the sufferers were perceptible: at length they were discovered; many of them crushed by the ruins, labouring on the ground in the last moments of existence, while their surviving fellows, defeatured by bruises, by dust, by blood and sweat, strove to disengage themselves to flee over the

bridge. Poſſeſſed of their fleetneſs, but not their conſternation, Julian, inſtantly the place was paſſable, puſhed on; unfeeling for the wretches that ſtrewed the way, whom he trampled under his feet, and cauſed to writhe with renewed anguiſh. Overtaken by his blade, the fugitives were diſtracted to feel themſelves yet unrid of their mercileſs enemy: with outſtretched arms they petitioned ſuccour from the rearward companies, which were ſtruck aghaſt to behold them return thus diſcomfited, who, half an hour before, had forced the place, with ſigns of triumphing in its reduction. Terror was diffuſed throughout the ranks; and thoſe parties which had attempted eſcalade in quarters of the caſtle unprotected by the foſſe, becauſe they were deemed inacceſſible, were now ſurpriſed by Julian, and cut off with extravagant ſlaughter.

Whereſoever he moved only the backs of fugitives were to be ſeen: during the

conteſt he was unmatched in prowefs; and nature was mortified to witneſs ſo many of her ſons wiped away by the hand of him, in whoſe conqueſts ſhe did not dare to exult.

Being convinced that every chance of renewing the attack or ſuſtaining one was paſt, the commander diſpatched his military bands to protect the retreat of the defeated; and ſoon as they could evacuate the valley, he directed the battery to play. Julian was perſuaded by the balls that furrowed the earth beſide him, that the cannoneers made him their mark, and collected his men. Larina was tormented with hate and diſappointment to ſee him retire uninjured, recroſs the drawbridge, and file through the portals in triumph.

Meantime, others of his men demoliſhed the artificial bridge conſtructed by the enemy, ſo that the victorious repulſe of the aſſailants ſeemed perfect, for the diſparity in the numbers of the ſlain was

amazing; it being obſerved in the court of battle, that for one corpſe of the band there was a pile of half a dozen of the vanquiſhed. However, it was doubtful whether Julian's loſs were not the worſe proportioned to his ſtrength; and tidings were now communicated, which undeceived him in his preſumption of deciſive ſucceſs; for haſting in conſequence to the ſouthern ramparts, he therefrom witneſſed a ſpectacle that ſtaggered him with ſorrow.

The conteſt by water had terminated as fatally in his diſfavour as that by land had to the contrary. They with whom he manned the float had confirmed his appretiation of their gallantry, and defended themſelves with unparalleled intrepidity; yet, being attacked by a treble ſuperiority with much ſkill and bravery, and being unaſſiſted by the firing from the walls, to which, as they were fighting hand to hand with their aſſailants, they were alike expoſed, they

had ſucceſſively fallen: the multitude of their mangled carcaſſes preſented a counterpart to the ſlaughter in the breach, for the water, which was ſhallow in that part, was put in a ſtate of ſtagnation by the crowds of bodies and diſſevered limbs, alſo diſcoloured by blood and entrails. Neither had the conquerors obtained a bloodleſs victory; for Julian, with gloomy malice, diſtinguiſhed that ſide of the float on which they chiefly had boarded to preponderate with the weight of their ſlain, many of whom were alſo immerged in the flood. One of their barques, being ſhattered by an accurate ſhot, was foundered, and the top of its maſt could only be diſcovered above the ſurface of the lake.

Still theſe circumſtances were of ſlight comfort to Julian, for but ſlightly they depreſſed the victors: indeed, contraſted with their routed comrades by land, theſe were ſo magnified in their own eſteem, that they made the little ſquadron re-

ſound with blithe vociferation; though its decks were not diſburthened of their dead comrades, they decorated it with ſtreamers, and ſteered in defiance juſt without the ſcope of the cannon.

Julian underſtood that the iſſue of the day was againſt him, and his arrogant ſpirit, unapt in reſignation, mutinied 'gainſt the partiality of fortune. Could he have protracted the ſiege to the laſt hour of his life, moſt willingly he would, and never have deſired the reſtoration of peace; for it nouriſhed him to breathe the air impregned with exhalations from a ſanguinary field: but defeat now ſtared him in the face; ignominious defeat, and forcible deprivation of his ill-acquired and ill-employed property. Only one hope lingered among his wiſhes; it was not unreaſonable; he determined to execute it, and depend his fate on its event.

Throughout the day this reſolution was enforced in the marſhalling the

braveſt of his men, arraying them in the beſt-tempered armour, whetting their arms to make a repeated ſtroke unneceſſary, and fitting them with the fleeteſt-mettled ſteeds in his ſtud. He was uncalm with expectation, and anxiouſly watched the approach of night, which ſet in around the walls cheerleſs as their deſtiny. In the mid-hour of darkneſs he ordered his men to be awakened from the repoſe which he had recommended them to take, and he ſaw them mounted without hurry or tumult. When all were in their ſaddles, heart-high with curioſity, he avowed to them his audacious reſolution to ſurpriſe the beſieging camp. Many a weapon trembled in the hand, while its maſter murmured an hypocritical approbation. Julian had preconceived their objections, and with ſucceſs endeavoured to ſubdue them, by arguing on how much ſuperior a long ſeries of midnight exploit muſt render them to their enemies, the majority of

whom were unverſed in other nocturnal encounters than thoſe attending ſerenades and mummeries. He then delivered them to their leaders, whom he ſuffered to depart in doubt whether he meant to accompany or follow them. The cavalcade paſſed over the drawbridge, and filed along the moat obediently to Julian's orders, which were, to make a wide circuit, and attack the camp in flank. Hardly was the train perceivable by thoſe of the band and houſehold who numerouſly thronged the battlements; therefore it was unlikely that it ſoon ſhould be diſcovered by the enemy's out-guards. The trampling of the horſes gradually ſoftened on the ear, and at length diſcontinued in the fleetneſs of a gallop.

Notwithſtanding the unſeaſonable inclemency of the night, which was dreary with clouds that mizzled rain, every one in the caſtle at liberty to climb the ramparts, was there to be found, gazing abroad with hope and terror. Painful

was their ſuſpenſe, and tediouſly prolonged: bodements of evil were not unthought of, and conjectures of the worſt were ſolicitouſly diſcuſſed. The latter hours of the night tolled tardily during this interval, affecting the ear with the harſh vibrations vented through the ſhattered belfry: the reſponſes of the twelfth hour yet ſuſpended converſe among the intereſted ſervants, when they were ſtartled by the diſtant clangor of a trumpet, feeble at firſt, but immediately ſwelling in concert with ſimilar war-breathing inſtruments. Whence thoſe angry ſounds proceeded no one queſtioned, but, with a palpitating heart and a mute anxiety, awaited more deciſive ſymptoms of his friends' progreſs.

One of the pages only, ambitious to recommend himſelf to the Conte, ſought him for the purpoſe of communicating this news; but he returned in diſappointment, and with great ſurpriſe proclaimed that his lord was not to be

found; neither was his favourite war-horſe, which, ready capariſoned, had ſtood in the northernmoſt ward all the evening. The truth was immediately gueſſed; and the hopes of all ſettled into confidence, when they conſidered that Julian was then wielding his ſword, the arbitrament of their fate and the ſway of battle.

In the enſuing minutes Julian's mightineſs publiſhed itſelf in characters more ſplendid than all the labour of human extolments; for he invaded the dark regions of night with unquenchable columns of fire, that dimmed her twinkling conſtellations, and tinged the ſcudding clouds as trophies of his conqueſt. In vain the firmament glowed with angry reflections; his flaming defiance increaſed, not creeping along the face of the earth, but inſulting the ſkies with ſparkling eruptions.

Who then among the houſehold would not have become a Julian? ſuch was the

fervour of enthuſiaſm communicated to their breaſts by this refulgent ſpectacle. As the hoſtile camp was pitched on the further ſide of the mountain eminences, in prudent ſecurity from the cannon on the walls, its tents were not diſtinguiſhable by the moſt elevated ſpectators; yet ſome there were on the giddy brows of the loftieſt turrets of the caſtle, who maintained their perception of figures buſtling to and fro, and even aſſerted a recogniſition of their equeſtrian friends.

During the controverſy between thoſe who perſiſted in judging of the combat, and thoſe who would not bear to have their feelings the ſport of affectation, the fire was gradually aſſuaged; and ſoon diſplayed no brighter ſigns of exiſtence than faint flaſhes; and ſcanty emiſſions of red cinders: the impending denſeneſs of the night haſtened its extinction, and clothed the top of the mountain in ſeverer darkneſs.

As the luminaries of triumph decayed,

ſo did their preſumptuouſneſs; and an hour of alternate hope and apprehenſion ſucceeded, uncheered by tidings from Julian. By the period of that time, the trumpets and muſquetry were completely huſhed; and many torches, borne by inviſible perſons, emerged from the ridge of the mountain, haſtened down the declivity, and convened near the battery. The third minute was yet unexpired, when the womb of night was rent by a general explosion, which, by the ruinous overthrow of a prominent barbacan, announced the deſtruction of the party that had ſallied forth. Conſternation and grief ſpread throughout the caſtle; and the people, ſlinking from the ramparts, herded in deſpondent and bewailing groupes.

A conſiderable length of time was paſſed, when the watch on the northern ramparts imagined that they heard the voice of a mourner ariſe from the outward baſe of the wall. As the depth and the

darkneſs prevented their diſcernment of any perſon, they leant on their arms in ſilent attention, until they were convinced that it was not conceit, but really the tone of anguiſh; in which opinion they were ſupported by others of their comrades, who had gathered about them. They now balanced themſelves over the parapet, held their torches, low as their arms could ſink, and almoſt ſtrained their eyes out of their ſockets to diſcover the ſufferer, but in vain; for the light was dimmed by its own wreaths of ſmoke, and could not diſperſe the darkneſs more than half way down the ſteep perpendicularity of the wall.

As they were apprehenſive of the ſtratagems of the enemy, they dared not venture out from the poſtern; but, at the ſame time, being curiouſly intereſted for the preſervation of any one of their friends, they procured ropes, and lowered a ſupport for the afflicted perſon. They quickly found that he had availed him-

ſelf of their ingenuity, and many an arm toiled with his burthenſome weight, till in that precarious ſuſpenſion he nearly ſurmounted the prodigious height. Thoſe who were diſengaged from the ropes, peering downwards, encouraged their comrades by announcing his having entered the red circle of torchlight reflected from the ſtones, which all beyond were involved in dabious brown: their labour was now ſoon at an end; for a renewed effort lodged a gigantic figure in armour upon the lofty ſummit. All eyes that ſought him dilated with ſuperſtitious terror, for in liſtleſs length was ſtretched the impoſtor ſo long dreaded as a diſembodied ſpirit. Though a torch-beam glared on his face, its livid paleneſs and inhuman expreſſions did not undeceive them; but with averted aſpects and receding ſteps they forſook him unſupported on the verge of the battlements, endangered by the leaſt motion to a

downward precipitation, that muſt have ſhaken him piecemeal.

His voice, hollow as his fortunes, recalled them from their conſternation to an amazement that kept them ſtupidly gazing on his creſt-torn helmet, overſhadowing his baleful aſpect; his defaced armour, well nigh ſepulchral to his body as well as grandeur; and his ſteely hand, throughout tenacious of the maſſy ſword.

As he deſcended in proud dejection, each breaſt forgot itſelf in wonder at his overthrow; each, conſcious ſo profound a downfal could have made him nothing, marvelled to find his awe and reverence undiminiſhed. When Julian ought to have been debaſed in fortune and reputation, he denoted himſelf to be ſuperior to both: ſo that the moraliſt on human inſtability would not have choſen to implant conviction in a pupil, by pointing out him as a miſerable image of an unproſperous reverſe; for to reſemble him thouſands would court misfortune.

CHAPTER IX.

Where vasty mountains with the clouds are crested,
That poets fabled arch'd heaven on them rested,
Which moony heights earth-born, yet by the skies are nurs'd,
And first grow bright by day, and first by night are hears'd;
Where lifeless plains are stretch'd, o'er which creation leapt,
Death's language speaks the blast, and nature dies unwept,
And plagues are native bred, the tools of godly wrath
(Than Afric's sons more fell), which oft have thinn'd the north;
Thither we wing, blow gusts of war, and strait incite
Moors, Christians, elements, in confounded fight;
Labour then to prove mind to hue so little is akin,
Whose features plainest shew virtue's deadliest withht.

THE midnight excursion Julian had partaken and supported in a disguise he conceived to be the best adapted, on that occasion, to hearten his men; to learn and defeat whose machinations originally he had assumed it. For some time his expectations were realised; but the rising of the camp, which he erroneously presumed to be the zenith of victory, re-

veal'ed the comparative paucity of his numbers to the military part of the beſiegers; who, convening at their alarm-poſts in tolerable order, gave ſome deciſive diſcharges, without regard to their volunteer friends, many of whom were ſlain with the followers of Julian. Himſelf, diſmounted, defeated, and haraſſed, ſolely eſcaped, or ſolely was able to regain the caſtle.

The triumph of the victors was not waſted in boaſtful elation. They endeavoured from the battery to cut off the retreat of the fugitives; and when this ceaſed to be a reaſonable motive, they battered the caſtle ſo indefatigably that morning rewarded their perſeverance by the diſplay of an enlarged and apparently indefenſible breach. While a ſecond aſſault was deliberated, ſhocking intelligence came in relative to a body of the auxiliar vaſſalage, who were diſtantly poſted to inveſt the caſtle. Theſe were reported to be almoſt all ſlaughtered in

their obſtinate oppoſition to Julian's eſcape, which, however, they no otherwiſe could prevent than by the cutting off his companions; a misfortune that left him an undefended fugitive, obnoxious to apprehenſion. Munificent excitements and promiſes were uſed to urge the men to this undertaking; but terror of Julian's proweſs a long time combated avarice, and thoſe who at length did ſet forth, went in a crowded company, more ſolicitous of mutual defence than excluſive atchievement of the prey and the reward. The pillage of the caſtle was alſo a tempting bait, from which they were not eaſily to be alienated; and the martial throngs licentiouſly poured to the attack. Thoſe within the caſtle, diſtracted to find themſelves forſaken by their maſter, diſagreed what anſwer to return to the ſummons of this rapacious multitude, who clamoured for admittance, with the moſt horrible threats in the caſe of a refuſal.

Some cowardly ſtudied concealment and flight; but while others projected a truce, the principal gate was opened by a ſelf-authoriſed few. Their claims on mercy were not allowed, for they were ſavagely ſacrificed by the revengeful victors, ſoon as theſe recogniſed the unburied bodies of their comrades, yeſterday ſlain, bruiſed and pounded by the hoofs of the horſes, which, the night before, had paraded in the court. Such a ſight inflamed them to unappeaſable fury, and they became murderers where the preceding day they had acted the part of heroes.

Some hours accurſed in rapine, ſlaughter, and demolition, the knight of St. Mark triumphantly entered. He found that the volunteers, inſatiate of blood and plunder, were irreducible to order; therefore, appointing military guards to the places that merited a temporary preſervation, he turned his attention to ſuperior concerns. The moſt

important of theſe was what regarded Larina. During the foregoing anarchy, ſhe narrowly had eſcaped worſe than inſult; and ſhe now beſought the commander to reſcue her and her anceſtral dwelling from theſe deſtructive madmen; agreeing, at the ſame time, to leave them in undiſturbed poſſeſſion of what they had already gained, and to reſign the reſt of the portable wealth of the caſtle to his own appropriation. Rich as was the bait, his integrity was not to be corrupted; and, obedient to his inſtructions, he waved her proffers in a manly anſwer, nor promiſed nor performed any thing more than an aſſurance of her ſafety and the appointment of a place for her refuge.

To this ſhe was forthwith conducted through domeſtic ſcenes involved in riot, horror, and deſolation. Her mind was uncalm with reflective perturbation when was communicated the importunity of an officer to be admitted to an interview.

Hope brightened her features, and the words faltered which directed his introduction. Her heart palpitated prophetical of Henri's entrance; but ſhe was bitterly diſappointed to behold a cavalier ſtrange to her expectation, though not to her memory. Had not diſquietude dimmed retroſpection, ſhe would immediately have identified the favourite page of her girliſh days; who, in conſtant friendſhip to Henri, interrogated concerning his fate. The queſtion almoſt diſabled her from anſwering; for the certainty that her lover was not her champion in this ruinous ſiege, wounded her moſt bitterly. What ſhe at length ſpoke was dictated by her former ignorance, and her doubts of Henri's fate; and Claudio haſtened from her preſence, to ſcrutiniſe every receſs in the caſtle applicable to tyrannous ſequeſtration.

With the word of authority he collected ſeveral ſoldiers, provided them with the neceſſary implements for ſub-

terranean operations, and chofe for his director a domeſtic priſoner, whoſe ſucceſs was to be the ranſom of his life. They ſhrewdly examined many a building, ſuppoſed to conceal the depths of immurement; and numerous and awful were their diſcoveries of thoſe myſtic dungeons, hitherto unviſited by ſteps of comfort. Abſtruſe labyrinths of paſſages, in which numbers had been abandoned to periſh; arched chambers, contrived to mock the ſufferer with his own groans; and miſty gulphs, wheredown poor wretches had been lowered into a living grave: theſe, and a thouſand horrors of the building, witneſſed the fiendly ingenuity of the architects, but ſunk the nobles, who could deſign their conſtruction, beneath the abhorrence of expreſſion. The former confinement of Henri underwent a ſimilar reſearch: its empty darkneſs contraſted with the amorous ſcene that pained Claudio's memory; and he turned from it with a

heart-deep ſigh, leſt the Chevalier's progreſſions had been from the warmth of Larina's arms to the chillneſs of the grave.

To explore the ſubterranean maze, he then aſcended the ſteps in the private communication with the Conteſſa's apartments: to them the beſieging flames had already extended the purification they ſo much needed, and were fiercely devouring the voluptuous and effeminate furniture, that were well ſeaſoned to their reception. The Cavalier, repelled by the heat, and aware of the deviation from the purpoſed track, returned to the door on the central ſtair, through which he made his way to the vault moſt memorable in the adventures of Henri, whoſe fate he half feared to be that of the corpſe which obviated his progreſs. The ambient putreſcence was too offenſive to be endured by ſenſes unſupported by friendſhip like to Claudio's; who, while his followers ſhrunk ſickly aback, hung

over that ſhocking piece of mortality, and ſtudied its proportions by the funeral gleams of a torch. The lateſt diſtinguiſhable veſtige of a human countenance was long mortified away, and every trace of its once animation withdrawn with the ſoul itſelf; yet were the limbs conſpicuous, and the ſlim inferiority of their ſtature in a little meaſure undeceived the Cavalier's fears. With undiminiſhed intereſt he proceeded to inſpect the quality of the clothes which ſhrouded the body; but his hand, tremulous with horror of the buſineſs, pauſed upon the unſubſtantial breaſt; with its withered veſtment it decayed from the touch, and his fingers ſunk into the meſhy entrails, that were diſguſtingly proliſic of reptiles. He ſhuddered; and more when, diſengaging himſelf, he drew forth the portrait of Larina, to which adhered a worm, fat with its human ſuſtenance, that twined round his fingers in clammy circles. He ſtood almoſt powerleſs to

ſhake it off, till a natural ſuperſtition minded him to reſpect it as a relic of his friend's human ſtate, now endowed with a momentary tranſmigration of his ſpirit, to implore the rites of interment by an appeal ſo emblematical of their former amity, when their friendly fingers were often enringed together. His heart yearned with this idea, and he returned it to its nativity; unconſcious that in paying a miſtaken reſpect to Henri, he, in reality, was diſcharging a debt of gratitude to the affectionate boy who once tended him when univerſally deſerted—the paſt lovely Laurian. So much was he overcome with the miſconception that his ſearch for the Chevalier was concluded in the diſcovery of his corpſe, that it was neceſſary to tranſport him from the ſcene; yet did he refuſe to emerge to-day without the body, which was accordingly borne from the vault, and depoſited in ſafety above.

Thence he diſpatched an emiſſary with

her portrait to Larina, accompanied with the ſevereſt expreſſions of his deteſtation. The picture was returned to him with a ſtrong diſavowal of its ever having been a gift to Henri: at the ſame time, ſome of the domeſtics diſtinguiſhed in the more durable parts of the dreſs, the badges of the Conte's pages; and as Laurian's diſappearance had been the topic of conſiderable conjectures, it was agreed among them, that his fate was at length aſcertained by the corpſe before them. While Claudio was thus relieved from his painful miſtake, the ſummer-houſe, and its attendant myſteries, was ſtarted among the ſervants gathered about the body. Theſe unhappy wretches, ſpared but for the probable value of their ſervices, earneſtly endeavoured to inſure mercy by their exertions; and, having diſproved the corpſe to be that of Henri, they mentioned Julian's ſtern interdiction of any one entering the ſummer-

houſe, as a reaſon why that building ſhould not be left unſearched.

Purſuant to this advice Claudio repaired to the ſummer-houſe, which was yet untouched by the ruin that was cloſing around. He entered it by force; and paſſing on, memory ſmote him to the heart, when he beheld the room into which the old Conte had entered never to re-appear to him: its pavement and the faded hangings of a couch were beſprinkled with the blood that had guſhed from his internal rupture or external wound, and it evidenced one motive for Julian including the place in inviolable ſolitude. The hope that his other motives were connected with Henri's ſecrecy, invigorated the Cavalier, and by his direction the flooring was torn up, and the day admitted into the realm of night. Claudio was the firſt that dared the rocky intricacies; the firſt that deſcried the priſon-door; and though

hundreds had diſputed with him, ſtill would he have been the firſt to embrace the deſpairing Henri.

The embrace returned by the Chevalier was not purely of friendſhip; it was alloyed by a wild gratitude, that would have taken to his arms the vileſt of earthly wretches, who ſo brought relief and liberty. The nerves of the famiſhed Marquis, overſtrained in his attention to the tumult of Claudio's approach, had failed him in the moment of delivery, and he was relapſed upon the floor in a deathly torpor. Thence he was tenderly borne; and when with his ſon brought forth to light, they preſented the exact imagery a painter would have ſtudied to ſuit the ſurrounding horrors of devaſtation. The feu de joie, juſt then diſcharged from the barques on the lake, ſtartled the feeble Henri; who, in the mountain reverberations, gueſſed the uproar that had ſhocked his ears when attentive to his father's tale: that the

prior cannonade of the ſiege had paſſed unheard was imputable to the depth of the dungeon's interment, which made it deaf to all external noiſe, till its avenues were rent open by Claudio. Henri would have pauſed to gaze around, but he was half blinded by the ſudden tranſition from viſible darkneſs to the red glare of flames that ſtrove with the mid-day ſun. His condition was too miſerable to permit exultation, and he ſlowly followed the body of the Marquis, in whom it were doubtful whether life or death predominated. In the ſafeſt and remoteſt part of the caſtle the noble Gauls were lodged; and, while Henri's more vigorous organs devoured the food that was ſupplied him, medicinal applications were made to the Marquis, down whoſe throat rich juices were inſtilled through jaws incapable of maſtication.

Meantime Larina, appriſed of her lover's reſcue, would have braved the conflagration to reach him, but that ſhe

was detained by a ſtrict guardage: ſhe therefore diſpatched to Henri an epiſtle reeking from her heart; it contained no argument to enforce a conſtancy ſhe doubted not, but was written in a ſtrain that made the expreſſions picturesque of love and all a woman's doting. The interference of Claudio weakened its effect on Henri, who, indeed, peruſed it with looks frigid as his blood, which was chilled by his confinement to a careleſsneſs of the Conteſſa, whom he no longer valued for her loſt fortunes or paſt endearments. The bearer was unanſwerably repulſed; to come a ſecond time with another letter, in which the ſtruggle between pride and attachment was notorious. Claudio exerted himſelf again, more from doubt of Henri's pliability than conviction of it; for though he wiſhed and ſtrengthened it, yet was he amazed at the Chevalier's ſelf-apathy on this occaſion. A third letter, dictated by the affliction of preſent neceſſities,

tender in appeal and laviſh of promiſe, was negatived as before.

Claudio, nearer affected than he would ſhew or could even approve, quitted the Chevalier to his edacity, and betook himſelf on the behalf of Larina to the Knight of St. Mark. To his repreſentations of her preſent diſtreſs, and enquiries of her impending fate, the Commander replied, That on the latter he was unable to inform further than that his orders from the ſtate were to ruin the caſtle, even to the eradicating its foundation, and to tranſport the chief captives to Venice, where it was preſumptive a confiſcation of her entire domains would be decreed: That the detention of Larina was doubly important, as her huſband had eſcaped; but that her treatment being at his diſcretion, he was pleaſed that, far as was convenient, it ſhould remedy the loſs of her liberty. He then turned to a young volunteer noble, requeſted him to ſee to the handſome

Conteſſa, and parted with a ſmile at his readineſs in the commiſſion. A few minutes afterwards, paſſing where Larina was lodged, Claudio beheld her on the balcony attended by the noble. Her eyes were impearled by tears and her cheeks defaced of colour, yet was ſhe the more dangerous in a ſorrow that meekened the fierceneſs of her beauty; and the changeable aſpect of the youth beſide her denoted his inward combuſtion to be hardly leſs violent than that of the buildings they were gazing on.

When Claudio returned to the Chevalier, he found him juſt ceaſed from his meal, from which he had been already twice ſummoned to attend his father before he could perſuade himſelf to quit the victuals. They repaired together to the Marquis, who was recovered to the power of ſpeech, which he immediately uſed to deſire his inſtant removal from the caſtle. Expoſtulations were vain; his feebleneſs of body was momen-

tarily invigorated by the horror of his mind, and it was propoſed by Claudio, and reſolved by Henri, to voyage down the lake. The choiceſt barque was reſpectfully allotted for their paſſage; and as all the caſtle-ports of embarkation were ruined, the Marquis was carried in a litter to the outward banks, whence he was ſafely tranſported on board, and convenienced as well as half an hour's preparation would allow, or a few hours' paſſage required.

The rowers plying their oars, the barque quickly left the ſhore, and forthwith launched into the lake: its deck commanded an entire view of the caſtle circularly expanded on the banks; the buttreſſed towers ſurmounting the hill-tops beyond, the forts and bulwarks, were diſplayed like a ſcene of the theatre to the wondering ſight. The glories of the building invaded by fire and polluted by ſmoke, pained his thoughtful mind; yet did the Cavalier review the memor-

able place till it faded away from his ſight, and the victorious flames, that were climbed above the loftieſt ſpires, alone remained viſible. He reſpired a heart-deep ſigh in his remembrance of the paſt, and turned away from what he had beheld for the laſt time; for ſo laborious were the conquerors, that, with the aſſiſtance of the united vaſſalage, they effaced every veſtige of the ſtructure from the earth: ſo that the acuteſt traveller of theſe times would miſſpend his ſtudy to aſcertain the preciſe ſpot by any trace of its erection; the contiguous chapel that was at firſt piouſly ſpared, being long ſince entirely dilapidated, and crumbled into the duſt it was intended to ſanctuariſe.

Claudio deſcended into the cabin, where the Marquis was retired to repoſe. He found him in a deep ſleep, and the Chevalier ſo completely wearied with the monotony of his vigils by the couch, that it was propoſed to have recourſe to

wine for the exhilaration he ſo much needed. A few glaſſes ſo far refreſhed and heartened Henri, that he no longer evaded to diſcourſe on perſonal topics, but brought himſelf to ſpeak openly of his adventures in the caſtle. Of Julian he endeavoured to ſpeak contemptuouſly, but, in ſpite of him, a falter enfeebled his tongue: of Larina he affected to be inconſiderate, yet did his vanity indulge itſelf in inſinuations. Claudio returned his confidence with a detail of all that had occurred ſince their ſeparation in the myſtic chateau: His journey to Languedoc, adventure on the road, conſequent miſhap at Rivemont, tranſition to Genoa, thence to the Caſtle di Fiaſcano, his imaginary parricide, and final departure. Of Julian's pretended conſanguinity he was dumb, but ſo tender in his mention of him, that Henri was ſcarcely leſs aſtoniſhed at Claudio's forbearance than he had been at that of his father.

The Cavalier, having brought his narration to the period of his ſtay in the domains di Fiaſcano, prepared Henri to hear the ſubſequent adventures he had undergone. "Your father ſleeps," ſaid he, "and the voice of my ſorrows will not diſturb him. Liſten, my friend; I am now about to unfold a ſtory that ſhall make your humanity tributary of many pangs." He pondered a moment, and digeſting its heads into their natural arrangement, began the intereſting detail.

Thus inevitably yet innocently miſerable, proſcribed in one place as your murderer, in another as a rebel, I looked towards the abode of Don Phillippo as my only refuge. Almoſt a year had elapſed ſince I ſaw him; ſo inclination, not leſs than neceſſity, was the ſpur to my ſpeed. I arrived at the villa to find it ſolemn in the ſilence of death; ſuch had been the fate of Don Philippo ſome months back; who, I was informed, had

lingeringly died of an afflicted heart. I prayed and wept over his tomb, to whom, as my benefactor, I owed every reſpect; but to whom, as the father of my Camilla, were laviſhed all my tears. I had no more to weep my own misfortune, ſo cut off, as I was, from mankind; my ancient ties of kindred ſuddenly diſſolved; and included in melancholy ſolitude amidſt a buſtling world. Whether belief of my death in the bloody combat of Ceriſoles, as my captivity by you the obſtacles of war had prevented my communicating, or any other idea might have biaſſed him, I know not; but it ſeemed that his vaſt property was gone to endow ſome monaſtery. Into the validity of the deed I was neither empowered by right nor care to ſcrutiniſe: the entire wealth of that Indies which had enriched him, I would have given for a dream of his lovely daughter. Shortly after, while wandering in deep

dejection, I perchance met the confeſſor of Don Philippo, a prieſt who had aſſumed that capacity ſome ſhort time after that unhappieſt of moments when I was on the eve of thoſe nuptials that were to make me chief bleſt. He ſtarted to ſee me alive, and that ſurpriſe acquitted him in my opinion of any injuſtice to me in his arbitrating the diſpoſal of Don Philippo's fortune, which he was doubtleſs empowered to do, as during that nobleman's deciſive illneſs he had cloſely attended him both as a ſurgical and ſpiritual miniſter. The great enrichment of his monaſtery had ſomewhat effaced the humility of his demeanor: but that was a loſs fully compenſated to me by his ability to diſcourſe on thoſe ſubjects at once the grievances and comforts of my ſoul; and ſo ſolacing was his company, that I yielded myſelf entirely to his conduct in an enterpriſe from which I was not diſinclined by nature.

The animoſity of the Barbary ſtate of Algiers had long been a thorn and an inſult to the ſouthern part of Chriſtendom; and, about the time of which I am relating, their cruelties to humanity, and mockeries of religion, ſurpaſt even the rapacities and infidelities of the Leſbian pirates, the two Barbaroſſas. As Charles the Emperor had fiercely chaſtiſed the younger, Hayradin, when uſurper of Tunis, and for the ſake of glory expoſed himſelf to reinthrone a worthleſs prince, it was not at all ſurpriſing that he ſhould be active for a ſecond vengeance, when the motives were the ſufferings of his Spaniſh ſubjects, which were extenſive as their ſhores. A political calm, though by moſt thought but a prelude to freſh warfare, ſpared him the majority of his forces; and in reducing Algiers it was ſeen that he would, beſides gratifying his ſubjects, greatly pleaſure himſelf; for towards Solyman the Ottomite, who was

paramount of Algiers, he had recently received an acceſſion of enmity and indignation, from that ſovereign having taken in the kingdom of Hungary by the moſt flagrant perfidy; which kingdom was the claim of Ferdinand his brother. The grandeur of his preparations included the endeavours of every true Catholic; and the prieſthood generally beſtirred where religion was ſo deeply intereſted. Hildebrand, ſo was the prieſt whom I have mentioned named, enthuſiaſtically determined to accompany the expedition; and, attentive to his exhortations, I ſo reſolved; for my heart boiled at the proſpect of fighting arm to arm with the countrymen of thoſe wretches who, in ſtealing Camilla, had robbed me of the joy of exiſtence.

Our reſolution was no ſooner taken than executed. We embarked with a diſtinguiſhed crowd of Italians, and after an unpleaſant paſſage were landed on the African coaſt at the ſame time with

moſt of the forces that compoſed the gallant expedition *.

The ſtrength of our army was ſuppoſed to have awed the enemy from any oppoſition to our debarkation, for our muſters were to the number of full 26,000 men; a force incomparable for its diſtinctions of nobility, valour, and ſcience; and inconteſtible by leſs than the fierceſt adverſity of the elements. The general of the invaded, by name

* The liberties taken with the dates of hiſtorical facts are abandoned to the cenſure or excuſe of the hiſtorical reader: but thoſe unread in the occurrences of thoſe times are unwarrantable in either. For their warning and inſtruction it is added, that the expedition to Algiers took place in the year 1541, ſix years antecedent to the conſpiracy of Fieſco, which is made to precede it in this romance: further be it remarked, the ſeaſon of action was the autumn; the unity of fable requires it to be underſtood the ſpring. For it being winter the time of Claudio's departure from the caſtle di Fiaſcano and ſummer the time of his re-appearance, the circumſtances of his narration are thoſe of the intermediate ſeaſon.

Haſcen-aga, was an emaſculated renegade, whoſe double dereliction of humanity and religion had, a long time before, recommended him to the government of the city and the piratical application of its powers; a truſt he had riſen to from a ſubordinate baſeneſs in the corſair Barbaroſſa's ſervice. His cruelty, rapacity, and faithleſſneſs, outdid all example, even of his ferocious maſter; but his ſeverer chaſtiſement ſeemed inevitable, notwithſtanding his ability and deſperation in war, ſo diſproportionate was the force he commanded, it being a diſorganiſed aſſemblage of leſs than 6000 Turks and Moors, natives or refugees from Granada. The former conqueſt of the Tuniſian Barbaroſſa, when at the head of 60,000 men, by an inferior ſtrength to that we now marched, warranted our preſumption of victory; and we loudly reproached the temerity of Haſcen's haughty and defiant anſwer to our ſummons.

Theſe hopes were the more eſſential to our cheerfulneſs, as the external proſpect was gloomy in a ſurgy ſtrand and opponent fortifications, overhung by a turbulent ſky, which threatened a hurricane in all the bodements of that climate. Our approach to Algiers was unmoleſted, except by the light-armed Arabs who ſkirmiſhed along the wings; but nothing more could be done that evening than the poſting the troops, when the tempeſt, that had brooded during our voyage, began to declare itſelf, being uſhered by a heavy rain and an impetuous wind. Our ſufferings, as the night wore, were enough to ſubdue any fortitude; for our baggage and camp equipage being yet on ſhip-board, we were totally unſheltered from the fury of the ſtorm. The winds, that guſhed upon us, were only reſiſtible with the aſſiſtance of our ſpears, which we ſtuck in the earth to ſtay us from falling; while the rain, ſtreaming down the mountain at

the foot of which we were, ſoaked our feet, and clogged them with heaps of mud and ſand. Theſe ſeverities of bodily fatigue, aggravated by fear for the ſafety of the fleet, we endured till the dawn of morning, when our misfortunes were ſharpened by the enemy.

Haſcen, too crafty to miſtake our condition and too mercileſs to ſpare it, made a vigorous ſally. His ſoldiers, nervous from ſecure reſt and confident in our reverſe, burſt from the city portals, and ruſhed down upon the advanced poſt, which was formed of Italians, among whom I was: benumbed and exhauſted as we were, it was no ſhame to flee for ſuccour, which we promiſcuouſly did to a ſtation in our rear. There the ſoldiers had time and courage to diſpoſe themſelves in a defenſive poſture, and, ſtriking in among them, I aſſiſted their efforts to repulſe the Muſſulmen, who purſued their firſt advantage with horrid and impious vocifera-

tions. But mental valour without bodily might was ineffectual: deprived of the uſe of our muſquetry by the extinction of the matches and the dampneſs of the powder, we were braved to our teeth. The combat became that of ſabre to ſcimeter, and terminated in the triumph of the Turks; for our arms ſcarcely had the power to upraiſe themſelves, much leſs to inflict and ſuſtain the fierce ſtrokes of death. Amid this tumultuous ſtrife of ferocity and deſpair Hildebrand was a conſpicuous object: the hardſhips of his order had ſeaſoned him for the weather, and his own enthuſiaſm inflamed him to the fight. The crucifix he carried was often as far in the battle as our military banner, and tended to inflame both parties: at length, after much bloodſhed in his reſcue, the men reſolutely barred the purſuit of the infidels, and ſuffered themſelves to be almoſt unreſiſtingly ſlaughtered, in order to ſecure his retire.

by this time the whole army was
led, and the major part of it, under
perſonal conduct of the Emperor,
w out to check this handful of bar-
ians. They retreated, but more in
tion than in obligation; and we were
ignant to ſee them triumphantly re-
er the city-gates free from our retalia-
n of the loſs they had occaſioned.
r lamentations over the killed and the
unded were ſoon ſuſpended by other
ereſts and other diſaſters; for the day
s now diſcloſed, if that could be called
ay which repreſented a tempeſtuous
light. The uproar of the ocean now
rified our eyes, as during the night it
d ſtunned our ears; and we beheld
e brave navy, in which was every ne-
ſary for ſelf-convenience and offenſive
eration, hurled to and fro, according
the caprice of the waves. All the evils
humanity ſeemed multiplied on our
ads in a ſhort ſpace of time; for after
e fleet, moſt of it diſanchored or diſ-

maſted, had combated the elements with aſtoniſhing art and intrepidity, many of the chief ſhips of war were daſhed piece-meal upon the rocks, and a countleſs number of tranſports ſtranded or foundered. It is inconceivable with what deſpair we gazed on theſe horrors, while the Moors crowded their ramparts to triumph in our diſtreſſes, and added to their poignancy by ſcoffs and mockeries; at the ſame time their wandering parties murdered in our ſight thoſe of the ſhipwrecked mariners who gained the ſhore. Communications of ſuccour or inſtruction between the fleet and the army were impracticable; ſo nothing more of relief could be attempted to the former than the diſpatching of troops along the ſhore, to reſcue thoſe who eſcaped the ſurge from the worſe cruel Arabs.

The day was ſupplanted by a night gloomy as our fears, which were that the ſhipping were entirely deſtroyed, and ourſelves abandoned to famine or the ſword.

n this anguiſh of ignorance and imagination we were the next day relieved
ı boat that made ſhift to attain the
·e with information from the admiral
is being driven remote from the army
Cape Metafuz, whither it was his
ice the troops ſhould be marched and
nbarked.

ımmediate movements were made in
npliance, and we turned our backs on
: city, in which capture we had hoped
ıchieve ſo much glory. The pains of
r march were exceſſive; for all the
tenance we had brought on ſhore
ing already exhauſted, our chief ſub-
:ence for three days was the wild
owth of the country, of which the
.ttalions ſucceſſively gleaned the refuſe
each other. The Emperor was as
·e-eminent in the qualities of his mind
in thoſe of his birth, and greatly
ıdeared himſelf by his cares and efforts;
iſtributing horſe-fleſh among the troops,
f whom the moſt vigorous he made to

occupy the poſts of peril in the van and rear, but the ſafer centre he compoſed of thoſe enfeebled by wounds, ſickneſs, or fatigue. Haraſſed by the enemy, we marched through ways almoſt impaſſably bemired; and the company I was in being the concluſion of the army, afforded me ſpectacles of their conditions who went before; ſome of which were ſo ſhocking as for a moment to obliterate the ſenſe of one's own calamities. The floods, unuſually increaſed by the rains, overflowed their limits, and many, having dropped with fatigue while attempting to wade, were drowned: the track was beſtrewed with arms and armour; the emaciated bodies of the dead and dying, ſome of whom having thrown themſelves deſpairingly down, rejected all entreaty to ariſe, and were conſequently abandoned to death, which, however near, was cruelly haſtened by the poniards of Arabs that followed.

All this time Hildebrand adhered to

in my dangerous duties, diſplaying a
titude and promptitude exemplary
n to the ſoldiers, whom he animated
his ſpeeches: while veteran warriors
re alleviating their fatigue by the
owing away their weapons, he, though
monk, elevated his crucifix, and per-
ed in its diſplay, notwithſtanding our
poſtulations on the danger, as it drew
wn upon us the fierceſt of the infidels,
hoſe ſeveral hordes attacked us as we
tered their country. From all theſe
irmiſhes we came off with ſafety and
nour, until a more regular clan of
ooriſh cavalry approached juſt as we
me to the banks of a river which the
my had forded: there we were obliged
halt, and oppoſe a charge that broke
s in an inſtant. Already midleg in the
ater, ſeveral were ſuffocated; Hilde-
rand was divided from myſelf, who,
earing a ſtandard, was particularly at-
acked by a diſtinguiſhed Moor. The
umult of the charge, and the circum-

ſtances of this encounter, ſeparated me at ſuch a diſtance from my companions, that there became a kind of duel between the Muſſelman and myſelf. His horſemanſhip had enabled him to gain ſome ſuperiority over me, who was on foot, when a battalion, that had returned on the oppoſite bank to our aid, gave a ſudden diſcharge over the river: the report alarmed his courſer ſo much, that it ſtumbled over the roughneſſes of the ground and threw him. It would have been extremely baſe to have availed myſelf of the advantage ſuch an accident gave me over a man who not only had behaved with a generous gallantry during our conteſt, but, even when proſtrate on the ground, ſtudied defence, and, anticipating my ſummons, cried aloud in the Spaniſh tongue his diſdain of ſubmiſſion. A different object engroſſed my mind; and in its immediate execution I leapt into the ſaddle he had loſt; then giving the reins to the horſe, vaniſhed from his

ıd of his followers, who, having
d to the relief of his miſhap, at-
ł to purſue me.

ıs at firſt my intention to return
ɔrtunity, and cut my paſſage; but
ɛnce of the muſquetry convinced
ıt I was deprived of the aſſiſtance
companions, either by their eſcape
ſtruction. Another plan was ne-
/ ; and as to penetrate the country,
: the river was moſt likely to con-
paſſable, was what I did not dare,
ılved to regain its banks lower down
rds the ſea. Accordingly, I made
ge circle to avoid the Moors, who
: triumphing at the ford; and find-
myſelf obvious to the ſtraggling
ɔs, I deviſed an ingenious expedient
iſguiſe my Chriſtian appearance. A
ndid mantle was thrown over the
ks of the horſe, of which the Moor
l probably diveſted himſelf, as imped-
; his activity in the conflict; in this I
ɔutred myſelf, and diſengaging the

colours from the ſtaff, braided them artfully around my head: they repreſented a turbant of no inferior die; ſo that with the ſtaff in my hand as a ſpear, which it really was, and the chief advantage of a courſer brilliantly capariſoned in the ſtyle of the country, I boldly rode near ſeveral of the enemy, who were not curious in my countenance, as they venerated my appearance too highly to ſuſpect its impoſition.

My attempts to paſs the river failed as often as they were made; yet I continued along the ſide, notwithſtanding its increaſing width, until I arrived on the coaſt of the ſea, into which it diſembogued. Night was now thickening, and fatigue ſo overcame me, that I was unable to preſerve my ſaddle, from which I diſmounted, and ſecured the horſe by a withered branch. The ſtormy whiſtling of the winds urged me to ſeek ſhelter; and all inland ſeeming a ſterile waſte, deſtitute of covert, I attempted

nds at the confluence of the river
he ocean; and, the tide being
doubled the point of the cliffs,
opened for the river, and came
upon the ſtrand. The rocks were
tremendous to the apprehenſion;
empted to an eventful fate, I, with
d of my ſtaff, ſurpaſſed many ob-
s, and penetrating a wide cavern,
narrowed as it aſcended, ſat myſelf
within a cavity, that was ſoftened
profuſion of ſea-weeds. I there in-
bly fell aſleep. How long I ſlept
tory muſt determine; but the reaſon
ıy awaking was extremely ſtrange,
ing the weight of ſomething that
enly dropped upon me. However,
ears were the ſenſe chiefly alarmed;
the loud daſhing of the ſurge pro-
med the faſt influx of the waters
ough the cave, and accounted for the
ection of weeds, on which I had
own myſelf; careleſs to the being
llowed up by the wave, or their own

dampneſs, which, during my ſlumber, had infected my limbs with an ague. But other horrors obliterated theſe; for recovering my hands to remove the oppreſſion I have ſpoken of, I chilled in every vein to feel it a dead and naked body. That the tide had waſhed it thither was impoſſible, as the ſame wave muſt have abſorbed me in a ſimilar fate; but my perplexity was inſtantly ſolved by the harſh tones of perſons cloſe to my privacy; and, ſecretly peeping forth, I deſcried, by the ſhine of the moon that fell through the perforations of the rocks, three blacks men in poſtures of ceſſation from labour. What that labour was I refuſed to think, for the loathſome burden ſtill was ſtretched upon me; and I was planning how to rid myſelf of ſuch diſguſting company, when one of the negroes called aloud in a language rugged as his demeanor, and as unmuſical an anſwer reverberated from the interior, which I no longer doubted

be their haunt. I was in one of oſe ſituations when the rudeſt promp- ude out-values all ſtudy; ſo, in deſpair better means, I gradually roſe beneath e body, which I elevated till it ſtood ıright. At the like moment, a fourth gro iſſued from an angular receſs, aring a kind of torch; and its beams, themſelves awful, falling on the rpſe, added inexpreſſibly to its ghaſt- ieſs. All the negroes ſtarted in ſu- rſtitious terror of its ſelf-actuation; d when the boldeſt darted his fizgig to its breaſt and they beheld it remain ıright, they hooded their eyes and ll on their faces. Now was the oppor- nity of my unſeen eſcape from the ca- ty, into which I recaſt the body; but, the ocean flooded the cavern nearly up where I ſtood, my only way was to ıetrate further on, which I imme- ately did, with ſpeed deſperate as my rtune; for ruſhing up the paſſage, by hich the negro had deſcended, I found

myſelf entrapped into the very dwelling of the wretches I fled.

A negreſs of repulſive uglineſs, and an infant of European countenance, ſtarted at my entrance: the woman appeared to homage my appearance, while the child ran gladly towards me, and, taking hold of the mantle, burſt into a grievous crying, that ſtruck me as proceeding from diſappointment, when it looked in my face. However, I was too flurried to attend to other than my own ſafety, to forward which I ran to the negreſs, and, embracing her hands, geſticulated my entreaties that ſhe would conceal me. She ſtroaked my cheeks, and teſtified her admiration of their variance in colour from her own, till her companions audibly approaching, ſhe hurried me into a receſs ſcreened by a rude matting of ſo coarſe a texture that it permitted me to be a ſpectator of whatever paſſed.

The place I looked into was a large

ar cavern, evidently deſigned by
e, for the dome was overhung with
mpending crags that threatened to
all beneath. Not far from the
s in which I was hid was a ſhallow
y that ſerved as a fire-place, it being
blazing with wood. Theſe remarks
hardly completed before the four
oes entered. They recloſed the
after them, with manifeſt ſymptoms
hat conſternation into which my im-
ure had thrown them; and to the
ſequent interrogations of the negreſs
y returned a wonderous account of
at they had experienced, as was de-
nſtrated by their expreſſive geſtures.
eemed that the negreſs received ſome
eat diſappointment from their diſaſter,
r ſhe appeared to upbraid their puſil-
nimity; and they, to appeaſe her, took
rude graſp of the child, and propoſed
as a ſubſtitute for what they had loſt.
What could be their deſign was at firſt
incomprehenſible; but extreme was my

horror to ſee them ſtrip the pretty infant in evident preparation for its ſlaughter. Having done that, they elevated it on a broad projection juſt beſide my concealment, and retrograded to the oppoſite ſide of the cave, where each poiſed his infallible dart to transfix its tender body. Unable to refrain, I raiſed myſelf to a chaſm cloſe above where the infant was, and, lowering my arm, ſnatched it to my breaſt juſt as the firſt dart wounded the place whence it aſcended. In this action I was too conſpicuous to be miſtaken for any thing ſpiritual, and the negroes with one will aimed towards the matting; but the negreſs, who for ſome reaſon had oppoſed the child's death, now prevented mine by expanding herſelf before my privacy. The wretches wavered; and all my hope depending on the negreſs, I reſolutely diſcovered myſelf, and advanced forth. Seeing their female careſs me, they approached with looks of attempted ſoftneſs, that wrinkled into

frowns ſoon as they beheld the mantle; but again calmed when they conſulted my countenance. I was now examined as to how I became poſſeſſed of the mantle: I anſwered, by conteſting the owner. As this was a diſcourſe of ſigns, my diſuſe in it made my expreſſions ambiguous; for they miſconceived that I had ſlain the Moor, and, joyfully linking their hands, they whirled round me in a delirium of triumph and approbation, that denoted how intereſted they were in this miſtake. They continued to oppreſs me with tokens of their favour, and pointing to the child, endeavoured to make me underſtand that its relationſhip to the Moor made it a proper ſacrifice to their vengeance. But this I obſtinately refuſed to comprehend, and retained the poor little creature in my arms: they at length waved their ſolicitude for its delivery, and began to furniſh forth a table with the beſt of their cheer. Of this I declined to partake, for their indulgence

in liquors proved them not to be of the children of Mahomet; and the horrible idea ſucceeded in my mind, that they were of the worſhippers of fire, and intended the infant an offering to that ſuppoſititious deity. This conjecture, together with the nauſeous flavour and appearance of the fleſh they put before me, diſguſted me from their company; and, ſitting aloof, I contemplated them while they fed with a voracity ſavage as their exterior. Their faces were of the deepeſt Ethiopian dye, featured in the utmoſt of Ethiopian deformity, and ravaged with diſeaſes common to them all. Meantime the child, which was a boy near two years old, drooped into a ſound ſleep, notwithſtanding the vociferous revelry of the negroes. Theſe, at length, drunk themſelves into a drowſineſs propitious to the negreſs, who, while ſuffering with the competition of their tenderneſſes, had ſecretly ſignified to me her preference of mine. She buſtled them

to their ſlumbers in another part of the cave, and quickly returned to me with wild looks of pleaſure. While ſhe was abſent, I had diſpoſed my ſleeping nurſling on the ground, and now I haſtened to uncloſe the way; but ſhe checked me as I paſſed, and ſignificantly threatened, if eſcape were then attempted, to recal the negroes. I knew myſelf at her will, but endeavoured to gloze that knowledge with a ſmile. She reflected one as extraordinary in its uglineſs as mine was in bitterneſs; and, to my extreme ſurprife, heaped freſh faggots to reſtore the fire: ſhe then, to my extremeſt horror, tried the edge of a knife, and catching up the child, approached me with unequivocal invitations to banquet on its innocent fleſh.

By this action was each myſtery expounded. The circumſtance of the dead body, probably ſome ſhip-wrecked mariner; the ſubſequent attempt on the child; and the ſtrange qualities of the

fleſh they had gorged; how intelligible was all this, when I perceived myſelf to be in the ſociety of miſcreants, who preyed upon their own nature? whoſe food was their diſeaſe, cheriſhed by obſcenities of intercourſe with this one woman. How reverſed was my eſtimation of her behaviour, now its principles were detected! That ſhe was peeviſh when her gang of paramours entered empty-handed, that ſhe was wiſtful to poſtpone the death of the child, and that ſhe refrained from eating the ſhare allotted her at ſupper, were now accounted for, by her complimenting me with a delicacy ſhe had wiſhed to reſerve for our ſecret epicuriſm. My rejection of this offer expoſed me to inſtant ſolicitations not leſs diſguſting: but my horror was too invincible to be diſguiſed, and the diſappointed wretch became the ſpectacle of a fury, ſo venomous were her looks. Ever as I moved contrary to her choice, ſhe petrified me by preparing to arouſe

the negroes; and when ſhe petulantly refuſed my attempts to conciliate her, and ſigned to me that I ſhould follow to my bed, I did not dare to diſpute her will, although to forſake the child cut me deepeſt of all.

She led me into a leſs diviſion of the cave, where her drunken companions were ſtretched in a row before a ſplendid flame, each entirely covered by his mat, as the humidity of the roof deſcended in large drops. She motioned me to lay down; I obeyed; and, covering me with my mantle, head and all, ſhe left me. The peculiarities of my ſituation would not permit compoſure. I could only feel to fear the treachery of the negreſs, nor think of elſe than the defeat of that treachery. My incompetency to conteſt ſo many neceſſitated a recourſe to ſtratagem, and, ſilently riſing, I exchanged coverings with the negro that ſlept next to me; then, leaving him, I

went to the other end, and couched beneath the mat I had taken.

The wiſdom of this behaviour was ſoon wofully confirmed, for peering through a vent in the mat, I deſcried the negreſs creeping in a cautious pace towards her diſguiſed countryman. The knife was in her hand already pointed, and, when ſhe was approached within a convenient diſtance, ſhe bounded on her prey, griped his head between her knees, and penetrated his breaſt with four or five ſtabs in ſo immediate a ſucceſſion, that the creature expired without a murmur. To my great comfort, ſhe then retreated, and the body remained covered; but, while I was ſtudying how to ariſe, the ſide of my coverlid was ſoftly elevated, and the murderess ſlid under, and couched by my ſide, gratified with her bloody buſineſs, and ignorant of her double miſtake in her victim and gallant. The paſſions that had attempted

me, were not at all diminiſhed by the murder that had avenged their ſcornful treatment; but my ears were engroſſed by moans of a remoteneſs and acuteneſs that denoted their utterance by the dear little infant, whom I feared the impaſſioned miſcreant beſide me had left in ſome poignant torture. On her they had no effect, for ſhe was juſt about to embrace me in her loathſome arms, when my nature, hardened to her own barbarity, was guilty of a deed ſituation alone could excuſe. I turned on the woman, and ſtrenuouſly graſped my hands about her throat. They were mailed with iron gauntlets; and her breath, unable to eſcape in the leaſt ſound, writhed her body in convulſions madneſs could only refuſe to commiſerate. At length her emotions tranquilliſed, and I aroſe to feel the bittereſt pang I ever in my life felt at ſight of a breathleſs body. I ſhuddered at its horrid diſfigurement, and ſpeedily betook myſelf to the firſt

compartment of the cavern: remorſe immediately ſubſided, for I there beheld the poor child in utter nakedneſs; its little limbs expanded and ſecured on a board, which was placed at ſo artful a diſtance from an extravagant fire as could inſure its being roaſted to death. This ſpectacle ſubdued all my rage, and I could not refrain from tears: I diſengaged it, aſſuaged and ſoothed its pains, and ran to the place of egreſs; but, whether I had forgotten the exact ſpot, or the ſtone was immoveable by a ſingle hand, I could not determine: certain it was all that my might was vain, though in the end that might became deſpair.

One only reſource now offered, which was to return through the cave of repoſe, and ſeek an outlet there, as none appeared wherein I was. This was an audacious meaſure, but there was no alternative; ſo burdened with the child, I retrod the way. My precipitation had like to have been ruinous, for I came

into the preſence of the negroes before I noticed them to be ariſen and buſy about the female, whoſe diſmal groans beſpake the difficulty, but certainty of her diſſolution. Their eyes paſſed with amazement from myſelf to the mantle, until they ſolved the myſtery by plucking it aſide and diſcovering the corpſe beneath, which they gazed on with looks inflamed by wrath. Their motion to ſeize their clubs diſſolved the petrifaction of my nerves, and I dared not to deliberate a ſecond: no paſſage was viſible by which I could eſcape, ſave a rugged receſs near me: without heſitation I ran into this; it ſeemed to have been diſſevered by ſome earthquake; and climbing up the indentures of its rocky ſides, I attained the commencement of a rudely-created gallery, which repeatedly circled the cave in a ſpiral direction to its very ſummit. Up this I ruſhed in little better than madneſs, for each ſtep entoiled me the more in hazard

and difficulty; my only guide being the unſteady flaſhes from the fire below, that redly gleamed acroſs my track 'gainſt the perpendicular rock on my other hand; and this rock often obtruded into my path ſo terribly, as to force me to its uttermoſt brink where it overhung the interior of the cave. But I ceaſed not my ſtep till another was impoſſible; for an end was put to my progreſs and my hopes by a circular chaſm, on which verge my ſerpentine path concluded, and which crowned the central roof of the cave: the cave being of a conic form, this chaſm blunted its pinnacle. The firſt glance down into the cave terrified me from reviewing a depth ſo infernal, that the ſpectacles below were ſurpriſingly diminiſhed: I recoiled in mental and ſenſual anguiſh, for the exclamations of my purſuers were thoſe of aſſured triumph, and my arms were almoſt nerveleſs to wield my weighty ſword. However, the ſpeed of

my deſpair being ſwifter than the ſpeed of their revenge, I had a moment in which to determine on a return to the laſt narrowneſs of the path, there to conflict them to the laſt. Had ſuch a conflict taken place I yet ſhiver to reflect on the probable horrors of its event, as the part I had determined on was not a yard in breadth, and was entirely undefended by any thing to prevent one falſe ſtep from launching you into eternity, by an immeaſurable precipitation downwards to a level with the dead bodies: but I was doomed to another fate, for in haſting to the place, I inſenſibly pauſed on the edge of a hole three or four feet in diameter, which was ſunken into the ground. Why I ſtopped I could hardly tell, as I had ſhot paſt this place before with a degree of affright; but ſurely it was the inſtinct of my eyes which rivetted themſelves on the lowermoſt interior of the hole, and obliged me to obſerve that it was enlightened by

the torches of my enemies, who were threading the circle to wind up to me. It was evident they were paſſing juſt under where I ſtood; as evident was it therefore that this hole was perforated from the floor of my paſſage to the roof of theirs, the intermediate rock not being many yards thick. This diſcovery was followed by a reſolution, of which the idea and the execution were ſhorter timed than can be the narration. I determined to deſcend by the hole. A moment's delay would be inevitably fatal, as the negroes were faſtly encompaſſing the cave, which rotundity ſhortened with the height; yet how to diſpoſe of the child, who, enfeebled by the rapidity of my motion, lay motionleſs on my arm? I had mentally ſworn its partnerſhip of my deſtiny, and I renewed my oath neither to forſake or yield it; yet, beſide that my arm was benumbed with its weight, I now abſolutely required the complete liberty of my limbs, and heaven

ſurely inſpired the happy expedient which I adopted; for, paſſing the infant beneath the belts that croſſed my breaſt, I incaſed its extremities within my veſture, and ſo ſecured it next to that heart which glowed for its delivery. Thus precioufly fraught, I lowered myſelf down the hole. It was of the exact ſize to admit me with ſafety, and the excreſcences of its ſides denoted it to be, alike the reſt of that wondrous cave, the architecture of nature in one of her ſubterranean caprices: its crookedneſs likewiſe befriended my deſcent and my ſecrecy. Never ſhall I forget my joy when I heard the negroes ruſh over its upper mouth with ſhouts of their conviction that I was inextricably entangled at the top, to which they were proceeding. Soon as they paſſed I dropt through on the lower paſſage: it was of a ſhallow height, and the concavity where I fell preſerved me from tumbling over. A new ſpirit leapt into my veins,

conflagration. Its exploſion was accompanied with ſhrieks; of terror or injury I could not particulariſe, for again I had recourſe to my feet. I plied them through all the variations of the narrow ſerpentine paſſage, till the purſuit of my enemies echoed in my ears, and the gleams of their torches brightened the roof before me. At that inſtant the paſſage expanded into a cavern, on which oppoſite ſide a momentary glimpſe was diſcernible. A breeze of freſh air guſhed paſt me: immediately, far as I could, I threw my torch down a long excavation to my right; and as the negroes chaſed me by its light, they doubtleſs were miſled. For myſelf, I ruſhed towards the oppoſite place, though it was now darkened. The ſenſation which had vexed me, of being brought by my incautious haſte to the verge of ſome gulph, was now partly realiſed; for my ſtep was miſtaken in its preſent confidence, and I ſunk, but without falling,

mid-deep in water. At the inſtant of my misfortune the moon was diveſted of clouds, and the ſurface of the waters was enlightened by her beams. I recognized the identical receſs where I had ſlept, whence I had madly flown to the dangers I had encountered, and whither I was now moſt fortunately reconducted for deliverance; a canoe of the negroes being riſen with the tide. In the bottom of this I depoſited the infant, and, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of the tide, forced myſelf out of the cave by the ſtrength of my arm againſt the craggy ſides. But when I doubled the mouth of the cave, the power of the open ſea had nearly ruined me againſt the cliffs, on which I could barely prevent my being daſhed by the intervention of a paddle, and oftentimes of my hands. Thus I coaſted till the river opened, up which the inland current tranſported me with a rapidity almoſt terrifying.

My paddle ſplintered and uſeleſs, the

barque was abandoned to the force of the waters; and when the morning dawned I found myſelf advanced up the river far beyond my yeſterday's knowledge. The day enlivened and ſhortly diſcovered to me the vicinity of a ſplendid caſtle, of which the garden terraces deſcended to the border of the river, where a gay pavilion was peninſulated by the abrupt turning of the channel. While I was gazing on this grand ſpectacle, and my infant companion was denoting a joyful recognition, the canoe drifted on ſhore. At the time I climbed the bank, a loud harmony of trumpets, cymbals, and inſtruments peculiarly African, announced a clan of equeſtrian Moors. They were returning from triumphant purſuit; for they galloped from that quarter whither the Chriſtian army had marched, and haſtened towards the caſtle. Preceded by his harbingers rode the Mooriſh chieftain whom I had combated. The child rapturouſly extended

its little hands, and ſprung towards him. The train pauſed, while the Moor viewed the infant and myſelf with mute amazement. Thoſe who had gathered from the caſtle to gratulate his approach, diſreſpected all ſave me, from whom they diſengaged the child, and preſented it to the father with ſome bitter accuſation, which, however unintelligible in its language, was not ſo in its effects. I was bound, without liberty of defence by word or deed, and was inſulted in both; for they held me at the portico of the caſtle, that, as the cavalcade filed inward, each might ſpit upon me as he paſſed. How could I have borne this dreadful humiliation, had I not beheld among the Chriſtian ſpoils a bleſſed crucifix? There needed not deliberation, to reſign me to a fate my God had perſonally and now emblematically endured; my laſt paſſionate emotion was reflected to Hildebrand, who rode a wrathful captive in the triumphant proceſſion.

Not more than an hour was ſpent in ſilent impriſonment before I was conducted into the preſence of Oraſmyn: he was encompaſſed by a princely attendance, and among them ſtood the executioners of puniſhment. With a tolerable fluency of the Italian language, he ſternly queſtioned me as to my poſſeſſion of his child: I anſwered with a circumſtantial narration. He was mollified, as it appeared the child had been miſſed from the garden terraces at an earlier hour than that of our encounter. The blacks were likewiſe notorious from their former ſlavery in the caſtle, of which their horrid conduct was doubtleſs the revenge. The Muſſulmen, whoſe bigotry was diſappointed by the acquittal of a Chriſtian, were obliged to acquieſce in its juſtice; and hardly had I concluded my directions for the diſcovery and ſeizure of the negroes, before Oraſmyn deſcended, and took me in his arms with gratitude and affection. Said

he, "You have revived the empreſs of my ſoul and the mother of my infant: give a tongue to your utmoſt deſire, yet ſhall it be outdone." I ſolicited my liberty. "'Tis yours," was exclaimed. I ſingled Hildebrand from the Chriſtian captives who were arraigned at a diſtance, and demanded the like for him. "Granted," returned the noble Moor: "but not that alone." He then appointed our reſidence, and ordered ſlaves to attend us; and we ſeparated with a cordiality at which the ſuperior Moors ſcowled with mingled anger and envy.

My extolment of Oraſmyn was impatiently interrupted by Hildebrand, who impeached its truth, and denounced his own and Heaven's vengeance for the impiety of his captivity and the blaſphemous diſplay of the crucifix. It was impoſſible to aſſuage him, for he curſed with ſacerdotal fervency the land, the manſion, its maſter, and its inhabitants.

Thus were employed the hours, for the meridian ſultrineſs confined us to our lodgings, from the lattices of which we beheld, with ſurpriſe, the indefatigable labour of numerous workmen, who were conſtructing a circular building, ſimilar to the liſts of a tournament. Neither was its purport unlike, for we were informed that the ſolemnization of the Mooriſh victory was intended that evening. This was a freſh aggravation of Hildebrand's rage, and he contemptuouſly rejected the invitation which I accepted. The delicacy of Oraſmyn, in wiſhing us to enjoy as a feſtival what elſe might have ſeemed a triumph over our misfortunes, ſtruck me much; and I wondered how an unſocial African had imbibed ſuch urbanity of ſentiment. However, I afterwards found the arrangement of the ceremonies abſolutely required ſome conduct, which elſe, I was ſure, he would have excluded, as it was offenſive to my feelings.

For the preliminaries to the games were the oſtentation of the catholic ſtandards, which were trailed around the liſts in humble contraſt with the victorious creſcent: the reſt of the pillage enſued amidſt the vociferation of a multitude of ſingers, who, in alternate chorus and recitation, lauded the invincibleneſs of Mahomet. When this odious commencement was paſſed to the great delight of the menials, Oraſmyn and his concubines, brilliantly apparelled, became viſible on an exalted and canopied ſeat. I was beyond the power of nice diſcrimination, being accommodated on the reverſe of the barrier, among the Chriſtian captives and ſlaves; the latter of whom were ſo numerous, I could not conceal a contemptuous ſurpriſe at their having omitted to attempt a deliverance, when their guards were ſo detached and the army of their countrymen ſo near. They anſwered my reproach by ſaying, Oraſmyn had done more juſtice

to their courage than did I; for he had lodged them in a ſecurity which prevented its exertions. My wonder and attention were then engroſſed by the appearance of the three negroes, who, inſtead of the fetters they deſerved, were dignified with turbans and caftans; and in place of executioners were accompanied by Turkiſh men. I ſoon underſtood that the power and bigotry of the latter had reprieved the negroes from an inſtant fate, and conditioned an entire pardon to attend their abjuration of idolatry and profeſſion of Turciſm: an offer the wretches gladly embraced, and which was ſanctioned by the mother herſelf, before whom the proſelytes were now brought, to pay the homage which I noticed the chief lady to receive. My exclamation againſt the Mahometan bigotry that could pardon ſuch miſcreants, was checked by a liſtening ſlave, who told me to aſcribe it to Chriſtian mercy. He continued, "The mother,

o pardons them, is a Chriſtian." An European Chriſtian?" "Yes." A ſation almoſt agoniſing rent me, as I entally remarked, how might my beved Camilla be like to that woman. ıſt then the negroes retreated, and ancers ſucceeded. Thoſe voluptuous andangos, the relics of the Mooriſh redominance in Spain, which, although hey are chaſtened by Chriſtian reſerve, till are indecorous in a great degree, I now beheld in their licentious originality. My eyes were ſhocked, but my heart was lightened, for I felt that Camilla would never lend the ſanction of her preſence to ſuch flagrant indecencies; that however ſhe reſembled that woman in misfortune and mercy, a praiſeworthy diſſimilarity exiſted in her delicacy.

The performances varied to ſports of agility and courage. I witneſſed equeſtrian proficients, in whom ſhould have originated the fable of the Centaurs, run-

ners, whoſe fleetneſs took away the breath of lookers on; leapers, who appeared to hover in the air. My gaze was rivetted on them, but my thoughts were often occupied with the image of Camilla. More arduous deeds enſued. Men and boys grouped themſelves in pyramidical heaps: ſome heaved ponderous weights, and hurled them to a diſtance; others, of a phrenetic demeanor, tore large ſerpents through their teeth, gorged them while living, and pretended to imbibe nutriment where the ignorant imbibe venom. To this diſguſting impoſition followed feats of ſtrife. An artificial encounter took place, ſo cloſely reſembling the reality that ſeveral of the combatants were in extreme peril of their limbs. Wreſtling was now proclaimed. An anxiety to approach the Chriſtian lady had all along diſquieted me; but how to gratify it occurred not till that moment, when a loud ſhout accompanying the overthrow of one of the

wreſtlers, I determined to diſpute with the victor for the prize which was beſtowed at her feet.

With this idea I was ſtepping forth, when the ſlave with whom I had converſed detained me, to aſk If I were ſo mad as to think of oppoſing ſuch a combination of ſtrength and ſkill? The queſtion irritated me to ſterner reſolution, and I was confronted with the triumphing wreſtler, before I noticed him to be the luſtieſt of the negroes. The ſignal clarion ſounded, and we ſprung to each other's embrace, with ferocity on his part, emulation on mine. The conflict was brief as it was awful. Three times I loſt my footing, and was uplifted in the arms of my ſinewy antagoniſt; but vain were his endeavours to caſt me, for I adhered to him like the coils of an adder. The fourth time, while in that ſtate of ſuſpenſion, by an extraordinary effort I daſhed him beneath me, accompanying his overthrow, till that inſured,

I bounded upwards, and alighted with my feet on his ſenſeleſs breaſt. The ſhouts of applauſe being confined to the Chriſtian ſpectators, denoted the bigotry of the Muſſulmen had diſpoſed them in favour of the converted negro. A further proof of this was their unceremonious ſeizure of me, on their remarking the deathly ſtillneſs of the fallen miſcreant; and the forfeiture of the life of that Chriſtian by whom a Mahometan might be ſlain was ſignificantly teſtified to me. Oraſmyn, ſuperior to every feeling but thoſe of the heart, deſcended his eminence to my defence: the prieſts retired with the negro, when he caſt over my ſhoulder an eſtimable handkerchief, an inviolable pledge among the Orientaliſts; then ſtroaking his beard, he ſwore by the Prophet and the Koran to fulfil my liberation of a dozen of my captive and enſlaved countrymen, on whomſoever my choice might fall. Meantime he invited me to enjoy the wreath of

victory, and the benevolence of her the mother, whoſe offspring I had ſaved. I raiſed my inquiſitive eyes, and in that identical mother, the voluptuouſly apparelled concubine of the Moor, I beheld Camilla: horror petrified my functions, but the modeſt refrainment of her gaze rekindled all the memory of our former love. I ſhrieked abroad the anguiſh of my heart. She penetrated the perturbation that diſguiſed me; reſponded a cry of terror; ſtaggered, drooped, and ſwooned into thoſe arms which prevented all others. I was blind to aught but her; careleſs for aught but our ſeparation. My tone was frantic as I exclaimed, "This is my choice; ever, of all exiſting womankind, the choice of Claudio!" Oraſmyn's ſcimetar was returned to its ſheath when I declared my name, and he echoed it in anguiſh. The attendants gathered to liberate the yet fainting Camilla; but I oppoſed them, and demanded of Oraſmyn the

performance of his oath: that it was inviolable as irrevocable, I appealed to the Imen. Their looks were thoſe of malicious bigotry, and at the ſame inſtant Camilla was releaſed from me. I raved, I wept, I implored Oraſmyn, who was ſcarcely ſuperior in condition. I attempted to detain the palankeen, on which my inanimate love repoſed; and, when exhauſted, I threw myſelf on the earth before the bearers, who cruelly trod over me. That indignity inflamed me to a burning fury; and, ariſen upon my feet, I darted towards the Chriſtian ſpectators, and called "To arms!" The trophies of arms and armour were inſtantly turned to a deathly purpoſe, and a ſcattered combat covered the ſo late gay plain. Myſelf, with a few others, forced through the throng that debarred us from the palankeen; but when I would have laid my hand upon its trappings, a Moor interfered: The wild ſtroke I gave was warded by Oraſmyn, whom I madly aſſailed: deadly

were my aims towards his heart, yet was I ſenſible he acted the part of a repellant, and curbed that ſkill to which was my breaſt often expoſed unguarded. At length my wrath was reſiſtleſs, ſave by the ſubtilty he adopted; for turning from me, his blade fiercely waved above the exanimate head of Camilla. Leſt, mad as myſelf, he actually would ſtrike, I remained motionleſs, until the palankeen, accompanied by Oraſmyn in the like threatening attitude prohibitory of purſuit, departed from my ſight. My ſenſes died away as it diſappeared; and the firſt obſervation of their renewal was my forcible carriage by two of the negroes; the ſecond, my conſignment to a diſmal dungeon.

I relapſed into a ſlumbering inſenſibility, in which I was gently diſturbed by a noiſy motion beſide me: a gleam of light dazzling my eyes, they recloſed before their awaking could be diſcerned by Oraſmyn, who was pacing within my

priſon, a drawn ſword in his hand. A ſecond glance acquitted him of any murderous deſign, for his ſwarthy aſpect was a ſpectacle of tearleſs anguiſh. The ſudden direction of his glance encountered mine, and the next moment we ſtood opponent to each other. He prevented my upbraiding by a ſign for ſilence, and an invitation to follow: at the ſame time, to prevent my heſitation, he gave his ſword to my hand. We paſſed through an outer porch, in which were the two negroes aſleep; and when I came into the open air, I found the night had long ſet in. There I ſtopped, and aſked Oraſmyn To what exertion of his tyranny he would lead me? In an indignant mode, he declared his innocency of my evening captivity, which was ſolely aſcribable to the Imen, whoſe zeal had determined my painful death, ſhould the negro die of the injuries he had ſuffered in our wreſtling. Clearly I underſtood my obligation to Oraſmyn, whoſe

conduct won me the more as I could perceive in him a ſtern attachment to his faith, from which cruel miniſters, at peril of their cenſure, he was delivering me. Yet had I earlier known that not remorſe, but magnanimity was his motive in my liberation, I ſhould have rejected it; but, thus ſurpriſed into gratitude, I returned him his ſword, half aſhamed to have taken it, and attempted to utter my thanks. He was deaf to my addreſs, and a ſimple repetition of "Follow me!" were the only words he ſpoke. We continued through the caſtle, till, entering a marble court, ornamented with ſculpture and refreſhed by fountains, we mounted a gallery by which it was encompaſſed, whence you might inſpect thoſe apartments which lattices opened into the gallery. Before the chief lattice Oraſmyn pauſed, and then deſired me to look within. I witneſſed a ſplendid apartment, wherein were many handſome ſlaves, who were labouring

with the needle and ſhuttle, according to the directions of a beautiful young girl: her mien was volatile, and her apparel luxuriouſly oriental. As I turned away, Oraſmyn kindly bad me look again: the lovelineſs of her perſon varied according to her expreſſions and geſtures; and, mindful of Camilla at her age, I tenderly ſighed. Oraſmyn miſtook my feelings; for griping my hand he told me She was his ſiſter, charming as an Elyſian houri, and as amiable too. He preſſed me tighter as with emotion he added, "Become my brother, who art now my rival." Our hands were immediately ſeparated; for I exclaimed, That his ſword might reach my heart, but love for other than Camilla never could. The darkneſs ſkreened his countenance; but the voice was ſevere which pronounced, "Yours may be a bloody obſtinacy." He told me until morning was given for my deliberation, and we parted: I inſiſting on his oath, he ſilently reſerved.

When I came to my lodgings, Hildebrand received me with expressions of his knowledge. Our conversation was warm, for he persisted that tenderness to the Moor were impious, it being my duty to rescue Camilla, at any rate, from so unchristian a life of concubinage, her salvation depending on it. My heart was disposed to acquiesce with his arguments; and the night was employed in devising how to obey them.

The next day occurred my interview with Orasmyn. He heard my rejection of his sister, and of his every other proffer, with a haughty grief that really pained me; till he answered to my pleading the inviolation of his oath, Then receive her as she is, for otherwise never shall she go from me. Joy winged me to a skreened alcove, whither he pointed; but, what were my sensations when opening that alcove I beheld my Camilla, in the habiliments of yesterday, a dead ensanguined body? On

her besmeared face I gazed myself into stone, and became the statuary of a corpse. From this examination I was recalled by Orasmyn, who dragged me in pity to the air, loudly crying, The whole was an innocent subtilty, and no worse than the disfigurement of a deceased slave. Had Orasmyn in that moment demanded my decisive renunciation of Camilla, I should have granted it; such was the horror of my self-reproach when I mistook her to be dead. But he pursued a different, though not less effectual mode; for drawing me to the summit of a lofty minaret, he bade me review the circumambient country. I saw it to be fruitful beyond my expectations of African agriculture or fertility: groves, and fountains, and habitations, humanized the central province, which seemed to have emerged by magic from the dreary wastes that encompassed it, and bounded the horizon. I spoke my thoughts. Those dreary wastes, replied

Orasmyn, once enclosed this fabric; all was sterile whence these pleasant perfumes rise. Camilla hath done this; 'tis she hath made this spot one mighty censor to the God of Heaven; and will you give disturbance to this work, so forwarded in thirty moons? My heart sickened within me, but, dropping my eyes, I noticed the outermost side of the minaret on which we stood, to be armed with blades of cruel forms; and they reminded me, that I had heard it was a mode of punishment in the east, to hurl the unfortunate victim from the loftiest summit, so that he might be rent to pieces in his descent. Again I triumphed over the cruelty of Orasmyn as unworthy of Camilla; but he guessed my thoughts, and undeceived them; for he told me the agrarian changes I beheld, were slight to those in his principles and habits. Where now you stand, said he, no Christian ever stood, but on the eve of execution; yet hundreds came, for I

and every Saracen, so revenged the massacre at Tunis. But now their bloody use is lost, and they remain harmless emblems of sweet Clarinea's triumph. Clarinea I found to be Camilla's local name. My silence was really that of inferiority, when he asked, What could I display in competition with his claims to Clarinea's love? Your breath, added he, is the gift of her you would debase: Go, you have my leave to thank her for it. The confidence he bewrayed hurt me more than I was pleasured by this permission; yet I left him, and in a few moments was with Camilla. The particulars of our interview are indescribable: suffice it, that she heard the death of her father with a grief hardly appeaseable, as she attributed it to her captivity. What I would have argued against Orasmyn on that score, was prevented by the bringing in her child, whose cries explained its appetite for that nutriment mothers, by the decree of Mahomet, pro-

long to the end of the second year. The infant testified a tender knowledge of me, and Camilla faltered her thanks for its preservation. That thanks should be rendered me for rescuing a child of her, to whose offspring I had hoped to be paternal, distracted my thoughts: but her matronly action drove me quite out from her presence.

Hildebrand encountered me in the garden. 'Camilla's lost! for ever lost!' cried I. The Moor affirms him more deserving than myself, and she admits the affirmation. The Monk attempted not comfort, but inflated with religious wrath. We parted; and overwhelmed with these afflictions, I underwent an inconscious hour. At the period of that time a slave invited me to the pavilion, forementioned to project into the river; and there Orasmyn personally apprised me of its allotment for my abode. I surlily asked him, For how long he meant to infringe his oath? A fierce contro-

versy arose between us, in the course of which I understood, that, so far from Camilla living in a state of participated concubinage, her reduction to Orasmyn's will had been signalized by the entire dismission of his seraglio, in which she lived unwatched by mutes or eunuchs, but paramount alike over his heart and fortunes; and that, comforted in her child, and gratified in the liberty of extensive benefaction, she was resigned to a state, which only wanted the sanction of Heaven to make it consummately blessed. That perfection the opposition of faith only prevented, for in all beside Orasmyn was a Catholic.

My meditations on this discourse were interrupted by Hildebrand, who eagerly entered from Camilla. He had witnessed, conversed, and disputed with her, as a man, a friend, and a religionist. As the last, he had denied her the privilege of confession; and had protested her father's soul to be bell-doomed for

her depravity. He had called her parricide! apostate! harlot! and adultress! names which to hear him repeat, struck me aghast. Continued he, I depicted to her a creature of pollution; one, whose hair is gemmed and scented with the obscenities of brutes; whose eye-lids, brows, and cheeks, whose lips, and palms, and nails, are dyed, and smeared, and patched, and trimmed, as the statues of idolatry: one, whose breath is not her own; who respires her own voluptuousness; whose garments ornament and not disguise her beauty; whose dress is worse than nakedness, insomuch that it is meant to shew off that nakedness. Such an one, said I, was the Jezebel of aforetime; and such an one is her whom I address. What Camilla might think of me, did she mistake that I had persuaded the Monk thus far, I dared not conceive; and I smothered the rebukes of my indignation to enquire How had she replied? She arose with sullen grief,

and demanded, Whether a woman according to his description, was desirable by such a man as Claudio de Santillana? What he blamed, she had assumed in obedience to the Moor; why then to that Moor let her be abandoned. You have destroyed me! cried I. The reverse! answered Hildebrand: her's was the passion of remorse, shame, and conscious unworthiness. Then flee to her with comfort. Assail her with all your present love, and her's shall be rekindled. Farther urged by his religious exhortations, I hastened to Camilla's evening retirement.

I urged every persuasion that my heart and hand were at that moment as sacredly her's, as at the moment of her ravishment. I could not await her answers, but with a similar fervour to that of my courtship, I engaged her in my arms, and absolutely sobbed my tenderness. For a moment she was my own Camilla; but that moment was bitterly

succeeded; for releasing herself, wild emotion wrung the hands that were combined with mine, while she declared The harlot which Hildebrand had entitled her, with me she alone could be, for that by a sponsal devotion to Orasmyn, she had faith to marry herself in the eyes of God, although unmarried by the forms of church. What Hildebrand would have cursed, I deplored. My prayers and deprecations I cannot repeat. She wept most copiously, but declined to answer; and I left the room. The doorway was unguarded, and, prostrate on the threshold, I lay in silent torture: Each of the moans she audibly vented, was recorded by a blooddrop from my heart; and thus passed a considerable time, until some one, not at first to be recognized through the shade, approached where I lay. As he passed a slender lattice, the moonlight glistened on the features of Orasmyn, whose countenance manifested his purpose. I started up,

and taking him by surprise, jammed him against the wall. I was invigorated by my despair, or he enervated by his sensuality, and striking my fingers against the hilt of a dagger in his girdle, I snatched it from the scabbard, bidding him swear, That night and thenceforth to refrain from the couch of Camilla. Camilla herself, attracted by the disturbance, distinguished the latter words, for, said she, You may poniard Orasmyn, but not control him. Her interposition discovered how bitterly the effusion of her eyes had stained her cheeks, and the Moor wrathfully demanded Were I the cause? Camilla with impatience drew us within the chamber, where she disclosed the crucifix taken from Hildebrand. This she had rescued from the Pagans, and bending her knees before it, she attested the Almighty original. She then protested herself to be arbitratress of our dispute, and solemnly declared, To us, as to all men she'd be, and to Heaven

alone her looks of love, till Heaven sanctioned them to man: accompanying these latter words with the action of veiling her face. Many a woman have I seen accept the veil that for ever clouds them from the world, but never with like awe, as when Camilla enclosed her features: her simple grace exceeded the pomp of formalities; and, unable to speak dissuasively, Orasmyn with myself dropped on our knees, embracing each a hand, and submitting to her decree.

When I related this to Hildebrand, Excellent! exclaimed he: she hath passed her sentence of divorce from the Moor, by dedicating her fate to Heaven: a minister of Heaven am I, and a heavenly gift shall Camilla be to you. These inferences had power to make me pass a sleepless night, and Hildebrand surprised me ere I was abroad. Son, he addressed me, my pillow thoughts have certified that one single bond insnares Camilla to this infidel land, and defrauds you of her

love. I besought his meaning. You shall know, and your answer shall be your sword, concluded he, and disappeared. My suspense was but momentary, for he entered, roughly bearing the infant in his arms. Supicion was horribly verified by his pressing its sacrifice to piety and love. Never were piety and love so villified! and that I told him. A spurious infidel! cried he: of Camilla and yourself, the breathing shame and adversary! yet dispute the fitness of an early death! it is only possible reprieve from Hell! I not only disputed, but confuted all he said; and the little Othmar's life was twice saved by me. Hildebrand cooled towards *me, but fired the more in his fanaticism*; and often was he closeted with Camilla, over whom he acquired an ascendency which he vainly endeavoured to extend to Orasmyn; whose respect for Camilla's religion did not debilitate his attachment to his own. But matters now glided on in a succes-

sion not to be particularised. The more extensive my observations, the more desperate my hopes. When abroad, I saw Camilla's to be the spirit of industry, of freedom, of alacrity, that tilled the fields, and reared their riches: her's might be called the cherishing air, that before idly blew, and sweet as her's it was. She was the consort of the widowed, mother to the orphan, and daughter herself to the great Father of Good; nurse to all those happy children before squalid, and famished, I would rapturously have called her, had she herself been childless. By the slaves, native or captive, she was idolized: wherever she was expected, they beset the path, and with flowers of the sweetest nature they bestrewed her habitual walks. At home the comforts and improvement of their condition were her studies; so in the virtue of her power was forgotten the vice of its acquisition. Of what had I to offer in comparison with such a life, my heart

was often questionary; and I half detested the fate that had brought me to its interruption. Orasmyn's words over the corpse, Otherwise than so never shall she go from me, were the instant knell of any hope; neither could I at heart condemn him, for so fiercely did I love her, the fierceness of his love seemed excuseable. How obstinate his affection, was strikingly evinced in his meliorated manners, when naturally ferocious, and his acquisition of a christian language; but what he gained in himself he lost in others, for his officers beheld Camilla's influence with envy, and the priests with bigotry. In the society of Camilla Orasmyn and I forgot our rivalship; and admiration was the mutual feeling and expression of our hearts and lips: but this society soon received an addition. Alone with Camilla, she, after an emotion unintelligible to me, asked, If I thought that happiness was selfish, and the heart could enjoy unparticipated fel-

ings? I sighed my answer. On which she arose, and told me, That sigh should have an echo, for that from her hand I should receive, in beauty and softness inestimable, one whose heart overflowed with love, and for me the inspirer of that love. Before I could express myself, she introduced, and placed in my hand, the blushing sister of Orasmyn. Camilla whispered me her own demerits, and the other's perfections, and she endeavoured at a gaiety in her tone; but it was a superficial gaiety, so penetrable, that hardly could I have wished for less equivocal tokens of her affections, than when she was persuading our eternal disunion. This now seemed inevitable, for with how shameful a countenance should she reappear in the country of her nativity and relationship, was a constant consideration with Camilla, too bitter for me to tranquillize. To her present behaviour I submitted; for that Orasmyn to his attachment should sacrifice his

African pride, was a transcendant generosity, and so dissimilar from any in my power, that, to prevent my humiliation in the comparison of our loves, I decided to endure the allurements of his sister, and, by withstanding them, to prove that Camilla was inexpugnable from my heart. But I was assailed in an unexpected manner. Jemilly had all the beauty, and all the artlessness of youth; she was made to love and to be loved; and already prejudiced for me as the preserver of her brother's child, my conduct at the games had wholly won her, when she understood me to be that Claudio, of whom in their solitary conversations Camilla had unreservedly spoken. An amorous curiosity into these conversations inclined me to Jemilly, who bashfully confessed, That from what passed in them, her imagination had executed an image of me, which she had cherished in her heart. We cannot chill to those so warm to us, and

curiosity became more the excuse than the motive of my inseparable companionship with Jemilly. The approbation which Camilla endeavoured to express of our kindnesses, of which she received an exaggerated account from the innocent Jemilly, was, I could distinguish in spite of her wish to disguise her feelings, not only painful to herself, but reproachful to me. Alas! she knew not that my tenderness to Jemilly was not more inconstant to herself, than is he inconstant who venerates the portrait of his mistress; for of Camilla Jemilly was a breathing portrait. Tutored by Camilla for two susceptible years, her sentiments, her carriage, and behaviour, were imitative of Camilla: by her instructed in the Italian tongue, her tones, expressions, accent, and delivery, were complete Camilla's: alike too was her dress, and all, as Camilla to herself: but in love she was what Camilla had been, not what then she was. How have I sorrowed in

that idea! Unpresuming in herself, I often have forgot her in her resemblance, and poured my heart before her, enjoying sigh for sigh, and love for love, in a delicious misapprehension. Thus, by imperceptible degrees, Jemilly acquired an exclusive portion of my esteem, for my eyes fled from the reproach of Camilla, and the haughtiness of Orasmyn, and rested on her's, which reflected sympathy and love. Still could I not relinquish my claims on Camilla, although I felt how frail were those claims; neither did Orasmyn more than tacitly dare the inviolation of his oath. But an accumulation of calamities soon overwhelmed the delicacies of our sentiments, and obligated prompt and firm decisions.

I was observing the splendor of some Arabian cavalry, select in men and horses, which had escorted into the castle a superior chieftain, accompanied by magnificent presents, when I was sum-

moned to a private conference with Orasmyn. To the stranger he previously had accorded a solemn audience. He received me with his habitual stateliness, but every opposition of fortune, faith, or birth, was obliterated from my heart, as he unbosomed his own. It seemed the newly arrived stranger was Ambassador from a potent Emir of the Desert, between whose progenitors and those of Orasmyn had been long accustomed an alternate affiance of the daughters of the one tribe to the sons of the other. The fame of Jemilly was unconfined to her fraternal province, and attracted by those representations of her beauty, the Emir had now solicited a renewal of the alliance in the union of himself and her. With every respect the Emir deserved, Orasmyn had rejected his suit; and now to me was explained the sacrifice he had made to my passion for Jemilly, in refusing a Prince whose power was so well calculated to befriend or to avenge. I

heard with astonishment; for vain would it have been to insist on the reality of my sentiments with regard to Jemilly: Orasmyn, insusceptible of those feelings I have described, interpreted their indulgence to an exclusive passion for her; and, joyful to think me weaned from Camilla, he generously resolved to perfect my second love, who so miserably had ruined my first. Thus was I hastened into an ideal engagement, which still I knew not how to avoid without ingratitude. The innocence of Jemilly disclosed her glory and happiness in her imaginary achievement of my heart; and she lavished on me a thousand caresses for preserving her from an union from which she was totally disinclined. Persuaded by her brother of my attachment, and by him sanctioned in her own, she was boundless in her affection; when in company with Orasmyn or Camilla, separately or together; but the latter avoided our presence, or endured

it with a fretfulness I would have given the world to trace to its source. Chambered with Hildebrand, she consecrated her hours to religious meditation, and the superiority of the friar kept abreast with his ambition. Being secure in her protection, he fabricated an altar in a sequestered nook of the gardens, whereon he elevated his crucifix, and enclosed it with a bowery chapel; and thither he often resorted with Camilla. The disapprobation Orasmyn insinuated, more than avowed, for a religious publicity, which was certain to alienate the already disaffected priests and officers, passed disregarded. Camilla seemed sincerely to have dropped the veil between her and the world, and as Orasmyn's love for her increased, so did his hate of the Friar.

How soon was that hate at the utmost! Our pleasant societies, which neither dancers, singers, jugglers, or fabulists, were required to enliven; in which

Orasmyn complaisantly resigned his pipe and opium, and we as complaisantly accommodated our palates to his country banquet, sherbet, pilaw, fruits, and confectionaries; these had gradually discontinued, so that it was with a general surprise we found ourselves, on a pleasant evening, assembled in a kiosque; with greater surprise was remarked the unusual sprightliness of Camilla, whose humour, always influencing ours, now communicated good spirits around. Hildebrand, though generally an exception, was gay beyond habit, or even our understanding, for mingled with his gaiety was a self-elation, for which was no ostensible cause. When the little Othmar was introduced, he, with the same hand that had offered his murder, gesticulated a blessing on his head, and, instead of the customary repulse to his infantine playfulness, saluted him by the name of Philippo: he then consigned him to Camilla, who echoed the like de-

nomination. I could perceive Orasmyn attend to what passed with a surprise that only awaited the conclusion of our festivity; but, before that conclusion, entered the calamitous explanation. Into the kiosque suddenly intruded the Sheiks of the Turkish priesthood, accompanied by a fanatical train. The chief haughtily approached Orasmyn, and with the confidence of an irresistible claimant, sternly required the instant delivery to torture of those christian blasphemers, who had baptised a child of Mahomet. Our hearts pained us as he spake, and our eyes followed the direction of his till they settled on Camilla and Hildebrand, whose dismay of countenances verified the charge. Too true it was, that in compliance with the scruples of the latter, Othmar was become a Christian the preceding night; and that his baptism, being performed in the garden, notwithstanding the local and nocturnal privacy, had been observed by the emissaries of

the suspicious Imen. As Orasmyn recovered from the consternation of the moment, he darted a glance of African wrath towards Camilla, from whom he passed it to Hildebrand, when he observed the moist and pallid poignancy of her terrors. The horrible lot she had incurred seemed inevitable, for the priest attested the Almighty spirit that had dictated the Koran, and, displaying that forgery, demanded of Orasmyn, Were he so adverse to its tenets as to skreen their violators? Silence was the only answer: it was the silence of conviction, and the triumphant bigot waved his hand for the bloodhounds from behind, who stepped forward to seize their prey. The piteous shriek of Camilla provoked my sword from its sheath, and re-animated the functions of Orasmyn. Threateningly he commanded their reverence of her, who alike was their mistress as his. They retorted a contemptuous exclamation of Mistress! and reminded him of his oath

to me, whose choice of Camilla at the games they protested to have withdrawn her from his sphere of immunity, and placed her within theirs of infliction. Ghastly became Orasmyn, for well he knew he dared not the infraction of his oath; therein he beheld himself entangled beyond the ability of self-extrication; while I in amazement stood to feel Camilla for an instant completely mine, yet mine but as a gradation to sacerdotal tortures. My heart palpitated with its resolution, for releasing Camilla from her refuge in my arms, I solemnly advanced towards Orasmyn. The grandeur of my sacrifice inspired a grandeur of effort, and placing her hand within that of the Moor, I abjured all my pretensions, and unconditionally renounced her. It was the absolution of his oath, and of my hope. His eyes flashed, and Behold in her my future wife! thunderstruck the Imen and myself. The assemblage of inquisitive domestics awed

them from the violence they perceptibly meditated; and, with inflammatory and reproachful mutters, they turned from Camilla to Hildebrand. Him they ravished away unopposed, for Orasmyn was inexorable in his anger against him. I was so overcome with the obligation to pronounce myself the resignation of Camilla, that I retired to indulge my feelings, notwithstanding her looks petitioned my stay during her discourse with the Moor, from whom she, no doubt, expected upbraiding. She did not misjudge him, for from Jemilly, who soon after came to me, I learnt that he had passionately shewn how extensive was the mischief which had source in Othmar's baptism. The good she had studied for him in the succeeding world, he was entirely cut off from in the one present, for his christianity irremediably prevented his inheritance, and condemned him to a beggarly existence amid a flourishing birthright. Camilla was immersed in

sorrow by this instruction, and to Orasmyn's claims of her hand her silence was interpreted as acquiescent. Jemilly soluced her own anguish with the prospect of double nuptials, on which she expatiated with her usual innocence, until the subject so disquieted me, that I was compelled rather harshly to rid myself of her society, from which I retired to the pavillion.

Reflective grief acted as an opiate, and lulled me into a stupefaction, from which I was aroused by a familiar voice. Before me stood Hildebrand, and distantly appeared the three negroes. That he should be thus attended begat a pity that was transient, when I recovered myself to observe that his head was turbaned similarly to the negroes on their conversion; his body clothed with as similar a vestment; and his countenance as much deformed from passion, as theirs from nature, I so absolutely was amazed at a transformation, in him, a

Monk, the most wonderous, that I could not prevent the conception which pained my breast, from rushing to my tongue, and, Hildebrand turned apostate! found utterance. Were he as guilty in principle as in dress, he could not have evinced more perturbation at my accusal, to which he returned an indefinite answer; but improving in confidence as he spoke, he apprised me that that night the Imen quitted the castle indignant at the adversity of its master; and that the purchase of his (Hildebrand's) delivery from a torturous death being my delivery to their disposal, I must instantaneously prepare to partake their journey. My horror of this sacerdotal compact startled me from the couch, whereon I was immediately restrained by the negroes, who furiously threatened with their poniards. Continued the Monk, Your renunciation of Camilla hath degraded you below my compassion; yet, if my assurance can comfort

you, be assured that never shall Catholic Camilla become the wife of Ishmalitish Orasmyn. Some obscure h'n's of a forcible prevention intervened, until he adjoined, Such is the invincible resolution of the Imen and myself! they likewise are determined that your ambition in presuming espousals with a daughter of this tribe, shall be avenged by the very Prince whom you have audaciously rivalled. To the Emir, who sought her in marriage, they will this night transport Jemilly from the degenerate brother: his pretensions they admit, and his love they will sanctify. Haunting in her love-sickness the pavillion of your repose, Jemilly has saved them the hazardous trouble of entering her apartment, and she is already in the boat. Thereto must you repair: for your impending fate I cannot answer; but thus far goes my consideration in your behalf, that better were it for you to die the death of a dog, than to marry

with an infidel, and brood blasphemy and incredulity. These words concluded our discourse, and I forthwith was carried to the boat, wherein sat Jemilly, silenced by threatenings against me in case she cried aloud. Threats to revenge on her my resistance, equally pacified me; and swiftly we voyaged up the river, which became the less serpentine as we approached its source. Jemilly being separated from me the entire length of the boat, she sitting at the prow, I at the stern, nor the least commerce was practicable between us; neither can I pretend to have desired it: for, now that I again seemed eternally divided from Camilla, all the frenzy of my former love revived, and Jemilly became as nothing in the comparison. As the pitchy darkness of the night at ten deceived the rowers aground, I was convinced that the frequent shallows of the river might befriend my escape: when we again struck, I stilly lowered

myself over the stern, and sunk up to my waist in water; the splashing of the oars overpowered that of my immersion, and the boat floated onward without me. How early my absence was discovered I know not, unless the clamour, audible on my first ascending the shore, was so caused. Pursuit was vain, if attempted; for I swiftly returned towards the castle by the guidance of the river.

The swiftness of my voyage occasioned a fatiguing journey, and some hours were intervened since my departure from the province of Orasmyn, before I regained it. In the immediate vicinity of the castle stood a building, whence proceeded masculine voices. The curiosity, that inclined me to listen, became amazement, when I recognised the tones of the then speaker to be those of Hildebrand: but that amazement subsided in breathless interest, as my understanding opened to the subject. It was a conspi-

racy against Orasmyn, contrived, directed, and about to be enforced by Hildebrand. From what passed, I learned the Christians captived in the expedition were exclusively concerned; and that their project was, that very hour to enter the castle, which was left entirely unguarded by Orasmyn, who was gone with all his followers in pursuit of the Imen, thence to embark with Camilla, and progress down towards the sea. The thought that my arrival a few minutes later would have been useless, was so terrible, that had I dared, I would have burst in among the conspirators, and reminded them how ungratefully they were mis-treating him, who so generously had pardoned their hostility at the games. But this wish stopped short of a resolution, for again was my attention attracted by a conspirator's voice demanding myself as a necessary auxiliary. The reply of Hildebrand was scurrilous in accusations of

my degeneracy, which he said must have debilitated my courage. I determined to refute his censure, by the exercise of that courage adversely to his treachery; accordingly I fled to the quarter, where abided the Christian slaves. Of them I awoke several from their cabins, and besought their exertions in benevolence to Orasmyn and Camilla; yet did I conceal the circumstantial truth, or the strangeness of my opposing, instead of assisting the delivery of Camilla, might have confounded their ideas. Their gratitude and attachment to those, for whose sakes I roused them, equalled my own; and thus, by one of the most surprising revolutions in incident, did my principles oblige me to trespass on my affections. The great part I was playing being already heroical, I determined to forward it to a romantic excess. My enthusiasm to surpass the ordinary temperance of magnanimity, resolved me to contrast my faith to Orasmyn, with

the faithlessness of others, even of Camilla, whose affections and sentiments I wished to propitiate to the suit I meditated, and, in the case of success, insurmountably to surpass the Moor, by evincing how bravely I could sacrifice to honour even her, to whom he sacrificed every consideration. The portals being entirely unsecure and unguarded, as almost all the domestic suite were deserted with the Imen, or employed in their chace, I quitted the slaves to their business in barricading them, and singly intruded the apartment of Camilla. I affected an intoxication of delight, as I told her the moment was come, in which our mutual deliveries were not only practicable, but facile. Her emotion was propitious, and folding my arms about her waist, I irresistibly transported her to the garden. Less was her opposition in anger than in modesty, and I found myself on the margin of the river, Camilla, the dear Camilla!

in my arms, at my feet a capacious weather-proof boat. What a condition for a man, who loved, who doated, like me! the beautiful wish of his life tenderly tremulous on his bosom! and no interference to prevent our everlasting union! But the forlorn struggles of that honour I so painfully tasked, urged me to invent my own impediments; accordingly I recovered her from the swoon, of which I did not dare believe she intended me to take advantage. Still my ambition to know whether I yet possessed her love, inspired me with a rapid eloquence, by which I laboured to provoke her acknowledgement. Torturous was the strife twixt love and honour, that what the one most wished, the other most should dread. As she refused speech, I entreated action, and would have urged her to the boat. How she trembled! and how did I! for had she complied a step, a single step! then would honour have been vanquished by

love, and poor Orasmyn furnished with the bitterest cause to bewail the apostacies of the night. Still was I not completely conqueror, for my feelings asserted themselves, and starting back, I outstretched my arms, exclaiming to her, Flee to this heart, and never more shall it resign thee! Whether her hesitation concluded in love or fear, racked me with indecision; for at the very moment her breast communicated with mine, at that very moment was born an uproar, that instantly matured in clamorous vociferations. Through the dimness were visible the dark dimensions of men agitating to and fro, as if in search of some one. I feared the Monk had forced the gates, while I so fallibly had endeavoured my own aggrandisement. I therefore no longer retarded the exercise of virtue, but protested my honour to Orasmyn; and releasing Camilla as a lover, I prepared to defend her as a friend. Against the

most prominent I directed my sword, and sprung with a loud exclamation. His Turkish dress did not caution me, as I knew Hildebrand so to be apparelled: him, therefore, I thought it was, and him I was resolute to chastise; but the first attempt was repulsed by a skilful parry, and its renewal pacified by the voice of Orasmyn, whom in mistake I had assailed. Unhappy as might have proved my mistake, one, scarcely less grievous, possessed the Moor. At the precise time, when in despair of overtaking the fugitive priesthood he returned from their pursuit, Hildebrand and his conspirators were hostilely arrived before the grand portal. Their astonishment to find it barricaded and garrisoned, was lost in terror, when Orasmyn and his company galloped to the contested threshold. But the deceit of Hildebrand was too habitual to forsake him; and he pretended to Orasmyn, that in attachment to him, he and

his followers were enterprising the recapture of the castle from those villainous slaves, who had taken advantage of its unguarded weakness. The uncertainty of night, the plausibility of the Monk, and the scoffs from within, all conspired to delude Orasmyn, whose voice was too rugged with wrath, to be recognized in his command of admission. He was at first refused, but shortly obeyed; for the slaves learned whom they resisted, and with penitent pleadings of their misapprehension, unclosed the entrance. Then it was that every imputation of guilt centered in me. By his treacherous disavowals of his treacherous conspiracy, Hildebrand persuaded the slaves I had practised on their credulity for my own purposes: this imposture was the more successful, as I had left them uninstructed in particulars. The absence of Camilla from her chamber, added to the distraction of Orasmyn; and my subsequent assault

on him confirmed his prejudice of my guilt. Neither could Camilla speak in my defence, or she would have seemed implicated in the eyes of the Moor, who listened to my vindication with an air of incredulity. Thus was I sunken into the profundity of abasement by the very scheme, and at the very time I projected my glory in the admiration of every one; so dangerous is it to attempt aught extraordinary, even tho' it be in virtue.

Although I preserved myself from Orasmyn's resentment, I could not compass my reinstatement in his good opinion: he ceased to consult me on his concerns, and avoided my presence. Hildebrand likewise displayed a repulsive demeanor; and that communication I disdained, he affected to refuse. Camilla wore a countenence of confused expressions, which I, Orasmyn, and Hildebrand, were at liberty to interpret according to our different interests.

Meantime, Orasmyn apprised how Jemilly had been transported to the power of the Emir, prepared a mission to him. My pretences to his sister being now cancelled from his heart, in which they had solely originated, there was not shewn to me the least respect in excusing, or the least delicacy in concealing the object of the embassy. It was to solicit the match before rejected. Though appointed suitably to the dignities of him who sent it, and him to whom it was sent, yet was its reception unworthy either. The Emir rebuffed it unseen and unanswered. Orasmyn's indignation, when he saw it despondently return, was very high, and the more bitter, as he dared not vent it in revenge; for so general had been the defection of his troops, that scarcely could he muster a respectable garrison for his own castle; how little, therefore, was he empowered to invade a populous princedom? particularly, as that prince,

dom was recruited by his loss, for thither the priesthood had retired, and invited those of their party. That the Imen meant to reside in peaceable exile no one could credit. Orasmyn sensibly ascribed the indignity of the Emir to their influence, which he dreaded, was even extended to the giving him Jemilly in marriage. In that case, Orasmyn was aware the Emir would stand in immediate succession to his province, and would welcome, perhaps hasten, his death: nay, it was impossible to determine if the Imen had not planned to deprive him of his power, as a punishment for using it adversely to their bigotry, and so to reward the attachment of the Emir. This apprehension was an additional reason for his immediate union with Camilla; and to legitimate their future offspring, the nuptial celebration was prepared with as much magnificence as the time would allow. The third day was to determine the fate

of Camilla, and of me. In the interim, every oriental luxury was pressed into use; invention and profusion went hand in hand. Wheresoever the eye gazed, splendor and gaiety solaced it: wheresoever hearkened the ear, floated the melodious breathings of aerial instruments: wheresoever the foot trod, sweet-natured flowers acknowledged the pressure with odorous exhalations.—Alas! all were wasted on me, for my senses were deadened by affliction; and I excepted at a voluptuous solemnization, so contrary to the chasteness of a Christian matrimony. As Orasmyn and Camilla seemed obstinate in absence, I had very little opportunity to observe their behaviour; so that Hildebrand almost exclusively engrossed my attention. He having been the primary causer of the recent calamities, it was astonishing what predominance he affected, and really possessed in the castle. Towards Orasmyn he shewed a surpris-

ing complaisance, which as surprisingly was returned. His austerity seemed not only relaxed but disused, and in its place was substituted the characteristics contrary to a religionist: he agreed with the Moor, that every symbol of a religion deserved reverence, accordingly he bowed to the crescent alike as to the cross: his attire continued Turkish, and when in society, there appeared in him a total metamorphosis. But I was assured that his bigotry was indelible, and I suspected that it then was brooding some terrible catastrophe, in which it would denote itself the severer for its involuntary suspension; for voluntary it could not be. Else, why should he, when he thought himself unobserved, have indulged in outrageous gestures, and hoarse murmurings? although the latter were inarticulate, the former boded their frightful meaning. Why did he pluck the turban from his head, curse and trample it? Why pollute his

rich vestments with dust and ashes? Often have I seen him act thus, when our solitary perambulations through the gardens have brought us into neighbourhood. Yet a distant footfall sufficed to recall him from his madness, and to replace the coverings he so misplaced; but not so readily could be tranquillized the furies of his features. That he was in mysterious league with the absent Imen, I was persuaded by the compatibility of many past and intervening circumstances: yet, from the heartiness of the passions I have described, it fully appeared that he was exclusively interested in his project: but on whom the storm would fall, in what manner, in what place, and at what time, deceived my conjecture: though, certainly, hardly an hour passed without my expecting its terrible occurrence, until the impending marriage absorbed every other consideration, save the desperate wish, that, whatsoever

form of horror and calamity it might assume, prevention might step in.

I had no longer the benefit of repose, for by night, as well as by day, the bridal imagery floated before my eyes; and, worse in my dreams, it appeared with every aggravation. So persuasive was my vision the night preceding the solemnity, that my senses joined to deceive me; and to the ideal spectacle of Camilla they gave me wakeful feelings of her hands engaging mine, and her farewell breath suffusing my cheeks. The anguish of so perfect a dream gradually awoke me; but with my sleep did not dissolve the dominion of fancy, which still extended over my body, although excluded my mind: my hands still seemed in Camilla's, my cheeks still seemed warm from her breath. I conceived myself to labour under the common disorder of the night. At length, I opened my eyes to astonish them with a figure of the sweetest feminine pro-

portions, that sat beside me, towards the foot of the couch. Where I lay was so dusky, that what was real could make but a shadowy representation; the only light being the distant glimpses of the moon, which merely illumined where they fell; for of other objects were only discoverable the outlines, the rest being involved in an ambiguous twilight. But that it detained my hands with a familiar pressure, I might have venerated it as something preternatural; for so much was I confounded, as at first to lay unable to move. Can it be Camilla? thought I. The question gave me spirits of motion, and my hands, hitherto passive, returned the pressure. The figure chastely fled the partial embrace, and darted towards the further end of the pavillion, which was dark similarly to where I lay. As it passed the central window, which was open, its white raiment, winged by the breeze, expanded it beyond itself; it assumed

the magical appearance of an angel voyaging its ascent on the moon-beams; and I half fancied it to dissolve into the light it tracked. I put my hands to my cheeks, and felt them damp with tears, which, my eyes being unbathed, I knew could not be of their shedding. Can spirits weep? thought I. Alas! judging from what I felt, no being in Heaven or earth, could be exempt from sorrow.

When I arose, and viewing the sun, reflected, that when it set it would leave Orasmyn a happy bridegroom, I was so afflicted, that the preceding occurrence vanished from my mind as entirely as if it never had happened. Fasting and cheerless, I moaned away the morning within the pavilion, afraid to stir abroad, as truly I knew every place to bear ornamental tokens of my grief. I likewise was abandoned to the company of my own sorrows, for every person of the castle was active in his part in

the nuptial scene. I became so vaporish as to conceit a sympathy of sob for sob, and sigh for sigh, from an invisible being. At length approached footsteps familiar to my ear; their lightness darted to my heart a persuasion, which my understanding resisted: I would not allow that it could be Camilla; but her entrance convinced me, although Camilla never could be more unlike herself. Her copious tresses, which in the days of her innocence were used to dissipate about her shoulders in wavy undulations, were now cruelly writhed with gawdy bandages; and a coronal of gold crushed the upper ringlets, which were surmounted by the less worthy plumes stolen from the ostrich, or bird of paradise. Even her feet were ingemmed so profusely, as to deceive an ignorant eye into the idea, that they were enchased by fire. While the rest of her dress shone with a gemmy magnificence, that could have perplexed the most ex-

perienced lapidary to ascertain the various species of its precious jewels; but the fashion of its make, and of its putting on, was licentiously moorish. I conceived that Orasmyn had commissioned her to insult my condition; and unreasonable as was this idea, it averted my intended salutation.

Claudio! spake her tremulous voice, while from the motion of her approach aromatics clouded her with their evaporations. Claudio, a single hour past, and your behaviour will vary from affliction to rudeness: your treatment of Camilla will not befit the wife of Orasmyn. Turn then to me while yet I am Camilla: Orasmyn's wife I shall be too early. Too early! echoed I, catching up her words. Can Camilla think herself too early wedded to pomp, to power, to Africa, and Orasmyn? ah! how could I be persuaded that her tears were genuine, when the lids through which they oozed, were tinctured in

studied brilliancy. To reply affirmatively, sobbed she, would be ungrateful to the generous confidence that permits this last interview. Is it our last? Camilla! Is it our last? Yet do you entitle him generous who ordains it to be our last? She was silent, and I proceeded to vent my grief in upbraidings of Orasmyn. In vain she attempted to interrupt me; I overwhelmed what she advanced with a torrent of speech; and finished by telling her—With how wretched a grace did her tongue deny the triumph so ostensibly emblazoned on her figure.

Ah! said she, pierce me with your sword, rather than with words so cruel; and unjust as they are cruel. Orasmyn's choice of all this splendour makes its assumption my duty; and suitably am I decorated to his will, and my condition. Alas! would it beseem me to appear at a heathenish altar in the like to that modest Christian habi-

liment I wore, when you Claudio were to receive my virgin hand? The remembrance displaced my senses, and my heart conceived her sentiments more than my ears admitted the words, in which she told with how sacred a veneration she had treasured those habiliments, as reliquaries of her love and innocence. Oh! when you see them, said she, you will peruse the records of my miseries, for their original whiteness is now disguised by the multiplicity of my tears: those tears which innocently shed left no trace, how visibly has guilt dyed them! She then apprised me, That I should receive them when the ceremony was over, for that to review them with her habitual feelings would misbecome a wife: but it was her wish that I never would part with them.

Great God! how poignantly did I suffer! how impetuously did I renew my accusations of Orasmyn! But Ca-

milla now stemmed the fluency of my invectives with a spirit that injured me as much as it behoved her. She averred the good qualities of Oramyn to be so venerable, that, notwithstanding her ruin, she could not hate him, whom, had she met him in a Christian land, as a Moor, an infidel, and an enemy, she would have abhorred. She desired me to consider how helplessly she had lain in his power; the custom of his country, the intemperance of his nature, the tenets of his faith, all instigations to which she could oppose but arguments and tears. No wonder he was guilty, and she wretched. Yet had the history of her misfortunes wakened the sympathies of his heart, and actuated his endeavours to atone for her violation, by elevating her to an exclusive concubinage, that thousands of native beauties vainly struggled to attain. In so doing, he did all that he then dared; and were she to hate him for not doing

all that she desired? In the moment she was rifled of her innocence, at that moment she considered fortune to divide her eternally from me. In the moment she discovered herself to be a mother, at that moment she considered providence to decide her eternally Orasmyn's. The life she was bestowing then regulated her own, and she laboured to advantage the estate, and make happy the people, for whom she was cherishing a future master.

Ah, Henri! what a woman was this to lose! Resignation, added she, was the substitute for happiness, until your wondrous arrival. In the deliverer of my dear Othmar I greeted my dearer Claudio. How did I wish that I had no child! Then came the combat betwixt love to you, and gratitude to Orasmyn; inclination to escape, and shame to return. If I should return, thought I, how ignominiously shall I be mistreated! with what contempt and

and disdain by my equals! with what disrespect and ridicule by my inferiors! Ah! Claudio, I felt that I did not dare return, and I determined to avoid those solicitations to which I doubted my resistance. Yet, to see and converse with you seemed essential to my being, and to insure that gratification without impropriety, I, with a bleeding heart, laboured to attach you to Jemilly. But, much, my friend, as I had suffered from your absence, more, indeed more! did I suffer from your presence. Hildebrand harassed me with denunciations of worse than purgatory, unless, in reconciliation to God, I made a sacrifice of Orasmyn's life. Blood I denied to have the power to reconcile me to God; and Hildebrand withdrew the recommendation, and disclaimed its sincerity. To his arguments in favour of Othmar's baptism I was submissive; but the event plunged me into despair. The occurrences of the night confirmed it, and

when you surprized me I was enervated by anguish. You embraced me; you transported me to the river; you discovered to me a boat; you cried to me that I was at liberty. The nobleness of your recent conduct, the retrospection of our loves, my present tune of mind, and the concealment of night, all tended to assail, to debilitate, and overthrow my resolutions. I trembled, for I wavered; I drooped into your arms, for, oh, shame! I was vanquished. Yes, Claudio! had you been content to take me without my being unfemininely active, or had you by a lover's entreaty given me excuse for acquiescence; had you said, Camilla, I love you, instead of Camilla, do you love me? I had infallibly been your's, and this moment never could have come.

Madness disordered my understanding, and I darted to crush her to my throbbing heart, while my tongue, in reparation of its former error, instinc-

tively echoed, Camilla! I do love you! She interposed the arm, on which descended the crimson veil of marriage.

When Claudio, said she, would have misused the affections of Camilla to swell the triumph of his honour, he more effectually renounced her than had he done before: he more effectually persuaded her union with Orasmyn, than could all the latter's eloquence, by treating her with a disrespect, that cannot be attached to a wife. I then resolved to deliver myself from the chance of future humiliations. Now, adjoined she, with a repulse to my importunity, Now do you find, that in Camilla honour is as sincere as in yourself: so is the triumph mutual. As Camilla I see you for the last time; as Orasmyn's wife never shall I behold you: already has he suffered too much from our violations of his country's morals, for me to continue them.

With how superior a fortitude could

I have hearkened to the cruellest condemnation! I stood absolutely petrified, till Camilla apprised me, That the day of her marriage she had decided to be the day of freedom to all the Christian slaves: such was her first prerogative. Through an unclosed lattice which overlooked the river, she pointed out one of the barges, that was to convey them from the castle, already moored for their embarkation. I identified it to be the very barge near which I had wasted a precious opportunity never to return. I will die rather than go! was my exclamation.

Just then was discharged a piece of ordnance to signify that the hymeneal procession was marshalling. Camilla understood it, for her eyes kindled, and her cheeks paled. Farewell! Farewell! Claudio, farewell! she exclaimed. As she turned I detained her, crying, Camilla! give me some token of remembrance—an embrace! Never shall

another efface it from my bosom.—That embrace would be adulterous, she answered. But be my last words impressed on your memory.——Ah, Henri! they are indelibly impressed: death only can eradicate those blessed words. Claudio de Santillana, how dear that name! I love you with all a woman's love; I adore you with a saintly adoration. You were the husband of my soul, and of my father's sanction. For your sake I panted to be a wife; for your sake I abhor to be a wife. Though decorated, I go a victim of ill omen; for were my breast dissected at the altar, it would be found destitute of a heart. Be that heart my token of remembrance. Dear Claudio, I leave it with you.

A second explosion hastened her step and my speech. Camilla! cried I, beloved Camilla! you were the better half of my infancy, my adolescence, and manhood. You were my waking and

sleeping joy; my hope in heaven, and my good on earth. With increase of beauty and desert, you are now the reverse: except of heaven, indeed! where may be recompenced this horrid separation. Yet, depart not unconscious of your possession. All my love, my ambition, my cares, and pleasures, go with you: nay, my existence too, for what is life devoid of them?

A third explosion knelled in our ears. We moved towards the vestibule, while swallowing my tears, I articulated, That never woman should share my heart or my couch. You doubted, said I, that I loved Jemilly: fatal suspicion! I never loved her. I hate myself and Jemilly, that you ever should have thought I loved her. Unhappy expressions! what an angel did they wound! for soon as they were uttered, a sigh born of woe poignant as our own, burst in our ears. It was followed by a dying fall in a small retirement beside us.

shocked lest our discourse had been overheard, I leapt towards the listener, and beheld, faintly stretched upon the pavement, Jemilly; in whose careworn whiteclad figure, I truly guessed the spectre of the night.

I was so completely confounded with this unexpected spectacle, that I stood like one entranced, powerless to succour the girl, or to note the disappearance of Camilla. Whether she had recognized Jemilly was my first consideration, and I flew with swifter speed to perform my duty in getting assistance, because it flattered my inclination to overtake her. But I was disappointed, for hardly could I descend from the portico, before a general peal of ordnance electrified my nerves, and an instant symphony of vocal and instrumental melody struck like ice to my heart. I knew the procession to be begun, for through the trees were remotely visible its transient splendors, of parade, attire, and bannered device.

A minute after, Hildebrand came up, in company with those Christians who had joined with him in the conspiracy. The river was their destination, their design being to embark; for, as he passed, Hildebrand sneeringly asked if I meant to accompany them. Before I could answer, he desired me to follow him, uttering, as an inducement, the name of Camilla with so alarming an emphasis, that I mechanically obeyed. It seemed that he had something important in mind, which he would not communicate till the instant of his departure; for he urged the men to dispose themselves, and unmoor the boat; and he saw that he was obeyed before he would reply to my importunity. At length, when they only waited for him, he withdrew me from their observation behind a bower some yards removed. There, as he unfolded himself, his features became lit up with fanaticism, and his gestures proportionably outrageous.

He attested the benevolence of his creator, as a reward for fulfilling his promise pledged to Don Philippo on the latter's death-bed; which promise was, that should he ever discover Camilla, never would he desert her. What could I comprehend of his present behaviour, particularly when he boasted how infinitely he was repaying those benefactions, which I knew to have been infinite. But when came the explanation, how did he repay them? why, by using an hypocrisy of Turkish manners to gain him an unscrupled admission into the mosque, for the purpose of infusing into the nuptial beverage a poison the most inveterate. Thank me, concluded he, that she does not die a harlot, though she shall not exist a wife. He left me distracted with these horrible coincidences; and while the rippling of oars announced his departure, a frightful discord of shrieks and vociferations proclaimed the fate of Camilla. I felt

as though petrified, nor did the painful stiffness of my limbs relax, until some persons clamorously approached me, into whose arms I actually fainted.

In a moment I found myself at the height of the loftiest minaret, and beside me Orasmyn, whose countenance exhibited the worst distortions of rage. I noticed the minaret to be that one adapted for the cruellest of executions. Alas! thought I, she is gone, who changed this bloody place to an harmless spectacle, and its wretched use will be restored to avenge her death. Yes, I felt how speciously I was implicated in her destruction, and having no wish for survival, I prepared to suffer as her murderer. Orasmyn commanded me to overlook the province. What was my astonishment at its devastation? The habitations, the groves, the produce, that had enraptured me as Camilla's work, when formerly I gazed from that same minaret, seemed to par-

take her ruin, being fired, rooted, and crushed, by a ferocious invasion. The inhabitants, defenceless and surprised, submitted or deserted to the foe; while a few only faithful to their Lord, hurried over the plain, and thronging into the castle, stunned it with their cries and lamentations. Thus had I been deceived with regard to Camilla, who neither was divorced from life, nor from me, the marriage ceremony being disturbed in its commencement. The gladness that animated my features, incensed Orasmyn to an accusation of my rejoicing at his ruin. The Imen, he said, had excited the Emir against him, who, exasperated by his refusal in favour of me, no doubt was relentless in determination: nay, the powers of the innermost desert he protested to be stirred up in the cause of the priesthood; for, like clouds of locusts in multitude, he could discern them in the distance. Orasmyn's sight was truly

Arabian, for he discriminated that to be an army of cavalry, which really appeared to me to be no other than a dark cloud or streak on the border of the horizon. But the ease of mind which permitted this remark, was ruffled by the Moor, from whose nature all the civilization of Camilla seemed to be obliterated by this calamitous fortune. I now saw him in his genuine disposition, which might be likened to the ferocious grandeur of the lion; and I conceived, that much as he might induce you to love him, much more he could make himself feared. You, cried he, you and your companion the Monk have caused this. He proceeded to load Hildebrand with curses. Continued he, Wretch that he was! to infringe the contentment of Clarinea. But how much worse a fool! to think that sin was native in the child? or that a sprinkling insufficient to cleanse the face, could be magical in purifying an unknown soul?

O villainous Friar! would that the Imen had racked him to the latest sense of life! nor received his profession of our faith, who was so punishable in his own! Yes, Henri, Hildebrand had rescued his body at the hazard of his soul, by apostatising from the religion of Christ to that of Mahomet; and this conduct had not only delivered him from the wrath of the Imen, but stationed him in their confidence, as they found in him a congenial bigotry: it likewise had defended him from Orasmyn, who was obliged to respect his conversion. By me was all his present rage engrossed, as Hildebrand, whether he expected it or not, precipitately departed from the castle as the invasion was announced. See! cried Orasmyn, they have so beleaguered us, that succour, should it come, cannot enter. It was too true! Multitudes of cavalry had now overtaken those plunderers by whom they were preceded, and the whole in one extensive incor-

poration, were advanced so near, that not only could be ascertained their variety of arms and streamers, but the signals of the trumpet, and the responses of the numberless atabals were audible. At length we discerned three harbingers galloping towards the great portal, at which a parley was sounded. Orasmyn brightened up, and exclaimed, This is my reason for sending for you hither. Christian, he continued, you bitterly have offended the Imen: should they have sent to demand you?—I will go, adjoined I, if that sacrifice will content them. You have released me from a painful command, said Orasmyn, as we descended to examine those who had entered.

They commenced a daunting enumeration of the various tribes that were marshalled against him; at the same time depreciating his powers of resistance with the most insulting allusions to the deserted state of his castle, and

to the fugitive concourse that beset the courts. Orasmyn commanded them, as they estimated their personal safety, to desist from further circumlocution. They, in the name of the grand Emir, then demanded the restoration of Jemilly, who had escaped from his palace. Orasmyn's ignorance of her fate was equalled by his indignation at the indelicacy of the demand: but, by enlightening one, I suppressed the other, and we hastened towards the pavilion.

Jemilly was already recovered from her swoon by the assistance of Camilla, who, sustaining her head upon her knee, was whispering in her ear words of comfort or of information. Orasmyn and I gazed with mutual intenseness on a spectacle incomparably beautiful and interesting. At length Orasmyn averted his eyes, and desired Jemilly, were she a wife, to veil her features from observation. The poor girl was silent in speech, though not in sobs and moans.

Her brother continued, The Emir has demanded you, it is proper you should act according to your duty, though it be contrary to your affections. Has he a right to demand you? Her agitation was now so hysterical, that Orasmyn's paternal affection relaxed his sternness, and he took her hand and blessed it. I would have indulged my feelings by embracing the other, but he prevented me, and I only felt that it was death-like cold and inanimate. The deficiency of her tongue was remedied by Camilla, who with tears informed us, that the perfidious Emir had made himself a husband without the ceremony; that Jemilly had contrived to escape from his seraglio, and, after a fatiguing and hungry wandering through the desert, had reached the castle on the preceding day; when, ashamed to meet an eye of recognition, she had secluded herself in the most retired part of the pavilion. Orasmyn's horror at this information

was so extreme, that every body shrunk from him except I. But he rejected my consolation, and even that of Camilla, and disturbed the place with delirious outcries. Never had I so complete an idea how greatly I was indebted to Orasmyn for having once warranted me to marry into his family, as now that I saw a dishonour to that family could drive him to distraction. His frenzy baffled all remonstrance; and in his own language he gave a command inhuman in its delivery and purpose. In the ensuing minute, we saw the three harbingers hurled from the brow of the minaret of execution: they were torn joint from joint as they descended, and were so entirely shared to pieces, that nothing but their blood and entrails reached the ground. This action was accompanied by shouts of enjoyment and reprobation from those within, and those without the castle. For me, though I abhorred the deed, I could not otherwise than re-

spect the feelings of Orasmyn as virtuous in their barbarity. But my prejudices in his favour were soon to undergo the severest trial. A faithful soldier appeared, and announced the motion of the enemy to assault the castle; adding, That its defence seemed impossible, as the garrison was every moment decreased by desertions to the Imen, who rode about the walls invoking the men to their party. Hearing this, I offered my services in leading the Christians, who, though emancipated from their slavery, were not yet departed from the castle. Orasmyn again rejected me, and that rudely. After the first exercise of his revenge he appeared less furious, though it could not be said that he was less awful, for a gloomy determination gave a darker shade to his aspect, and we all shuddered as he spake, though his tones were gentle. He called on Jemilly to approach him, if yet she had the virtue to look him in the face. She

faintly obeyed, and we beheld the brother and sister locked in each other's arms; their tears so mingled, that they seemed to be flowing from the same source. The beholders sympathised in the pathetic ardor with which he embraced Jemilly, while the latter was visibly comforted by his goodness. We all crouded around the pair with tears and mutterings of delight, but immediately we were repulsed by a piteous groan from Jemilly, who shrunk from Orasmyn's breast, and shewed her own to be pierced to the very haft of his poniard. He appeared to rejoice that the thrust was mortal, as though he dreaded the necessity of its repetition; and composing her in his arms, that the less painful might be her dissolution, he continued to gaze on her with the most earnest affection, notwithstanding the dying vicissitudes of her countenance: but she passed her eyes from his, and, for the first time viewing around, di-

vided her last look between Camilla and me.

The dismal silence in which this frightful deed was deliberated and executed, was first broken by the perpetrator, when his hapless victim expired. He raged till he actually foamed at the mouth; and, by his orders, the corpse of Jemilly was raised on a bier, by which preceded, he, with every member of the garrison, sallied out on the foe. The latter were alike surprised and daunted by his temerity, of which he exhibited such signal proofs, that the nearest bands were overborne, and reinforcements flocked from those more distant, which quitted the walls they were preparing to force, in order to oppose the outer war. As I gazed from a lofty tower, it was beneath my observation, and I saw that it was not a bloodless contest, as is usual among the Arabians; for Orasmyn's strokes were those of death, and by equal resolution only could he be op-

posed. But, for a time, all opposition was vain; for with the most frantic valor he overthrew every one, and widened a passage for the bier into the adverse host, which closed on it as it advanced. At length, when completely imbosomed, the bearers were slain, and the bier sunk down. Though the bier itself became invisible, the spot where it fell was easily to be distinguished, on account of the slaughterous agitation that beset it, through which you might catch glimpses of Orasmyn redeeming himself from the hostile throng. At length he was carried by the stream of the enemy, still fighting amid them, round a distant angle of the castle, by which he was instantly eclipsed; but the noise of the fight continued to proclaim his heroic actions.

My indignation at his refusing me a share in his sally, was effaced by my sense of his dreadful danger, compared to which my perfect possession of the castle, of Camilla, and of the river, was an

ineffectual consideration. I descended, and recalled the Christians from the ramparts, to which I had sent them to deceive the enemy with the resemblance of a garrison. According to my injunctions, they were all armed; and while some cautiously opened the chief portal for the admission of the fugitives from the fight, the majority accompanied me through a mysterious outlet close to where Orasmyn was driven. The first object that encountered my sight, was one of the Imen, who, imagining himself in full security, was fermenting that strife he dreaded to share. As he acted so unlike a priest, I had no reason to venerate him as such; I therefore sprang towards him, and would fain have cut him down, when the negroes interposed. The shouts of those around Orasmyn being triumphant in loudness, I forsook the Iman, and pushed forward to his succour. This unexpected attack so confounded the enemy, that they shrunk

in disorder: still so great was the concourse, that neither could I discern Orasmyn, or even ascertain in what part of the crowd he was. At length, guided by the noise and the tendency of the combat, I burst into the circle his intrepidity had formed. Though this circle varied every two or three minutes, where I found him was already bestrewed with broken blades of scimetars, with darts, and lances: but with how good a skill these had been employed, was woefully evidenced by Orasmyn's dress, which was purple with the life-blood from his own and the enemy's veins. The circle reclosed on me, and I fought around the Moor long before the Christians could succeed in cutting their passage through. When they appeared, with every one a blade reeking to its hilt, the enemy fled, and I proffered my assistance to Orasmyn, who was enfeebled even to unsteadiness by loss of blood. Indeed his rescue seemed marvellous,

considering the multitude opposed to the Christians, whose great success was chiefly ascribeable to their perfection in pedestrian warfare, from which their Arabian adversaries were so disinclined, that nothing but its being absolutely necessary in the assault of the castle, could have persuaded them for a moment to dismount their horses. As I could perceive that those, hitherto disengaged, were rallying the routed, and that the whole would soon charge us according to their favourite and truly formidable mode of attack, I besought Orasmyn to retreat. He preserved a haughty silence, but began slowly to comply. It being impossible to regain the sally port, we moved towards the great gates; but, being separated on our way thither, I passed by the bier. This, with its unfortunate burden, I ardently wished to deliver from the probable insults of the enemy: but I was alike deceived in my attempt and my judgment. For while

engaged in the exploit, in which I was at length rebuffed, I was once so near the accomplishment of my design, as to witness, recumbent on the bier, a very young man of noble mien and splendid dress, who was indulging all a lover's despair over the body. That he was the Emir, who had been her suitor, I could have no doubt; and the mingled affliction and remorse he exhibited, convinced me, that in the savage minds of the Imen had originated the sister's ravishment, and the brother's invasion. Whether their success in the first might not greatly have been owing to the depraved ideas they might give the Emir of Jemilly's connection with me, I had not time to consider: but certain it was, that no sooner did one of those evil Imen identify my person, and point it out to the Emir, than the latter ceased his lamentations, and sprang through the soldiers after me. The combat he sought, I should not have declined, had

he come fairly on unaccompanied. However, we exchanged two or three strokes, in which his inferiority of skill was great as that of age, and a minute might have determined his fate. His sensibility of this forced him to refrain, as were his troops obliged by the missile weapons from the walls, under which protection we entered the gate.

I found Orasmyn in the outermost court, around him those of his soldiers that had escaped the carnage; of whom he was taking a mournful review.—When I appeared, he started thence, and hurried towards the terraces of embarkation. I followed him, tortured with the apprehension that he meant to flee with Camilla; for I observed that already she was there. When we were gathered on the spot, Orasmyn suffered less from the anguish of his wounds than from the emotions of his heart, for how noble was the conduct which threw the woman he adored into the arms of a rival!

I could not give speech to my gratitude; so was it mingled with astonishment; neither would he have hearkened to it, for he turned from me with a disdainful haughtiness, that denoted how triumphantly he felt his own magnanimity to have surpassed mine, after so long and equal a competition had existed between them. When so just in action, his thoughts were pardonable in their injustice; but while his pride triumphed, his fortune was reversed, for the wildest uproar yet raised by the enemy, rung in our ears. The garrison were seen running to and fro about the ramparts to repulse the first assailants; but the force of the latter was sure in the end to prevail, so said the soldier who came to apprise Orasmyn of the assault. Although Camilla was reclining in my arms, I could not bear the idea of leaving him in this distress; accordingly I offered, in concert with the Christians, to defend the castle to the last drop of my blood.

For the first time Orasmyn met my eyes. I have given you Clarinea, said he; what more reward would the mercenary labour for? Your happiness! said I. Ah! what a look he passed from me to Camilla; it was fiery with accusation and anguish. A look the more notable, as it was immediately contrasted by the tenderness with which he greeted the infant Philippo, who was brought to his protection by the affrighted nurses. I was transporting Camilla to the boat, when the boy discovered her, and called on her in the most piteous accents. Against the mother I had no party in Camilla's bosom, therefore I attempted not to oppose her farewell embrace. But the shocking appearance of Orasmyn, in whose chest a large wound was now discernible, so awed her, that she moaned, and fainted in my arms. Had Orasmyn followed his affections, and come to her succour, had he faced me with a softened countenance,

so entirely was I melted by his heroism, Camilla's despondency, and the surrounding inhumanities of battle, slaughter, and tumult, that I do believe, to have induced him to accompany us from the castle, I could have renounced Camilla. I tremble to reflect how ready the frantic words were on my tongue; but they were prevented utterance by his disregard, and the outrage of the assault. Never did I suffer more! The enemy were seen attaining the battlements, from which the defenders were precipitated by force or terror. The air seemed alive with darts and lances, of which a dozen were seen to convey each a death into one victim. The women and children ran through the gardens, with shrieks appalling to the hardiest; of whom a surviving faithful few convened around Orasmyn to make a last desperate stand. God, it felt unmanly not to join one's fate with their's! but the Christians, by this time arranged in the

boats, were clamorous for my embarkation, and I was forced to obey. With Camilla senseless on my lap, I took my seat; and was in two or three minutes wafted from the view of Orasmyn, of Philippo, and the soldiers who were to partake their fate. But the uproar accompanied us for long, and each moment some one started his conjecture that by that time the massacre of Orasmyn and the rest must be doing. A short time brought us within prospect of a galley, which lay at the mouth of the river, where it had been driven and confined by the continual tempestuousness of the weather. The situation of this vessel had long been known in the castle, as the perfection of Hildebrand's conspiracy was to attain it. What were his sentiments on my arrival, I did not trouble myself to fathom; for my activity was engrossed with the conveniencing of Camilla, and my thoughts with the fate of Orasmyn. As night

thickened, the deck was crouded to behold a distant pyramid of fire; and no one could doubt that Orasmyn's dwelling was now his funeral pile. It continued to blaze with a fury that discoloured the skies, while the same winds that freshened it, swelled our sails. We departed that country of evil, and launched into the Spanish main.

Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

SHAKESPEARE.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.

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